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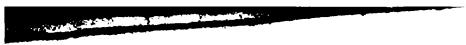
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T. Campbell.









W^m Campbell -

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Musick the fiercest grief can charm,
And, fate's severest rage disarm ;
Musick can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please ;
Our joys below it can improve
And antedate the bliss above. POPE.

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A N D J. JOHNSON, NO. 72, S T. P A U L ' S C H U R C H-Y A R D, L O N D O N.

M D C C L X X X V.



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Daughter sweet of voice and air	-	301	<i>Fair Hebe I left with a cautious design</i>	-	-	-
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Dear <i>Colin</i> , prevent my warm blushes	-	61	<i>Fair is the swan, the ermine white</i>	-	-	-
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Dearest <i>Daphne</i> , turn thine eyes	-	299	<i>Fair Kitty, beautiful and young</i>	-	-	-
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Dear madam, when ladies are willing	-	182	<i>Fair Venus left her blest abodes, they say</i>	-	-	-
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k and the willow	402	Go, naughty man, I can't abide you	83
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asy passions free	194	Go, seek some nymph of humbler lot	57
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		Happy hours, all hours excelling	

ALPHABETICAL TABLE of the SONGS.

Happy the man whose wish and care	262	How can I again believe you
Hark away ! 'tis the merry ton'd horn	2	How can you, lovely <i>Nanny</i> , thus cruelly
Hark ! for sure I bear the horns melodious	13	How cheerful along the gay mead
Hark ! from that cottage by the silent stream	17	How cruelly fated is woman to woe
Hark ! bark ! jolly sportsmen, while	21	How fair is my love
Hark ! bark ! o'er the plains what glad tumults	315	How gentle was my <i>Damon's</i> air
Hark ! bark ! the joy-inspiring horn	2	How happy a lover's life passes
Hark ! hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb	284	How happy a state does the miller possess
Hark ! hark ! how echoes the horn in the vale	5	How happy should I be with either
Hark ! the birds begin their lay	279	How happy was I
Hark ! the hollow groves resounding	19	How happy was I my blithe <i>Jocky</i>
Hark ! the horn call's away	8	How happy were my da's till now
Hark ! the horn salutes the east	9	How hard is my fate
Hark ! the huntsman's begun to sound	16	How heavy the time rolls along
Hark ! the loud tuning horn bide	17	How impartial our art is
Hark ! 'tis I, your own true lover	149	How imperfect is expression
Haste, haste, <i>Amelia</i> , gentle fair	156	How little do the landmen know
Haste, heav'nly nine, ye muses, haste	222	How oft, <i>Louisa</i> , hast thou said
Haste, <i>Lorenza</i> , hither fly	96	How pleasant a sailor's life passes
Hast ye seen the morning sky	278	How pleas'd within my native bow're
Hear me, blooming goddess, hear me	156	How pleasingly glided the day
Hear me, ye nymphs, and every wa'en	205	How pleasing's my <i>Damon</i> , how charming
He comes, he comes, the hero comes	355	How prone the bolom is to fight
Hence with care, complaint, and frowning	319	How soft glides the stream the gay meadows
Hence with caution, hence with fear	177	How stands the glass around
Hye's to the maiden of bashful fifteen	312	How sweet are the roses of <i>Yane</i>
Her hair is like a golden crew	226	How sweet' a torment 'tis to love
Her sheep had in-clusters crept clo'e	277	How sweet is the woodland with fleet hounds
He's as tight a lad to see to	79	How sweetly smells the summer green
Hi, who a virgin's heart would win	222	How sweet the freshing gales of spring
His form by nature's hand was cast	372	Hush, hush, ye breezes, let nothing move
Hist ! hist ! I hear my mother call	96	Hush, ye birds, your amorous tales
Hi, her, <i>Phœbus</i> , turn your eyes	260	I
Hither turn thy wandring eyes	370	I am a jolly huntsman
Hither, <i>Venus</i> , with your doves	210	I am a poor shepherd undone
Honest lover, whosoever	394	I am a young maid
Hope and fear alternate ris'ng	381	I am a young shepherd, the pride of the plain
Hope, thou sou're of every blessing	381	I am a young virgin, who oft has been
How blest has my time been	130	I am marry'd and happy, with wonder
How blest the maid whose bosom	30	I am the lovely, the joy of my plain
How blithely all the life-long day	259	I am not beauty quite compleat
How blithe was each morn to see	28	I could never lustre see
blithe within my native wild,	247	I crave not Gyga's boundless pow'r
ring'd as nothing's the life of a beau	380	I do as I will with my swain

ALPHABETICAL TABLE of the SONGS.

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of sense and air . . .	86	In greenwond shade or winding dell . . .	364
ou have, she's the plague . . .	376	In history you may read . . .	341
and love were young . . .	381	In infancy our hopes and fears . . .	388
learn the sweet lesson of love . . .	50	In <i>Jacky Bull</i> , when bound for France . . .	336
acclination . . .	58	In <i>Lincoln's Fields</i> there lives a lass . . .	230
or, I add to thy tribe . . .	87	In love to pine and languish . . .	391
ft joy to find . . .	291	In my pleasant native plains . . .	295
little beauty . . .	87	In pity, <i>Celia</i> , to my pain . . .	148
. . .	74	In pursuit of some lambs from my flocks . . .	163
it passion how can it torment . . .	150	In pu'st of the fox and the hare . . .	147
tyrant love . . .	42	In rosy bloom of ripen'd years . . .	260
springs of the fountain . . .	229	In search of some lambs from my flocks . . .	406
the judge, be he ever so wise . . .	396	In spring my dear shepherds, . . .	260
appy whose life is most free . . .	123	In summer when the leaves are green . . .	117
a man is deprest'd with care . . .	204	In the barn the tenant cock . . .	279
irit of your eye . . .	243	In the bloom of her youth shall it ever be said . . .	35
ve in shepherd's bow'r . . .	260	In the city of <i>Phœbus</i> a widow there dwelt . . .	373
und a lover . . .	31	In the golden barge we ride . . .	390
thy-wav'ring heart . . .	193	In the morn as I walk thro' the mead . . .	284
lic have the pow'r . . .	229	In this shady bled retreat . . .	24
dial, why does it torment . . .	336	In tuneful numbers let me tell . . .	229
ce solicit your due . . .	396	In vain, dear <i>Cloe</i> , you suggest . . .	159
I own it . . .	219	In vain I ev'ry art essay . . .	211
le life's on the wing . . .	324	In vain I seek to calm to rest . . .	219
weigh'd it and found it but just . . .	173	In vain I try my ev'ry art . . .	59
at now I sing . . .	207	In vain you b'd your captive live . . .	208
whole soaring soul . . .	83	In vain you te l your parting lover . . .	292
inglorious life . . .	87	I once was a maiden as fresh as a rose . . .	102
over all night-and all day . . .	67	I pr'ythee send me back my heart . . .	207
dy cool retreat . . .	87	I rambled about for a twelve-m nth and more . . .	208
I rave with pain . . .	211	I said on the banks by the stream . . .	276
heav'n! what can I say more . . .	154	I saw what seem'd a harmles child . . .	46
<i>Kate</i> . . .	210	I see it, <i>Mira</i> know it well . . .	230
Iago a swain t'other day . . .	55	I seek my shepherd, gone astray . . .	52
h twenty . . .	385	I seek not at once in a female to find . . .	131
's convey me where . . .	279	I sigh and lament me in vain . . .	115
nted in love . . .	427	I tell thee, <i>Charmion</i> , could I time retrieve . . .	242
's promissoons race . . .	38	I tell with equal grief and truth . . .	172
find bloom of beauty . . .	383	It is, I believe, next <i>Hallantide</i> eve . . .	98
me charms I find . . .	155	It is not, <i>Celia</i> , in my pow'r . . .	195
y play with a honest man . . .	215	I told my nymph, I told her true . . .	208
with woodbine . . .	221	I told a sweet damsel a ter der folktale . . .	203
a pretty youth . . .	93	I tots and tumble through the night . . .	207
<i>Kew's</i> golden days . . .	346	I travers'd <i>Judah's</i> baron la . . .	34

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I winna marry any mon but <i>Sandy</i>	86	Lord ! what care I for mam or dad
<i>Jacky</i> said to <i>Jenny</i> , <i>Jenny</i> wilt thou do't	400	Love asserts his powerful reign
<i>Jupiter</i> wenches and drinks	336	Lovely maid, fair beauty's pride
L	281	Lovely maid, now cease to languish
Last <i>Midsummer</i> morn as I pass'd	6	Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish
Last <i>Valentine's</i> day when bright <i>Phebus</i>	242	Lovely nymph, oh ! cease to grieve me
Last when love I seem'd to flight	340	Lovely <i>Phillis</i> , when thou'rt kind
Laughing Cupids bring me roses	38	Lovely virgins, in your prime
Leave party disputes, your attention I pray	326	Lovely, yet ungrateful swain
Let a set of sober affes	336	Love never more shall give the pain
Let care be a stranger to each jovial scul	373	Love's a bubble, courtion trouble
Let court lovers pay adoration to crowns	231	Love's a dream of mighty treasure
Let coxcombs boast of painted belles	301	Love's a gentle, generous passion
Let fops pretend in flames to melt	325	Love's a pleasing, noble passion
Let fussy old grey beards of apathy boast	336	Love's but the frailty of the mind
Let heroes delight in the toils of war	280	Love soundeth the alarm
Let letter'd bards sing losty strains	116	Love ! sweet poison, torment pleasing
Let me live remov'd from noise	140	Love I thou bane of soft content
Let misers hug their darling store	48	Love ! what dreary darksome moring
Let others <i>Damon's</i> praise rehearse	402	M
Let poets praise the flowery mead	242	Maidens, let your lover languish
Let poets tell of shape and air	221	Master <i>Jenkins</i> smok'd his pipe
Let rakes and libertines resign'd	341	Master <i>Tommy</i> 's married
Let soldiers fight for prey or praise	294	May the ambitious ever find
Let the ambitious favour find	243	Mirth, admit me of thy crew
Let the declining damask rose	5	Miss <i>Fannie</i> , when fair and young
Let the gay ones and great	209	Mistaken fair, lay <i>Sherlock</i> by
Let the grave and the gay	32	More bright the sun begins to dawn
Let the nymph still avoid and be deaf	14	Mortals, learn your lives to measure
Let the slave of ambition and wealth	145	My banks they are furnish'd with bees
Let the tempest of war	355	My <i>Bessy</i> is the blitheſt maid
Let the waiter bring cleas glasseſ	467	My blis̄ too long my bride deſires
Let us fly to cooling bow'rſ	351	My bonny sailor's to my mind
Let us laugh at the common diſtinctions	41	My cautious mother t'other day
Like my dear swain no youth you'd ſee	366	My <i>Colin</i> leaves fair London town
Little muſes come and cry	355	My deareſt life, were you my wife
Live and love, enjoy the fair	269	My dear miſtrefs has a heart
Long at thy altar, god of love	88	My <i>Dolly</i> was the faireſt thing
Long, long, I defair'd a young ſhepherd I find	384	My eyes may ſpeak pleaſure
Long time had <i>Lyſander</i> told <i>Daphne</i>	88	My fair has nature's charms alone
Long time I've enj. y'd the ſoft transports	220	My fair, ye ſwains, is gone astray
Look e're my heart has reſd.	81	My <i>Fanny</i> was as fair a maid
Long young <i>Taylor</i> ro'd and ſported	57	My father and mother for ever they chide
<i>Lay</i> , Sir ! you ſeem mighty uneſy		My father and mother, what all them

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r time, how brisk and gay . . .	90	No more ye swains, no more upbraid . . .	224
is Lydia, heav'ly fair . . .	209	No nymph that trips the verdant plain . . .	126
is my own, my will is free . . .	31	No scornful beauty e'er shall boast . . .	216
is fled from the plain . . .	69	No sport to the chase can compare . . .	8
is the blithest lad . . .	39	No swain e'er prov'd half so faithful . . .	106
/ and I have toil'd . . .	227	Not Celia that I jester am . . .	241
is gang'd far away . . .	75	Not long ago how blythe was I . . .	176
was fickle once and changing . . .	209	Not on beauties transient pleasure . . .	142
she expects me and I will go to her . . .	306	Now faintly glimm'ring in the east . . .	24
she cries, <i>Bessy</i> , be thy . . .	91	Now gilded groves with verdure clad . . .	281
she oft chides me and tells me . . .	80	Now nature's beauties bloom around . . .	293
inspire me to impart . . .	241	No woman her envy can smother . . .	41
she Ted Blarney ! I'll be bound . . .	378	Now peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain . . .	16
she quits the rural train . . .	243	Now Phœbus sinketh in the west . . .	321
emanding the aid of my pen . . .	215	Now pleasure unbounded resounds . . .	179
in vain I attempt . . .	220	Now's the time for mirth and glee . . .	352
is a young thing . . .	161	Now summer approaches . . .	259
is to hold all mankind . . .	67	Now the hill tops are burnish'd . . .	7
heart has oft with pride . . .	243	Now the snow-drops lift their heads . . .	241
is the sweetest swain . . .	90	Now the sun is gone to bed . . .	352
er'd is gone far away . . .	47	Now the woodland choirists sing . . .	282
is the blitheſt last . . .	243	Nymphs and shepherds, come away . . .	260
pretty Mogg, you're as soft as a bog . . .	221	O	
is with clusters of grapes . . .	327	O <i>Bessy Bell and Mary Gray</i> . . .	257
oh ye muses, was happily spent . . .	173	O <i>Bessy</i> , wilt thou gang with me . . .	148
isq died last Saturday night . . .	401	Odds my life! search England over . . .	241
N . . .	253	O'er desert plains and rushy meers . . .	290
ishes when I woo, her . . .	375	O'er moorlands and mountains rude . . .	274
'e all creatures smile . . .	216	O'er the lawns, up the hills, as with ardour . . .	7
andring river's side . . .	299	O'er the feas my love is failing . . .	106
ck grove whose deep . . .	220	Of all my experience how vast the amount . . .	66
fide of a stream there liv'd . . .	203	Of all the swains around the Tweed . . .	55
pretty feat for dancing . . .	204	Of all the various states of life . . .	217
I now I knew love's smart . . .	373	Oft had I laugh'd at female pow'r . . .	217
day the anxious lover . . .	297	Of thy sex the fairest . . .	257
imes her gloomy reign . . .	297	Qf woman to tell you my mind . . .	136
ins around in sleep's soft arms . . .	91	Oh ! could the various power of sound . . .	257
over's joys a friend . . .	174	Oh ! Damon, still you strive in vain . . .	302
I covet nor riches I want . . .	75	Oh ! give me that social delight . . .	57
along the daidled mead . . .	188	Oh greedy Midas ! I've been told . . .	337
of my <i>Harrist</i> , of Polly no more . . .	133	Oh ! had I been by fate decreed . . .	152
shall meads be deck'd with flow'r's . . .	281	Oh ! had my love ne'er smil'd on me . . .	217
he festiv train I'll join . . .	197	Oh ! happy hour, all hours excelling . . .	217
by day scenes of delight . . .		Oh ! hear me, kind and gentle swain . . .	

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Oh ! how shall I in language weak	131	On <i>Thames'</i> fair bank a gentle youth
Oh ! how to bid my love adieu	162	On thy banks, gentle <i>Stour</i> , when I breath'.
Oh ! how vain is ev'ry blessing	388	Oons, neighbour ! ne'er blusht'd for a trifle
Oh ! how weak will power and reason	66	Our glasses, waiter, once again supply
Oh ! how wouldst thou know what sacred charm	110	Our rock'ning we've paid, here's to all
Oh ! let me unref'rev'd declare	76	Our wives at home, your husband gone
Oh Love ! thou bitter fo'e to rest	94	Out of sight are the hounds, boys
Oh ! never be one of those sad silly fellows	372	P
Oh <i>Sandy</i> ! why leav'lt thou thy <i>Nelly</i> to mourn	25	Partners of my toils and pleasures
Oh ! take this wreath my hand has wove	105	<i>Patie</i> is a lover gay
Oh ! tell me ye shepherds, that live on the lee	117	<i>Pbilis'</i> charms poor <i>Damon</i> took
Oh ! the days when I was young	320	<i>Pbillis</i> , I pray, what did I say
Oh ! the little god of love	320	<i>Phæbus</i> , meaner themes disdaining
Oh ! the sultry month of <i>June</i>	327	Pho ! pox o' this nonsense, I pr'ythee give o'
Oh ! <i>Venus</i> , queen of soft delights	120	<i>Pious Selinda</i> goes to prayers
Oh ! waft me, <i>Zephyr</i> , give me ease	296	Pr'ythee, <i>Suzan</i> , what dost muse on
Oh ! welcome, my shepherd, how welcome	76	Perusing beauty, men descry
Oh ! what a change in my fortune is this	49	Puff about the brisk bowl
Oh ! what joy does conquest yield	27	Puff the bampers about
Oh ! what pleasures will abound	343	R
Oh ! where shall I wander, how shall I reveal	241	Rail no more, ye learned asses
Oh ! where will you hurry my dearest	76	Revol'd as her poet of <i>Celia</i> to sing
Oh ! wouldst thou know what sacred charms	189	Rise, rise, brother bucke, see how ruddy
Oh ! why should we sorrow who never knew sin	59	Rouse, rouse, jolly sportsmen, the hounds
Old <i>Homer</i> , but with him what have we to do	309	S
On a bank, beside a willow	64	Say, cruel <i>Iris</i> , pretty rake
On <i>Belvidera's</i> bosom lying	195	Say, little, foolish, flutt'ring thing
On by the spur of valour goaded	363	Say, <i>Myra</i> , why is gentle love
Once more I'll tune the vocal shell	133	Say not, <i>Oiinda</i> , I despise
Once the Gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast	355	Say oh ! too lovely creature
One April morn, young <i>Damon</i> sought	83	Says Colin to me, I've a thought in my head
One day, at her toilet, as <i>Venus</i> began	350	Says my uncle, I pray now discover
One dy, with my friends, all jollity rise	343	Says <i>Phebe</i> , why is gentle love
One Midsummer morning, when nature	91	Says <i>Plato</i> , who should man be vain
One morning young <i>Roger</i> accepted me thus	114	Say, why must the poet's soft lay
One night, having nothing to do, nor to drink	345	See <i>Bacchus</i> ascending aitrise on his tun
On <i>Ettrick's</i> banks, in a summer's night	217	See, <i>Daphne</i> , see, <i>Florella</i> -cried
On every hill, in every grove	282	See <i>Nerifiss</i> , the young, and the fair
On every tree, in every plain	290	See, <i>Phebus</i> begins to enliven the east
On his face the vernal rose	166	See, tee, <i>Aurora</i> 'gins to rise
On <i>Montgomery</i> young <i>Colin</i> who liv'd in the dale	105	See the wakes, <i>Sabina</i> wakes
On old England's west shore	328	ee, the conq'ring hero comes
On pleasure's smooth wing how old time	229	See, with rosy banners streaming
a <i>Tyrian</i> 's green bands I'll boldly tell	92	See you fair profect, how lovely it seems

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the brightest thing	257	Spring returns, the fauns advance	291
morn, the lark leaves his nest	258	Spring renewing all things gay	189
an hermit, dwell	218	Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak	321
ing in despair	263	Still in hopes to get the better	135
cafe your love complaining	45	Sleepers aposse at early dawn	286
have lost my love	239	Sister for her fashion, wit and youth	68
would you here obtain	21	Stripes, when you see me fly	63
would you hope so pleaze us	263	Stripes who me now or never	56
with claret she cannot agree	348	Sure I lay in her bloom at the age of nineteen p	46
old gain a constant lover	107	Sure never poor shepherd was tortur'd like me	139
by the force of good wine	329	Sure Sally is the loveliest lass	128
of of fast affection	383	Swain, thy hopeless passion smother	250
thou waste thy prime	368	Sweet are the charms of her I love	239
her, cause complaining	56	Sweet bud, to Laura's bosom go	239
nicely take offence	57	Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen	3 83
who sue for the trophies of fame	121	Sweetest of pretty maid's, let Cupid incline the 249	
I am free	346	Sweet mercy is the loveliest flower	51
bright my roving eye	218	Sweet, oh sweet the flowers in May	76
harp on earth's combin'd	123	T	
proves ungrateful no further	84	Talk no more of love to me	84
I am growing old	404	Take, oh ! take those lips away	250
thinks meap her heart's love	107	Tax my tongue, it is a shame	105
en has prov'd so untrue	399	Teach me, ye nine, to sing of tea	389
peace of mind serene	47	Tell me, cruel Cupid, tell me	44
the plan	73	Tell me, laffies, have you seen	38
e's in fashion and life's but a jest	337	Tell me, lovely Shepherd, where	50
evg has had possession	106	Tell me no more I am deceiv'd	196
le me alone with a swain	28	Tell me no more of pointed darts	65
he's in yoyge and stale virgins	26	Tell me not I may time mispend	225
can to his for service	344	Tell my Sirepba that I die	64
alm of humas woe	239	Tell not me of your roses and lilies	212
ng, the zephyrs awaken the grove	370	Tell, oh ! tell my lover true	50
the martial trumpet's	395	Tell me when, inconstant lover	216
paines, unknown before	246	Tender virgins, shun deceivers	50
y spindle I laid	76	That I might not be plagued with the nonsense	61
range, so fond of change	322	That Jenny's my friend, my delight	127
praise of a friend or a glass	286	That little rogue, Cupid, I vow	208
in, farr'd in story	319	That May, day of life is for pleasure	49
busy day is o'er	377	That the world is a stage, and the stage	358
sep begins to peep	291	The blithest bird that sings in May	218
I'll my love folgo	58	The blushing damsel whole defence	111
in gay circles move	329	The blush of Aurora now tinges the morn	
the hild hors	7	q.	
to beat the drum, to my standard	107		

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The breed came forth frae the bairn	397	The morning fresh, the sun in east
The card invites, in clouds we fly	387	The morning is charming, all nature looks
The cards were sent, the muses came	343	The morning young Jocky would make me
The chace was o'er, <i>Athena</i> sought a feast	8	The new flown birds, the shepherds sing
The court is a fountain of honour and fame	363	Then farewell, my trim-built wherry
The crimson morn bids hence the night	306	Then hey for a frolicsome life
The dusky night rides down the sky	22	The noblest heart like purest gold
The early horn salutes the morn	4	The nymph that I love was as cheerful
The echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad	3	The patriot in the senate burns
The faithless <i>Tiburtius</i> scarce had got on board	303	The pleasures of a lady's smiles
The farmer's dog leapt over the stile	399	The poachers for fortune, who damsel's charms
The fatal hours are wond'rous near	293	The ponderous cloud was black and low
The festive board was met	313	The pride of all nature was sweet <i>Willy O'</i>
The fields now are looking so gay	43	The pride of every grove I chose
The fields were green, the hills were gay	27	The prospect clear'd, around is heard
The fife and drum sound merrily	203	There is one dark and sullen hour
The flame of love sincere I felt	145	There was a jolly miller once
The fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride	151	There was a maid and she went to the mill
The fragrant lily of the vale	149	There was an old man, and tho' its not com
The gaudy tulip swells with pride	153	There was once it is said,
The gentle primrose of the vale	298	The rocks in the neigh'bring grove
The gentle swan with graceful pride	140	The ruddy morn blink'd o'er the bres
The glitt'ring sun begins to rise	153	The rosy morn, with crimson dye
The goodness of women some men will dispute	122	The sages of old
The great folks are noble and proud let 'em be	364	The mortals say right
The happy moments now are near	232	The shepherds, who rove the wood throu
The heavy hours are almost past	155	The silver moon's enamour'd beam
The honest heart whose thoughts are clear	345	The silver moon that shines so bright
The hounds are all out and the morning dozesleep	17	The summer it was smiling, nature round
The kind appointment <i>Celia</i> made	317	The sluggish morn, as yet undrest
The lark proclaim'd return of morn	387	The smiling morn, the blooming spring
The lark's shrill note awakes the morn	339	The smiling plains, profusely gay
The last of <i>Patic's</i> mill	283	The sportsman goes out with his dog and
The last that would know how to manage	112	The sprightly horn awakes the morn
The last time I came o'er the moor	233	The spring newly dawning invades ev'ry
The lily and the blushing rose	255	The stag through the forest
The little bark by tempest toss'd	366	The story goes that sister <i>Bet</i>
The lovely, <i>Della</i> , smiles again	289	The summer, gay delightful scene
The lowland lads think they are fine	40	The summer was over, my stocks
The man, who for life	349	The sun from the east tips the mountains
The man, who in his breast contains	345	The sun just glancing through the trees
The mind of a woman can never be known	374	The sun now peeps o'er yonder hill
The miser thus a shilling sees	379	The sun you look beneath the hill
The mouth of <i>Sister</i> <i>Brooke</i>	349	The swain with his flock by a brook

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y morning	15	Th us I stand like a Turk, with my doxies	356
peace shall be our own-	379	Thy fatal shafor wear'ng move	192
liver in the wind	170	Thy origin divine, I fee	133
raree-thew, some say	342	Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair	98
that through delects ride	250	'Tis a maxim I hold whilst I live	225
it I sing none deny me	239	'Tis a twelvemonth ago, may perhaps	48
hen soften'd by May	673	'Tis done, I've rais'd a rural pow'r	250
g sailor ploughs the main	377	'Tis for landmen to prate	349
se, who pierces hearts	68	'Tis not my Patty's sparkling eyes	250
ty was purpled o'er	272	'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes	193
ploughman hails the blushing	10.	'Tis now, since I sat down before	251
teary scene is o'er	134	'Tis the birth-day of Phyllis, hark!	261
whistled through the grove	160	'Tis woman that seducer-all mankind	233
y dear Mrs., is full of deceit	132	To Anacreon in heav'n, where he sat	390
horn I to love would die	59	To a stage coach we aptly may liken	366
s is an echo here	398	To chafe o'er the plain fox or the hare	16
rest, how delay	233	To court at one time three young males	407
think within my breast	160	To court me young Colin came many a mile	111
heart it is you who have warm'd	25	To curb the will with vain pretence	143
maitre's day	375	To eate his heart and owa his flame	224
a fair, where the crowd is beat	357	To eafe any heart I own'd my flame	303
suspicion appears	213	To excel in bon-ton, both as genius	368
it of fashion	142	To fly like bird from grove to grove	24
i seem to pain	175	To Hand's pleasing notes as Chloë fung	303
old age seems in part to impair	349	To heal the smart a bee had made	136
o my warm desire	232	To hear the jar of asisy war	77
ce to place I'm ranging	370	To keep my gentle Jeff	121
n in siience the youth	81	To little or no purpose I spent many days	109
long boasted an absolute sway	109	To make the man kind and keep true	173
as my manners is simple and	137	To make the most of fleeting time	214
res, I'm :old	137	Too late for sedrefs, and too soon for	30
may prefis me	107	Too long a giddy waud'ring youth	147
ung and scarce fifteen	41	Too plain, dear youth, shooe tell tale eyes	60
s are whistling round me	84	To Phyllis and Chloë and all the gay	350
t boast of fortune's store	69	To please me the more and to change	28
'll but love and you	251	To re:son, ye fair ones, assert your	133
n, whose gladsome ray	184	To sheophshear, my boys, pipe and tabor	283
un that calls my fair	255	To sigh and complain	137
ing Avon, by the silver stream	386	To speak my mind of womankind	179
'tis true, are but tender	168	To speak, my muse, sweet Charlotte	255
tended for my heart	94	To take in good part the squeeze of the hand	313
infanta, heavenly fair	139	To tell you the truth	336
e profession in town	346	To the conscious greva I bin me	49
e actua, Sir, find me a lass	250		

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To bee, oh gentle sleep ! alone	26	What exquisite pleasure
T'other day at I sat in the sycamore shade	36	What fate attends the blushing rose
T'other day in the strawberry vale	287	What harm in so simple a token of love
To the woods I love to go	33	What innocent delight sweet fancy
To thy her shepherd once a fair one	318	What is a poet, Sir ? you, Sir ? no, Sir !
Transported with joy, with a heart	298	What is <i>Cloe</i> to me, or <i>Lydia</i> the fair
Turn, gentle hermit of the dale	364	What ! is he gone ? and can it be ?
'Twas at the gate of <i>Calais</i>	310	What means this loud tumult
'Twas in that season	240	What med'cine can soften the bosom
'Twas in the dead of night soon after	93	What ! put off with one denial
'Twas not <i>Belinda's</i> face, tho' fair	226	What sadness reigns over the plains
'Twas when the seas were roaring	312	What's a poor simple clown
V		
Vain are the charms of white and red	396	What shepherd or nymph of the grove
Vain is ev'ry fond endeavour	53	What soft pretty things both by night and day
Vainly now ye strive to charm me	221	What think you, my masters
Venus, beauteous queen of love	22	What though the blooming genial year
Virgins are like the fair flowers in its lustre	380	What various colours deck the bow
Virtue bids us conquer passion	362	What virgin or shepherd in valley or grove,
Vows of love should ever bind	45	When all the Attic fire was fled
Vulcan, contrive me such a cup	335	When a lover's in the wind
W		
Waft, Oh Cupid ! to <i>Euander</i>	101	When April wak'd the dawn
Waft to her ears, kind gentle breeze	214	When a tender maid is first essay'd
Was ever poor fellow so plag'd with a vixen	237	When <i>Bacchus</i> , jolly god, invites
Was I a shepherd's maid to keep	47	When beauty on the lover's soul
Was I sure a life to lead	53	When <i>Bubo</i> thought fit from this world
Was love a sweet-passion	246	When bickerings hot
Was Nanny but a rural maid	138	When blushes dyed the cheek of morn
Water parted from the sea	387	When bright Roxana treads the green
We all to conq'ring beauty bow	246	When Britain first at heav'n's command
Welcome, friendly gleam of night	353	When Britain on her sea girt shore
We'll drink, and we'll never have done	530	When Britain's queen on Albion's land
Well met, jolly fellows, we I met	342	When by the gently gliding stream
Were I as poor as wretch can be	36	Whence comes it, neighbour <i>Dick</i>
We three archers be	362	Whence comes my love, oh ! muse, disclose
What a charming thing's a battle	347	When Celia chants the rural lay
What a lover is he that has nothing	373	When charming <i>Teraminta</i> sings
What are outward forms and shews	371	When cheerful day begins to dawn
What bard, oh ! time discover	101	When chilling winter hies away
What beauteous scenes enchant my sight	152	When <i>Cloe</i> first with blooming charms
What beauties does Flora disclose	154	When Cloe we ply
What advised, most certainly wise is	348	When courted by <i>Serephon</i> what pains
		When cruel parents fullen frown
		When daisey'd and violets blue

ALPHABETICAL TABLE of the SONGS:

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on the plain appears	192	When lovely <i>Phillis</i> tunes the lyre	212
norn on moon-beams bright	403	When lovely woman stoops to folly	386
meet my <i>Celia's</i> eyes	175	When lovers for favours petition	29
ig gales clear rural groves	79	When madam, though her day is done	203
, blooming fair	217	When <i>May-day</i> buds on trees were seen	104
I saw as I tripp'd o'er the green	246	When mighty roast beef was the <i>Englishman's</i>	333
to woman was growing	398	When <i>Molly</i> smiles beneath her cow	228
a <i>Arragonian</i> maid	363	When morn with purple streaks the skies	78
urora gilds the eastern hills	8	When my hero in court appears	106
saw my <i>Delia's</i> face	292	When o'er the downs at ev'ry day	405
saw thee graceful move	193	When once I with <i>Phillis's</i> stray'd	149
fought fair <i>Celia's</i> love	172	When once love's softbly poison gains	371
iy gay laddie gade to the green	112	When peace here was reigning	340
iy sage mother began to advise	483	When <i>Pœbus</i> begins to peep o'er the hills	6
he youth his fears forsook	112	When <i>Pœbus</i> the tops of the hills does adorn	5
his humble roof I knew	296	When <i>Placindi's</i> beauties appear	237
hy soft lips I but civilly prest	256	When primrose sweet bedecks the year	293
'areffa's blooming face	231	When real joy we miss	136
ou wod'd me to comply	35	When fable night each drooping plant	69
o'er the garden stray'd	316	When <i>Sappho-tun'd</i> the raptur'd strain	193
nt bloom of yellow broom	78	When snow de-cends and robes the fields	295
<i>Celia</i> first I knew	198	When <i>Sol</i> from the east had illumin'd	15
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ke with painful brow	226	When the bright god of day	185
ld you all divine	256	When the dear cause of all my pain	232
old at vernal tide	292	When the early cock crows at the day	294
n the rosy bowl	338	When the hated morning's light	77
r'd myteens, and flung play things	112	When the head of poor <i>Tummas</i> is broke	379
my <i>Strebbor</i> languish	113	When the maid whom we love	375
ey thee, matchleſs fair	123	When the morning peeps forth and the zephyr	1
ik on your truth	135	When the nymphs were contending	256
e young one what girl	32	When the rosy morn appearing	396
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ty fi st began to love	78	When the trees are all bear not a leaf to be seen	181
smil'd, her lovely look	256	When the trumpets shrill notes	408
forfake the flow'ry plain	35	When tutor'd under mama's care	45
e part on the plain	110	When vapours o'er the meadows die	112
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y mind, with you I joia'd	361	When winter o'er shadows the scene	25
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When your beauty appears . . .	295	Why, <i>Colin</i> , must your <i>Laura</i> mourn . . .
When you h' matue to manhood grew . . .	187	Why, cruel creature, why so bent . . .
Wherever I'm going and all the day long . . .	279	Why, <i>Damon</i> , wilt thou strive in vain . . .
Where is pleasure, tell me where . . .	183	Why heaves my fond bosom . . .
Where new-mown hay on banks of <i>Tay</i> . . .	34	Why, <i>John, Ralph, Sal</i> . . .
Where shall a love-sick virgin find . . .	100	Why now, my love, should I complain . . .
Where shall <i>Delia</i> fly for shelter . . .	53	Why shines the moon with silver ray . . .
Where's my swain so blythe and clever . . .	45	Why shoud we of humble state . . .
Where the blithe bee her honey sips . . .	253	Why sleeps my soul, my love aise . . .
Where the jessamine sweetens the bow'r . . .	285	Why we love, and why we hate . . .
Where the light cannot pierce in a grove . . .	174	Why will <i>Delia</i> thus retire . . .
Where the murmuring river flows . . .	294	Why will <i>Florella</i> , when I gaze . . .
Where virtue incircles the fair . . .	145	Why will you my passion reprove . . .
Where, where, dear maid, shou'dst thou forsake . . .	215	Why will you plague me with your pain . . .
Which is best, ye casuits, say . . .	304	Why with sighs my heart is swelling . . .
While absent from the swain I love . . .	406	Will you go to the eye-bugbys, <i>Marion</i> . . .
While beaus, to-please the ladies, write . . .	127	Wine, wine, in the moring . . .
While blossoms deck each verdant spray . . .	304	With me joy, ye nymphs and swains . . .
While happy in my native land . . .	329	With a chearsful old friend and a merry old so: . . .
While her charms my thoughts employ . . .	228	With artful voice, young <i>Thyrift</i> , you . . .
While I'm at the tavern quaffing . . .	321	With <i>Delia</i> ever could I stay . . .
While I sigh'd with idle care . . .	341	With doubts and fears for her I love . . .
While on earth's soft lap descending . . .	46	With horns and with hounds I awaken . . .
While on my <i>Chloe</i> 's knee I sat . . .	38	With joy and mirth our vallies rung . . .
While others barter eas for state . . .	316	With <i>Pbillis</i> how oft have I stray'd . . .
While others trip the new-fall'n snows . . .	146	With <i>Pbillis</i> I'll trip o'er the mead . . .
While servile scribblers take the pen . . .	258	With <i>Pbillis</i> I sought the woodbine . . .
While the lads in the village . . .	320	With <i>Pbaebus</i> wherever I go . . .
While <i>W——d</i> and <i>W——thy</i> . . .	348	With <i>Pbaebus</i> I often arode . . .
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While you, my fair one, sure to please . . .	297	With twords on their thighs the bold yeome . . .
Whilst I am carousing to cheer up my soul . . .	341	With the man that I love was I destined . . .
Whilst I gaze on <i>Chloe</i> , trembling . . .	279	With the pride of the garden and the field . . .
Whilst on forbidden fruit I gaze . . .	254	With tune'ul pipe and merry glee . . .
Whilst on thy dea: bosom lying . . .	349	With women and wine I defy ev'ry care . . .
Whilst other men sing of their goddesses . . .	237	Wit, love, and reputation walk'd . . .
Who'd know the sweets of liberty . . .	388	Woo betide each tender fair . . .
Who has e'er been at <i>Baldeck</i> must needs know . . .	188	Woman should be wisely kind . . .
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Who thirst for more knowledge . . .	353	Would you obtain the gentle fair . . .
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nd lasses gay	54	Ye zephyrs, come flutter and play ..	40
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ins softly flow	35	You bid me my jovial companions for sake	319
i by a friend	382	You gave me last week a young linnet	965
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e thro' Britain's isle	126	You impudent min', you	58
, at my call	373	You know I'm your priest and your conscience	399
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e shepherds that join	157	Young <i>Colin</i> was the bonniest swain	289
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ke <i>Ponus</i> fair	244	Young man, young man	378
e ear to my lay	273	Young <i>Molly</i> who lives at the foot of a hill	138
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I feel it now	136	Young Roger he courted me for a whole year	109
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e sleep, deceive me	345	You say what charm in <i>Nancy's</i> face	280
e byr crystal streams	79	You tell me I'm handsome I know not	42
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GENERAL HEADS.

Hunting Songs	-	-	-	1	Cantatas, &c.	-	-
Songs for Ladies	-	-	-	24	Social and Convivial Songs	-	-
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To the *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* of *Great Britain*.

To compile a volume of Songs for the entertainment of the public, with fending against the laws of decency, has been particularly attended to which purpose industry alone was requisite. In this refined age, the public gaudes, and every place of musical entertainment, affords an ample for selecting a pleasing collection, both as to the music and words. It is to that the public have been nauseated with volumes of songs, which are the disgrace of our language. The general encouragement that has been given to musical tainment, has naturally excited men of genius to exert their abilities in composing very excellent pieces, and whilst the ear is pleased with the harmony numbers, the heart is improved by the delicacy of the sentiment. This Collection the Ladies may safely open, without the start of a blush upon their cheek, or ing the most rigid virtue; nor can the Gentlemen be more pleased by the compliment shewn to the *Ladies*, than by the compliment we pay to their good nature by an omission of all indecent ribaldry. We are sorry to see so many public that are equally a disgrace to the understanding of the publisher, as an insult judgment of the public; but of these it is sufficient to say,

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

By this Compilation we pretend to no other merit, than having made a decent diversion for the hours of mirth, by affording to every musical person an opportunity turning to the most approved English, Scotch, and Irish Songs; and if by this collection we have put into the hands of the Ladies and Gentlemen of this Country a cheerful, entertaining Companion, we have every reason to hope that our labour will not go unrewarded, but that we may truly subscribe ourselves,

Their very much obliged humble servants,

“October 1, 1784.

The *Præceptor*

E N T I S H S O N G S.

SONG 1.

The MAN of KENT,
Harold was invaded,
Falling lost his crown,
Ram waded
 to pull him down,
 and, with tears profound,
 i sad condition,
 eve, they homage paid,
 iade no submission.
 in praise of Men of Kent,
 yal, brave, and free;
 n's race, if one surpasses,
 in of Kent is he.

freeholders,
 tyrants near,
 on their shoulders
 iks did bear,
 e saw in battle draw,
 that he might need 'em,
 rms, comply'd with terms,
 noble freedom.

i the race too ;
 sy vigour shew ;
 nle chace too,
 he Kentish beau.
 lob, and blest with health,
 kind embraces,
 surplices far
 yokes places.

be of blessing
 how meant,

Is now in right possesing,
 For *Cæsar* sure is Kent :
 The Dome of *Kent*, by fame enroll'd,
 The church of *Canterbury*,
 The hops, the beer, the cherries there,
 Oft' serve to make us merry.

Then, &c.

Augmented still in story,
 Our ancient fame shall rise,
 And *Wolfe*, in matchless glory,
 Shall soaring reach the skies ;
 Quebec shall own, with great renown,
 And *France*, with awful wonder,
 His deeds can tell, how great he fell
 Amidst his god-like thunder.

Then, &c.

And tho' despotic power
 With iron reins do check,
 Our British sons of freedom
 Their parent cause will back :
 With voice and pen they forthwith fland,
 Brave *Seybridge* soon will tell them,
 That virtue's cause and British laws,
 Bold Men of Kent won't fail them.

Then, &c.

When royal *George* commanded
Militia to be rais'd,
 The French would sure have landed,
 But for such youths as these ;
 Their oars, stall, and cricket ball,
 They left for martial glory,
 The Kentish lads shall win the odds
 Ydur fathers did before you.

Then, &c.

2

The noble GAME of CRICKET.

*Written in consequence of a Match between Hamp-
shire and Kent, August 19, 1772, which was de-
cided in favour of the latter.*

ATTEND all ye muses, and join to rehearse
An old English sport never praised yet in verse,
'Tis cricket I sing, of illustrious fame,
No nation e'er boasted so noble a game.
Derry down, &c.

Great Pindar has bragg'd of his heroes of old, bold
Some were swift in the race, some in battle were
The brows of the victor with olive were crown'd,
Hark! they shout! & Olympia returns the glad sound
What boasting of Cæsar, and Pallus his brother,
The one fam'd for riding, for bruising the other;
Their lustre's eclips'd by the lads in the field,
To Minshall and Miller these brothers must yield.
Here's guarding & catching, & throwing & tossing,
And bowling and striking, & running & crooking;
Each mate must excel in some principal part,
The Pentathlon of Greece could not shew so much art.

The parties are met, and array'd all in white,
Fam'd Eliz ne'er boasted so pleasing a sight,
Each nymph looks askew at her favourite fellow,
And views him half strip'd, both with pleasure & pain
The wicket's high pitch I show, & measure'd the ground
Then they forth a large ring, & standing gazing around,
Since Ajax fought Hector, in fight of all Troy,
No contest was seen with such fear and such joy.

Ye bowlers take heed, to my precepts attend,
On you the whole fate of the game must depend;
Spare your vigour at first, nor exert all your strength
But measure each step, add be safe pitch & length.

Ye strikers believe when the fog shall draw nigh,
Mark the bowler advancing with vigilant eye,
Your skill all depends upon distance, and light,
Stand firm to your scratch, let your bat be upright.

Ge'd men look sharp, left your points ye beguile
Toes, like an army, in rank and in file;

When the ball is return'd, back it sure, &
Whole states have been ruin'd by one o'er
The sport is now o'er, *Io* victory rings,
Echo doubles the chorus, & *Fame* spreads &
Let us now hail our champions, all steady
Such as *Minshall*, *Miller*, and *Parmore*, with *Lump*:
Fresh laurels have gain'd by their conque
Wood, *Pattenden*, *Simmons*, with *Fugles* an
With *Bremas* we'll join, & we'll sing then
With heroes like these even *Hampshire* to
And bring down the pride of the *Isle*.
The Duke with *Sir Horace*, are men of
And nobly support such brave fellows wi
Then fill up the glass, he's the best who di
The *Duke* and *Sir Horace* in bumpers we
Let us join in the praise of the bat and the
And sing in full chorus the pa rons of cri
And when the game's o'er & our fate faill
(For the heroes of cricket, like others, in
Our bats we'll resign, neither troubled or
And give up our wickets to those that co
Derry down

3

The Hob-Supper.

Round the brown board sit the farmer,
Where plenty of all we could wish for wa
His hops were all pick'd, and of corn his
Man and wife were all joy, 'twas a fit to
Derry down

He blest with his friends with his children
Gave freely, drank freely, and bid us ca
By *Jove*, we enjoy'd it, as sons of true th
We drank him success in the fruits of the

But the farmer's large bowl, & his flaggs
(As brown as a fiberg, and ug'd to full ye
Made our eyes (like the stars in a frosty ni
Not a brow of threescore had that night

• Of Dorset. • Mass.

ing and the beaten to bat presence had kept;
tw'd. with our joy, what decorums we kept,
with 'sto have join'd us, when we with their
pow'r,

have settled the nation in less than an hour.

ink, sung, and danc'd, & told stories of fun-
eered old time, nor his suds how they run;
the farmer's good will we of joy should be full
sw'd to be so, and hang all that were dull.
ath, thou destroyer of good and of evil,
bd by providence) be to 's civil;
e of the worthy pray lengthen the span,
ite this good Farmer as long as you can.
Derry down, &c.

4

The ALLIANCE.

In Harwick Camp was form'd;
Kent and York did meet,
which they accorded;
old each other greet,
ship's bands, they joined hands,
kin of alliance;
all foes, that dur'd oppose,
y boldly bid defiance.
ing in praise of Harwick Camp,
which we all agree,
soldiers brave, if one you'd have,
Harwick Camp is he.

themselves left our houses;
countries far behind,
w' our vengeance rouz'd is;
fear not storm or wind.
which to fight we both unite,
country's rights maintaining;
er they come, we'll send some home
thoroughly complaining.
ing is proue, &c. &c.,
our gallant leaders;
Night will give little trouble;
o where to they need us,
ts of wounds or death.

When Dorset bide, or Harvey loads,

We'll prove our king's defenders,
With bold Thornton, and Dallison,
We'll baffle all pretenders.

Then sing in praise, &c. &c.

We love our Majors, Captains;

Lieutenants, Ensigns too,
Nor would forget our Chaplains;

Could we their faces view,
They cure our souls o'er flowing bowls,

Their business is not fighting;

At home they stay, receive their pay,
Perchance their sermons writing.

Then sing in praise, &c. &c.

As Men of Kent so fam'd;

And Yorkshire so renown'd,

We will not be ashamed;

To boast our native ground;
Our meat we'll dress, together meet,

And know no prostitution;
We'll drink and sing, God save the King,

And eke our constitution.

Then sing in praise, &c. &c.

And tho' we've lost our Essex friends;

We never can forget them,

We hope they'll make us some amends;
Whene'er the wind will let them;

In the mean time, we'll meet in rhyme,
And wish them mirth and pleasure,

With every sport, within the fort,

They can have without measure;

Then sing in praise, &c. &c.

And when the wars are over,

Again we'll tend the plough,

From soldiers we'll turn lovers,

With laurels on our brow;

Our wives we'll kiss, our friends care for,

And every toil forgetting;

We'll cure our wounds, with the craft of boudys,

From sun-rise to the setting;

Then sing, &c.

— 5 —

Ode in Praise of KENT.

SWEET Melody! the charm repeat!
We watch the birth of sound.
To please the mind: a feast complete:
Kent's sons must ev'ry way with harmony be crown'd
Again inform the willing lyre,
With notes that might *Apollo* charm,
Sweet and prevailing, like his fire.
That please and melt us as they warm.

Along thy fertile fides,
The swelling *Thames*, with plenty loaded, glides,
Enriching thee with tributary tides.
Safe there, and in thy *Medway's* wat'ry bed,
The floating guard of *Britain's* wealth and trade,
In state triumphant rides.
Her fleets their being owe to thee;
Thou her sure bulwark; *Europe's* she.

Nor dost thou raise those giant frames alone,
(Whose pow'r e'en *Neptune's* self must own;) To rule where'er expanded ocean rolls;
Thou fillest those bodies with heroic souls. [sphere
They journey with the sun, they join each hemi-
And spread alike thy pow'r & blessings every where.
So well set out for peace or war,
What may not *Albion* dare!

Sweet liberty, thy *Briton's* boast,
To thy sons indulgent moft,
Bids here succession be secure,
And titles still endure;
For virtues with estates come down,
And from the father bleſſ the ſon.
Great ſouls with plenty rais'd, aspire;
A gen'rous ſpirit, e'en in twains,
Enlarg'd with eafe, and freedom reigas,
That heav'nly double gift, the food of manly fire.
The bleſſing flows, as pleasure glides with health,
From thy reviving ſprings;
And ther'd by all the happy ſubject's wealth,
've magnifies the king,

Kent, early pious, early great,
Fair *Albion's* front, her awful head,
Her neighbour's envy, wish, and dread;
Thyfelf a royal state!
All rock, all fortress, to their fight;
To thy bleſſ sons, all *Eden*, all delight!
While fond of thee, untaught to yield,
They're firſt to take, and laſt to quit the ſe
Secure the eastern world you face,
Nor can the greater mate the leſs.

The firſt great *William*, fortunate and brave,
Who came to conquer, as the laſt to ſave,
When on to *Kent* with victor troops he rode
Late of a thouſand ſhips the load,
Britain, which he who half the world coul
Great *Ceſar* little more than law,
Bow'd to the *Norman* law.

The ſons of *Kent* alone the tide withſt
Of right tenacious, singular in good;
Unbaken, tho' the only unſubdu'd,
In arms collected all agree,
To live and die, like their great fathers, free;
Graſp'd with one hand, the threat'ning ſte
The other, verdant boughs display'd. {
In dire array, thus dreadful from afar,
Invasion's living bar,
On the brow of the threaten'd land,
The moving forest made a dreadful fland.

The warrior king, mov'd at the doubtful
So equal both for friendſhip, or for fight:
A parley ſounds; pleas'd even in foes to ſe
Spirits ſo worthy to be free.
They come, they answer'd, negligent of life
By friendly peace and generous firſt,
To claim their dearer liberty and right.
Undaunted race, the hero cry'd,
Such virtue cannot be deny'd;
Take more from me than foes can claim,
My friendſhip; nay, my conqu'r're's name
Thus to your rights, and valour true,
'Tis more like you to date than kingdoms to

SONGS.



UNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

port to the chace can compare,
So manly the pleasure it yields ;
it, how refreshing that air,
in the woods and the fields !
in pursuit, new scenes still appear,
scapes encounter the eye ;
sweet music more pleases the ear,
t of the hounds in full cry.

ight from the chace we derive ;
tis purges the blood :
y that mortal must live,
sport yields both physic and food !
varied its charms, they ne'er cloy
e of the bottle and face ;
the harder, the more we enjoy,
we're in love with the chace.

W the morning peeps forth, and the ze-
phyr's cool gale
rance and health over mountains and dale,

Up, ye nymphs and ye swains, and together we'll rove
Up hill and down valley, by thicket and grove ;
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horn and the cry of the hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth,
All the blessings I ask, is the blessing of health ;
So shall innocence self give a warrant to joys,
No envy disturbs, no dependance destroys.

Then follow, &c.

O'er hill, dale and woodlands with raptures we roam,
Yet returning still find ~~the dear~~ pleasures at home ;
Where the cheerful good humour gives honesty grace,
And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the face

Then follow, &c.

HARK ! hark ! the joy-inspiring horn,
Salutes the rosy, ring morn,
And echoes thro' the dale ;

HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
The hounds quick-scented scour the ground,
And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
The brisk, bright-mettled, starting steed,
The jovial pack pursue ;
Like lightning darting o'er the plains,
The distant hills with speed he gains,
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse for shelter makes,
There pants a while for breath ;
When now the noise alarms her ear,
Her haunts descry, her fate is near,
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize,
She faints, she falls, she dies ;
The distant coursers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
Till echo rends the skies.

HAARK ! away ! 'tis the merry ton'd horn,
Calls the hunters all up in the morn,
To the hills and the woodlands we steer,
To unbarbour the out-lying deer.

CHOUS OF HUNTSMEN.
And all the day long,
This, this is our song ;
Still halloving,
And following,
So frolic and free ;
Our joys know no bounds,
While we're after the hounds,
No mortals on earth are so happy as we.

Round the woods when we beat how we glow,
While the hills they all echo, hello !
This is a hound from his cover he flies,
In our shout shall resound to the skies,
And all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb
Up the health breathing mountain sublime,
What a joy from our labours we feel ?
Which alone they who taste can reveal.

And all the day long, &c.

At night when our labour is done,
Then we will go hallooing home,
With hallo, hallo, and huzza,
Revolving to meet the next day,
And all the day long, &c.

COME, rouse, brother sportsmen, the hunt
cry,

We've got a good scent, and a fav'ring sky ;
The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early
Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so late.

Bright *Phœbus* has shewn us the glimpse of his
Peep'd in at our windows, and calls to the chase,
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields blush with the beams of

Sweet *Molly* may tease you, perhaps to lie down,
And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown :
But tell her, that love must to hunting give place,
For as well as her charms, there are charms

chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old *Reynard* I spy ;
At his brush nimbly follow brisk *Chancier* and
They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they

We're in at the death—now let's home to the
There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring ;
To George peace and glory may heaven aisen sent
And foxhunters flourish a thousand years hence.

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn,
And bids the hunter rise,
The opening hound returns the sound,
And echo fills the skies ;
And echo fills the skies,

HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

ly health more dear than wealth,
in blue mountain's brow;
ghing steed invokes our speed,
Reynard trembles now;
e neighing steed, &c.

nt days, as story says,
woods our fathers fought;
tic race ador'd the chase,
hunted as they fought.
t's away, make no delay,
the forest's charms;
'er the howl expand the soul,
rest in Chloë's arms.

E echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,
To horse, my brave boys, and away;
mning is up, and the cry of the hounds
aids our too tedious delay.
leisure we find in pursuing the fox,
hill and o'er valley he flies;
allow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza!
raitor is feiz' on and dies.
hant returning at night with the spoil,
Bacchanals shouting and gay,
eet is the bottle and lais to refresh,
ose the fatigues of the day;
ort, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
wisdom, all happiness fours:
fe is no more than a passage at best,
trew the way over with flow'r's.

E morning is charming, all nature looks gay,
away, my brave boys, to your horses away,
prime of our humour's in quest of the hare;
e not so much as a moment to spare.
e lively ton'd horn, how melodious it sounds,
musical tone of the merry-mouth'd hounds.
ghlands, and lowlands, and woodlands we fly,
es full speed, and our hounds in full cry,
h'd in their mouth, and so swiftly they run,
e trine of the spheres, and the race of the sun;

Health, joy and felicity dance in the rounds,
And blefs the gay circle of hunters and hounds.
The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,
That the hare, tho' a stout one, begins to decline;
A chace of two hours, or more, she has led;
She's down—look about you—they have her—the's dead.
How glorious a death! to be honour'd with sounds
Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds.

THE fun from the east tips the mountains with
gold,
And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold;
How the lark's early matin proclaiming the new day,
And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay!
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
And the slave of the slave hunt the smiles of the
Court,
No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.
With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree,
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.
With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name,
And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs she her lover pursues.
With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold, and the busy, hunt glory and wealth,
All the blessings we see is the blessing of health,
With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands to
roam,
And when tir'd abroad find contentment at home.
With the sports of the field, &c.

HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

THE early horn salutes the morn
That gilds this charming place,
cheerful cries bids echo rise,
And join the jovial chace.
evocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The corydal floods,
return the enliv'ning sound.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And bid to my woodland walks away;
up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
ie to my forehead a waxing moⁿ ;
shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the sky,
cho turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

NAY to the field, see the morning looks grey,
And, sweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day,
ounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
are aloud to be led to the chace.
hark in the morn, to the call of the horns,
join with the jovial crew ;
the season invites, with all its delights,
the health-giving chace to pursue.
charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,
the bright beagles spread over the lawns;
comes the sun, now returning from rest,
matins they chant as they merrily quest,
hark, &c.

! how each bosom with transport it fills,
it just a Phœbus peeps over the hills;
joyous from valley to valley resounds
outs of the hunters and cry of the hounds.
hark, &c.

w the brave hunters, with courage elate,
dges and ditches, or top the barr'd gate,
by their bold course: no danger they fear,
ve to the winds all vexation and care.
hark, &c.

or the chace quit the joys of the town,
the dull pleasure of sleeping in down;

Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
Our still is repaid with contentment and health!
Then hark, &c.

COME, rouse from your trances !
The fly morn advances,
To catch sluggish mortals in bed ;
Let the horn's jocund note
In the wind sweetly float,
While the fox from the brake lifts his head ;
Now creeping,
Now peeping,
The fox from the brake lifts his head ;
Each away to his steed,
Your goddesses shall lead,
Come follow, my worshippers, follow,
For the chace all prepare,
See the hounds snuff the air,
Hark, hark, to the huntman's sweet hallo !
Hark Fowler, hark Rover,
See Reynard breaks cover,
The hunters fly over the ground ;
Now they skim o'er the plain,
Now they dart down the lane,
And the hills, woods, and vallies resound ;
With dashing,
And splashing,
The hills, woods, and vallies resound :
Then away with full speed.
Your goddesses shall lead,
Come follow, my worshippers, follow ;
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
If you stop you're too late,
Hark, hark, to the huntman's sweet hallo !

DO you hear, brother sportsman, the sound o
horns,
And yet the sweet pleasure decline ?
For shame, rouse your senses, and ere it is morn,
With me the sweet melody join.

HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

5

and the valley the traitor we'll rally,
till panting he lies ;
in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,
a swift hare till he dies.

ir steed, to the meadows and fields,
and joyous repair ;
ife greater happiness yields,
g the fox or the hare.

ts, my friend, on the sportsman attend,
ike hunting is found ;
o'er, as brisk as before,
g we spurn up the ground.

ark ye, how echoes the horn in the vale,
notes do so sportingly dance on the gale,
o barker for ignoble refl,
h true pleasure can raise in the breast,
is fair, and in labour with day,
he huntsman is hark, hark away,
e defer we one moment our joys ?
e away, so to horse my brave boys.
can equal the joys of the chace,
delights to more noble give place ?
we prefer, and each sorrow defy,
valley re-echoes the cry :
ll steriling, nor sorrow we fear,
the lawn, and look back on old care ;
ibour, we leap o'er the mounds,
horn, and the cry of the hounds.

Pheasants the tops of the hills does adorn,
sweet is the sound of the echoing horn,
ling flag is rous'd with the sound,
ars nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
e has left us behind on the plain;
ursus and now come in view of the glo-
ame.
ain he rears up his head,
with fear he redoubles his speed :
ain that he flies,
softly the huntsman, his ears lose the cries,

For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
And he pants, till with well scented hounds surrounded
he dies.

LET the gay ones and great
Make the most of their fate,
From pleasure to pleasure they run,
Well, who cares a jot ?
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.
For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light ;
The blisses I find,
No strings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite.

COME, ye sportsmen so brave, who delight in the
field,
Where the bold-barren mountain fresh raptures can
yield,
With the h'alth-breathing chase rouse the soul with
delight,
With the jolly god, *Bacchus*, be jovial at night.
See the high mettled st:eds ! where snorting they fly !
White, staunch, the dogs cover the ground in full cry !
White, staunch, white staunch, the dogs cover the
ground in full cry !

How can ye, my boys, from such sports now refrain,
When the horn's cheerful sound calls you forth to the
plain ?

Poor *Puffy* ! she flies, and seems danger to scorn,
Then redoubles her speed as she bounds o'er the lawn,
See the high-mettled steeds, &c.

She has cunningly cheated the scent of the hounds ;
Through hedge-rows she creeps, and sculks o'er the
downs :
Brush them in, my bold hearts ! she fits panting for
breath !
The victim is seiz'd-Hark ! the horn sounds her down,
See the high-mettled steeds, &c.

HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

ST Valentine's day when bright Phœbus shone
clear,
not been hunting for more than a year :
met black Sloven, o'er the road made him
bound,
lead the hounds challenge, and horns sweetly
sound,
so taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo.

into cover, old Antimony cries,
nor he spoke, but the fox, sir, he 'spies ;
sing the signal, he then raw'd his whip,
was the word, and away we did leap,
o, &c.

p rides Dick Dawson, who car'd not a pin,
ang at the drain, but his horse tumbled in ;
he crept out, why he spy'd the old Ren',
its tongue hanging out stealing home to his den,
o, &c.

unds and our horses were always as good
r broke covert, or dash'd thro' the wood ;
ynard runs hard, but must certainly die,
t you, old Tony, Dick Dawson did cry,
o, &c.

unds they had run twenty miles now or more,
ebony fretted, he curs'd too and swore,
ynard being spent soon must give up the ghost,
will heighten our joys when we come to each
taft.
o, &c.

y's sport being over the horns we will sound,
jolly fox-hunters let echo resound,
up your glasses, and cheerfully drink,
honest true sportsman who never will shrink.
o, &c.

GHT dawns the day with rosy face,
hat calls the hunters to the chace.

With musical horn,
Salute the gay morn,
jolly companions to cheer;

With early'ning sounds,
Encourage the hounds,
To rival the speed of the deer.
If you find out his lair,
To the woodlands repair,
Hark ! hark ! he's unharbour'd they
Then fleet o'er the plain,
We gallop a'main,
All, all is a triumph of joy.
O'er heaths, hills, and woods,
Thro' forests and floods,
The stag flies as swift as the wind ;
The weikin resounds,
With the cry of the hounds,
That chant in a concert behind.
Adieu to all care,
Pale grief and despair,
We ride in oblivion of fear ;
Vexation and pain,
We leave to the train,
Sad-wretches that lag in the rear.
Lo ! the stag stands at bay,
The pack's at a stay,
They eagerly seize on their prize :
The weikin resounds
With the chorus of hounds,
Shrill horn with his knell, and he di

WHEN Phœbus begins just to peep o'
With hounds we awaken the day
And rouse, brother sportsmen, who sluggish
With hark ! to the woods hark ! away
See the hounds are uncoupled in musical c
How sweetly it echoes around ;
And high-mettled steeds with their neighs
With pleasure to echo the sound.
Behold when fly Reynard, with panic and
At distance o'er hillocks doth bound ;
The pack on the scent fly with rapid care
Hark ! the horns ! O how sweetly they

HUNTING SONGS AND CANTATAS.

the chase, o'er hills and o'er dales,
Men who nobly defy;
are all stout, and our sports we'll pursue,
out that resound to the sky.

he fags, all his arts are in vain,
er with swiftness he flies;
d in his fury determines his fate,
itor is seiz'd on and dies:
ting and joy we return from the field,
ink crown the sports of the day;
t we recline, till the horn calls again,
way to the woodlands, awry.

the hill-tops are barnish'd with ascent and
gold,
ospect around us most bright to behold;
ds are all trying the mazes to trace,
are all neighing, and pant for the chase.
se, each true sportsman, and join at the
wn,
of the hunters, and sound of the horn.
aces the nerves and gives joy to the face,
er the heath we purue the fleet chase;
owns now we leave, and the coverts appear,
e follow the fox or the hare.
use, &c.

we go, pleasure waits on us still,
in the valley, or rise on the hill;
es and rivers we valiantly fly,
s of death we ne'er think we shall die.
use, &c.

long past, by the poets we're told,
ting was lov'd by the sages of old;
Master and huntman were both on a par,
hush-giving-chace made them bold in the
t.
use, &c.

now, is once over, away to the bowl,
ring bumpers shall cheer up the soul;

Whilst jocund our songs shall with choruses ring,
And toasts to our ladies, our country and king.
Then rouse, &c.

SOUND, found the brisk horn,
'Twill enliven the morn,
And nature replenish with glee,
The vallies around,
Shall rejoice at the sound,
And join in the chorus with me,
Let ladies each night
In cards take delight,
And such dull amusements embrace,
At noon then arise,
Unknown to the joys
Of the health-giving, health giving chase,
But while they're content,
Why let them frequent
The playhouse, the park or the ball;
The pleasures I chuse,
My time to amuse,
Are greatly superior to all.

O'ER the lawns, up the hills, as with ard
bound,
Led on by the loud sounding horn,
Kind breezes still greet us, with chearfulness cro
And joyful we meet the sweet morn.
Rosy health blooms about us with natural grace,
Whilst echo re-echo'd enlivens the chase.
Should all the gay larks as they soar to the sky,
Their notes in a concert unite,
The music of hounds when set off in full cry,
Would give a more tuneful delight.
Rosy health, &c.

Tis over, tis over, a pleasure divine,
Fresh air and full exercise yield,
At night, my good friends, o'er the juice of the
We'll sing to the sports of the field.
Rosy health, &c.

HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

RECITATIVE.

HARK ! the horn calls away ;
Come the grave, come the gay ;
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Lift the bondage of sloth, and arise.

AIR.

From the east breaks the morn,
See, the sun-beams adorn.
The wild heath and the mountains so high ;
Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The fleet neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers, so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By a count'ring the hart or the boar ;
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urged the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence, of noble descent,
Hills and woods we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
till let our be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full fight,
God ! how great the delight !
How our mortal sensations refine !
Where is care, where is fear ?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse my brave boys :
Lo ! each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven the whole ;
Than at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

RECITATIVE.

THE chace was o'er, Alazon sought a seat,
To shade him from the rage of mid-day heat :

His fainting dog, with toil and thirst oppress'd,
Long'd for the cooling stream and fresh'ning rest
As on the hunter wandered,
Diana and her nymphs appeared undrest :
Whilst streams nor nymphs could save her fro
ight,
Thus try'd the youth to speak, appal'd with fri

AIR.

O think me not, goddess, to blame,
I lurk'd not those charms 'celyp ;
By chance to this covert I came,
And fate is more faulty than I.
All weary with hunting I strove
To hide me from *Phœbus*' ray ;
Forgive me thus deflin'd to rove,
O let me now win back my way.

RECITATIVE.
Enrag'd the goddess thus bespoke the swain,
Who fu'd for pity, and had fu'd in vain :

AIR.
Rash youth ! your mad folly you soon shall dep
No mortal thus naked has seen me before,
Left you tell where you've been,
Boast of what you have seen,
Bold hunter, here know
That *Diana* is your foe,
That for this you shall never again see me more
You shall branch out with horns, bound with
running feet,
No longer a man but a stag all complete.
Your hounds in full cry,
Shall pursue as you fly,
Chase you all the long day,
Till they make you their prey,
Since your eyes dar'd to glance tow'rds *Diana*'s

RECITATIVE.

WHEN first *Aurora* gilds the eastern hill
And on the ground her glitt'ring d
spills,

HUNTING SONGS AND CANTATAS.

seen faulter tho' rising day,
he found, all nature looks more gay.
antifan, freed from *Morphus* chain,
I horses scatter all the plain :
paddock starts the frightened deer,
se feels him in his swift career.

AIR.

as see him bound,
the fleeting wind ;
lies echo round.
leave them far behind,
aunting with toil,
tis the cool soil,
finding refuge in vain,
the wide lawns once again.
op'nings; horns have at length seiz'd
deir prize,
joy reigns around,
brought to the ground,
ounds his knell as he strugling dies.
orts at an end,
r'ming we spend,
nat mirth, and good cheer ;
old *Robin Hood*,
ey is our food,
or Old *English* brown beer.

RECITATIVE.

the horn salutes the ear,
inters ready, morning clear ;
ppy hours embrace,
jovial chase.

AIR.

tag how he bounds
neighbouring grounds,
ced still increas'd by his fear ;
dales are soon past,
wiftness so vast,
untimely be leaves in the rear.
Imrod of old,
sets we're told,
first the sports of the chase,

Tho' so great was his fame,
There's a slur on his name,
As men he pursued in the race.

But such tyrants the chace
Will its pleasures disgrace,
Yet friendship shall still be our guide ;
with the sound of the horn,
Call forth each in the morn,
Our sports there shall nothing divide.

But again he's in view,
And we nearer pursue,
His spirits decreas' as he flies ;
Now they've pull'd him to ground,
And the dogs have him bound,
Ah ! see how he trembles and dies.

Now our pleasure's complete,
Hark, the horn sounds retreat,
Our sport does our health still maintaïn ;
To the bowl next away,
We'll with joy crown the day,
And then be as merry again.

RECITATIVE.

THE resy morn with crimson dye,
Had newly ting'd the eastern sky,
The feather'd race on every spry,
Sweet warble to the god of day,
When chaste *Diana*, goddess bright,
From balmy flamber springing light,
Wak'd all her nymphs from pleasing rest,
And thus her sylvan train addres'd.

AIR.

From this high mount with me descend,
And hey to the joys of the chace ;
O'er hill and dale our flight we'll bend,
And march the fleet stag in our pace.
My silver bow is ready strong,
My golden quiver is graceful hung,

HUNTING SONGS AND CANTATAS.

Away my nymphs, away, away,
Let shouts to the weikin resound,
And she who strikes the destin'd prey,
Shall queen of the forest be crown'd.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing dawn,
The thrush malicious drowns the rubic note,
Loud sings the black bird thro' resounding groves,
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

AIR.

Away, to the copse lead away,
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds ;
I'll warrant he shew's us some play ;
See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.
Then spur your brisk couriers, and smoke 'em, my bloods :

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn ;
What concert is equal to those of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn ?

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
In cover no safet' can find,
So he breaks it, and fours a'main,
Anc leaves us at distance behind.
O'er rocks, and o'er r'vers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we scorn ;
Saint Reynard we'll routed until that he die ;
Cheer us the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue ;
His speed can no longer avail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong.
From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that he fled,

See his brosh falls bemoir'd forlorn,
The farmer with pleasure beholds him lie dead,
And shout to the sound of the horn.

RECITATIVE.

NOW peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top,
Its different notes each feather'd warbler tunes,

The milkmaid's carol glads the ploughman's ear,
The jolly huntman winds his cheerful horn,
And the staunch pack return the lov'd salute.

AIR.

The hounds are unkenneled, and now,
Thro' the copse and the furz will we lead,
Till we reach yonder farm on the brow,
For there lurks the thief that must bleed.
I told you so didn't I ?—see where he flies ;
'Twas Bellmead that open'd, so sure the fox dies
Let the horn's jolly sound,
Encourage the hound,
And float through the echoing skies.

RECITATIVE.

The chace begun, nor rock, nor flood, nor swam
Quickset, or gate, the thund'ring courte retard
Till the dead notes proclaim th' fallen prey,
Then—to the sportive squire's capacious bowl.

AIR.

O'er that old beer of his own,
This sound, bright and wholesome we'll sing
Drink success to great George and his crown,
For each heart to a man's with the king.
And next we will fill to Jove's favorite scene,
The rich isle of saints, Britomart I mean,
Where men, horses and hounds,
Can be stopp'd by no bounds,
For no spot on the earth e'er bred sportsmen so

MIRTH, admit me of thy crew,
To listen how the hounds and horns,
Clearly route the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing still.

ROUSE, rouse, jolly sportsmen, the hour
all out,
The chace is begun, I declare ;
Come up and to horse, let us follow the rout,
And join in the chace of the hare.

HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

22

don't you hear they are now in the dale,
w' incloudous it sounds !
ight, how she strives to prevail,
the cry of the hounds.

ie hills and the mountains she scales,
ns to join to the sky ;
air like a kite in a gale,
hounds in full cry.
copse there for refuge she flies,
tis twenty the odds ;
unds us with hooting and cries,
nverse with the gods.

conscience is never alarm'd,
rs to envy and strife ;
h a wife, we return to her arms,
the conjugal life.
y in a scene of delight,
nd their courtiers ne'er taste,
ve we revel all night,
return to the chace.

untsman,
shril and clear,
ive the flag,
ng dogs to cheer,
unting, &c.

imes,
ning grey ;
, and mount a horse,
e away, &c.

ner rous'd,
cheerful cry,
ake, o'er hedge and flake,
ast does fly, &c.

covert,
ck pursue,
trace his steps,
y've lost the view, &c.

There's *Scentwell* and *Finder*,
Dogs never known to fail,
To hit off with humble nose,
But with a lofty tail &c
To *Scentwell*, hark ! he calls,
And faithful *Finder* joins,
Whip in the dogs, my merr'r rogues,
And give your horse the reins, &c.
Hark ! forward how they go it,
The view they'd lost they gain ;
Tantivy, high and low,
Their legs and throats they strain, &c.

There's *Ruler* and *Countess*,
That most times I ad the field,
Travelier and *Bonnylaf*,
To none of them will yield, &c.
Now *Duchess* bits it foremost,
Next *Lighefor* leads the way,
And *Toper* bears the bell,
Each dog will have his day, &c.

There's *Music* and *Chanter*,
Their nimble trebles try ;
White *Sweetlips* and *Tunwell*,
With counters clear reply, &c.

There's *Rockwood* and *Thunder*,
That tongue the heavy baste ;
Whilst *Troubler* and *Ringwood*
With tenors crown the chace, &c.

Now sweetly in full cry
Their various notes they join ;
Gods ! what a concert's here, my lads !
'Tis more than half divine, &c.

The woods, rocks, and mountains,
Delighted with the sound,
To neighb'ring dales and fountains
Repeating, deal it round, &c.
A glorious chace it is,
We drove him many a mile,
O'er hedge and ditch, we go throu' ditch,
And hit off many a foul, &c.

HUNTING SONGS AND CANTATAS.

And yet he runs it stoutly,
How wide, how swift he strains,
With what a skip he took that leap,
And scour'd it o'er the plains, &c.

See how our horses foam !
The dogs begin to droop,
With winding horn, on shoulder bor's,
'Tis time to cheer them up, &c.

[Sounds Tantivy.]

Hark ! Leader, Countess, Bouncer,
Chear up my merry dogs all ;
To Tailor, hark ; he holds it smart,
And answers every call, &c.
Co co there, drunkard Snowball,
Gadrooks ! whip Boner in ;
We'll die i'th' place, ere quit the chace,
'Till we've made the game our own, &c.

Up yonder steep I'll fly now,
Beset with craggy stones ;
My lord cries, Jack, you dog ! come back,
Or else you'll break your bones, &c.
Huzza ! he's almost down,
He begins to slack his curse,
He pants for breath ; I'll in at's death,
Or else I'll kill my horse, &c.

See, now he takes the moors,
And strains to reach the stream ;
He leaps the flood, to cool his blood,
And quench his thirsty flame, &c.
He scarce has touch'd the bank,
The cry bounce finely in,
And swiftly swim across the stream,
And raise a glorious din, &c.

His legs begin to fail,
His wind and speed is gone,
He stands at bay, and gives 'em play,
He can no longer run, &c.

Old Huffer long behind,
By use and nature bold,
In rushes first, and feizes fast,
But soon is flung from's hold, &c.

He traverses his ground,
Advances and retreats,
Gives many bound a mortal wound,
And long their force defeats, &c.

He bounds, and springs, and snorts,
And shakes his branched head,
'Tis safest farthest off, I fee,
Poor Tailboy is lain dead, &c.

Vain are heels and antlers,
With such a pack let round,
Spite of his heart, seize every part,
And pull him fearles down, &c.

Ha ! dead, ware dead, whip off,
And take a special care ;
Dismount with speed, and cut his throat,
Let they his haunches tear, &c.

The sport is ended now,
We're laden with the spoil ;
As home we pass, we talk o'th chace,
O'erpaid for all our toil.

And a hunting, &c.

YYE sluggards who murder your life tim
Awake and puruse the fleet here ;
From life say what joy, say what pleasure y
That ere could with hunting compare :
When Phæbus begins to enlighten the morn
The huntsman attended by hounds
Rejoices and glows at the sound of the horn
Whilst woods the sweet echo resounds.

The courtier, the lawyer, the priest have in
Nay ev'ry profession the same,
But sportsmen, ye mortals, no pleasures pur
Than such as accrue from the game.

HUNTING-SONGS AND CANTATAS.

While drunkards are pleas'd at the joys of the cup,
And turn into day ev'ry night;
At the break of each morn the huntsman is up,
And bounds o'er the lawn with delight.
Then quickly my lads to the forest repair,
O'er dales and o'er valleys let's fly;
For who can, ye gods, feel a moment of care,
When each joy will another supply:
Thus each morning, each day, in raptures we pass,
And desire no comfort to share;
But at night to refresh with the bottle and glass,
And feed on the spoil of the chase.

— 37 —

HARK! for fare I hear the horns melodious
Then come come come join in [sound;
The cheerful merry din
Of the hounds in concert shrill,
Heard round from hill to hill.
All shall join in jolly song,
Noble sports to us belong;
Hail the morning's ruddy face,
Now begins the sprightly chase.
Then out scours Reynard strong
And nimbly darts along,
To climb the neigh'ring hill,
Or leap the purling rill.
All shall join, &c.
Boys, follow then with speed,
As we have thus agreed;
Then come, come, mend your pace,
And follow brisk the chase.
All shall join, &c.
We soon shall see him lag,
Like deer or hunted stag;
Then press him hard, my bloods,
We'll drive him to the floods.
All shall join, &c.
O'er floods, o'er rocks and hills,
And over gushing sills,

We will pursue the game,
Till Reynard stout we tame;
All shall join, &c.

Ah! see in vain his flight,
His heart is broken quite;
And as he gasping lies,
He pants, he pants, and dies.
All shall join, &c.

— 38 —

YE sportsmen all,
Attend to the call,
The welcome call of the cheerful horn;
Quit busines for pleasure,
Nor thirst after treasure,
But purchase new life from the sweets of the mⁱ
See now dapple Bay in his foin waxeth grey,
And white Lily stops, with the scent in his cheⁱ
And now nimbly the bounds from the cry of
Then boys, haste away, [hou
Without further delay,
'Tis with pleasures like these that we hail the i
Whilst cares of state [i
Attend the great,
And courtiers prey on their country's wealth;
No stately ambition,
Or sickly condition,
Disturbs our repose, recreations, or health.
The fop, vainly proud of his delicate self,
The miser, who dotes on his ill-gotten pelf,
And the lover who fights, ogles, flatters, and lies,
Would they hither repair, they need not despⁱ
Of enjoying sweet life, with a mind free from c

— 39 —

RISE, rise, brother bucks, see how ruddy's Diana's been long on the plain; [mo
Hark, hark, 'tis the sound of the hounds and i
Repeated by echo again. [ho
Then, to horse, my brave boys, to the chase li
For the pleasures of hunting admit no delay. [an

C

HUNTING SONGS AND CANTATAS.

If our hounds, when they're dragging the wood,
Unkennel the fox from his den : [lands around,
Or if, when they're trailing along on the ground,
A pug should be started—O then,
So ho, cries our huntsman, so ho, she's in view,
Then with hounds in full cry we the pastime pursue.

But if we should meet with an out-lying deer,
The pastime so royal we'll pursue ;
Pursue him till slain where he flies without fear,
And ne'er the glad sight of him lose,
Neither hedges nor ditches shall bar us our bounds ;
If our horses are good we'll keep up with the hounds.

When our day's sport is over then home we'll return
To enjoy our dear bottle and glass,
And all be as ready as ever next morn.
To go back to the jovial chace.

Thus *Nimrod's* diversion we'll keep in renown,
And each night with a bumper our day's sport we'll

[crown.]

40

HOW soft glides the stream in the gay meadow along,
The birds all how cheerful, how tuneful their song,
How *Flora* the meads with her gifts doth adorn,
The violet, the rose, and the fair blooming thorn ;
And hark ! still to heighten the joys of this place,
The sound of the horn speaks the hounds are in chase.

See over yon clover the hare swift flies,
While the hunters pursue her with clamorous cries ;
Hastie, hastie, then away, let us join in the sport,
Leap the banks, fly the gates, to yon covert resort ;
There trembling the hies, panting, gasping for breath,
Let's follow with speed to be in at the death.

'Tis done, she is breathless, now hame we repair,
While peals loud, triumphant, resound thro' the air
Not a hill, or a valley, or cavern around,
Where e'er resides, but repeat's the glad sound ;
While *Pheasants* well-pleas'd the gay prospect survey,
And breaks the fair grove with his brightest of rays.

Thus blessed with the pleasures the country affords,
Content without nations, more happy than I
With heart, true and loyal we jovially sing,
Nor troubled with cares from ambition that si
While the courtier is eagerly hunting a place,
We jocundly join in the sports of the chase.

41

LE T the slave of ambition and wealth,
On the frolic of fortune depend,
I ask but old claret and health,
A pack of good hounds and a friend,
In such real joys will be found,
True happiness centre's in these ;
While each moment that dances around
Is crown'd with contentment and ease.
Old claret can drive away care,
Health smiles on our days as they roll ;
What can with true friendship compare ?
And a tally I love from my soul,
Th' n up with your bumper my boys,
Each hour that flies we'll improve ;
A heel-tap's a spy on our joys—
Here's to fox-hunting, friendship, and love.

42

RECITATIVE.
NOw faintly glimm'ring in the east
Sun brings on the ling'ring morn,
At length to quit fair Thetis' breast,
While dew bespangles ev'ry thorn.
The herald lark salutes the skies,
And bids the jocund sportsman rise.

AIR.

Hark ! the chace is begun,
See, yonder they run,
And fleet as the wind the flag flies ;
O'er mountain and dale,
Thro' woodland and vale,
His pursuers awhile he defies
But in vain is his speed,
They faster proceed,
In hopes to o'erake him anon ;

le echo around,
the horn and the hound,
replies Ton-ta-ton.

we pleasure obtain,
out sicknes or pain,
idines sm les on each face ;
emmes prepare,
nt the steed if you dare,
ake health in the chase.

43

t rofy morning
r the hills,
s adorning
lows and fields ;
merry merry horn
e come come away,
t your flumber
the new day.

is'd before us
ns to fly,
o the chorus
n full cry ;
f llow follow follow
al chase,
ure and vigour,
th you embrace.
orts when over,
od circle right,
ie brisk lover
ns for the night.
let us now enjoy
t while we may,
n the night,
orts crown the day.

44

RECITATIVE.
heafur day began to dawn,
id still his pillow press'd,
by hounds and horn,
virgins thus address'd.

AIR.
Hark away, hark away to the merry ton'd horn,
Wh-le the hounds cheerful cries awaken the moyn.
Diana herself rules the spoils of te-day,
An joins in the chorus of Hark, bark away.

With cautious step avoid the bow't,
Where wily *Cupid* flapping lies,
Fond nymphs, you'll rue the fatal hono,
Should Love our spotles; train surprise,
Ha k away, &c.

Love will promise and deceive,
Leading youthful hearts astray,
But the joys our pastimes give
Are jocund innocent, and gay.
Hark away, &c.

45

WHEN Sol from the east had illumin'd the sphere,
And gilded the lawns and the riv'lets so clear,
I rose from my tent, and like *Richard*, I call'd
For my horse, and my hounds too, loudly I bawld.
Hark forward, my boys, *Billy Meadows* he cried,
No s. one he spoke but old *Reynard* he spied;
Over-joy'd at the sight we began to skip,
Ton-ta-ton went the horn and smack went the whip.
Tom Bramble scour'd forth, when almost to his chijn,
O'er lapin a ditch—by the lord, he leap'd in ;
When just as it hap'd, but the fly master *Ren'*,
Was sneakingly ha'ning to make to his cen';
Then away we purfu'd, broke covert and wood,
Not a quickset nor thickset our pleasure withstood
So ho ! master *Reynard Jack Rivers* he cried,
Old *Ren'* you shall die, *Daddy Harothorn* replied.

All gay as the lark the green woodlands we trac'd,
While the merry-ton'd horn inspired us we chat'd,
No longer poor *Reynard* his strength could be boast,
To the hounds he knock'd under & gave up the ghost
The spoils of the field when concluded and o'er,
We found the horn back again over the moor;
At night take the glass, and most chearly sing
The fox-hunters round, not forgetting the King.

46

HARK! the huntsman's begun to sound the shrill
Come quickly unkennel your hounds; [horn,
'Tis a beautiful, glittering, golden ey'd morn,
We'll chase the fox over the grounds.

See yonder sits *Reynard*, so crafty and sly,
Come saddle your coursers apace;
The hounds have a scent, and are all in full cry,
They long to be giving him chase.

The huntsmen are mounted, the steed feels the spur,
And quickly they scour it along;
Rapid after the fox runs each musical cur,
Follow, follow, my boys, is the song.

O'er mountains and valleys we skim it away,
Now *Reynard's* almost out of sight;
But sooner than lose him we'll spend the whole day
In hunting, for that's our delight.

By eager pursuing we'll have him at last,
He's too tired, poor rogue, down he lies;
Now starts up afresh, and young *Snap* has him fast,
He trembles, kicks, struggles, and dies.

47

TO chase o'er the plain the fox or the hare,
Such pleasure no sport can e'er bring.
It banishes sorrow and drives away care,
And makes us more blest than a king;
And makes us more blest than a king.
Whenever we hear the sound of the horn,
Our hearts are transported with joy;
We rise and embrace with the earliest daws,
A pastime that never can cloy.

O'er furrows and hills our game we pursue,
No danger our breast can invade;
The hounds in full cry our joys will renew
An increase of pleasures display'd;
The freedom our conscience never alarms,
We live free from envy and strife;
*W*hen *she* with a spouse, return to her arms,
*S*port, sweetsmeats, and conjugal life.

The courtier who toils o'er matters of state,
Can ne'er such an happiness know;
The grandeur and pomp enjoy'd by the great,
Can ne'er such a comfort bestow;
Our days pass away in scenes of delight,
Our pleasures ne'er taken amiss;
We hunt all the day, and revel all night,
What joy can be greater than this.

48

EVR'Y mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,
Some to *White* run for play, some to *Barfes* for sport,
To *Shuter's* droll phiz others thunder applause;
And some triflers delight to hear *Nicholl's* noise;
But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun,
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as *Pheas* has finish'd his summer's care,
And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's crop,
When *Roger* and *Nell* have enjoyed harvest home,
And their labours being o'er, are at leisure to rove,
From the noise of the town and its follies I run,
And I range o'er the fields with my dog and my gun.

When my pointews around me all carefully stand,
And none dares to stir, but the dog I command;
When the covey he springs, and I bring down,
I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford:
No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,
Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I repair,
And I brush thro' the thickets devoid of all fear;
There I exercise freely my levelling scull,
And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often fill
For death (where I find them) they seldom can shun
My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command
Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand
If a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they spurn
With heart cheering notes how they make the wood
Then for music let fribbles to *Ranlegh* run, [in
My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

W

HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

17

it night we chat over the sport of the day,
ead o'er the table my conquer'd spoils lay ;
think of my friends, and to each send a part,
friends to oblige is the pride of my heart ;
te vices of town, and its follies I shun,
pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

— 49 —

RECITATIVE.

K'd by the horn, like the spring, deckt in
in the morning the hunters are seen ; [green,
y on each brow they enliven the place,
patiently wait to join in the chace.

AIR.

is close covert rous'd; the flag swiftly flies,
e arrow that's shot from the bow ;
ers and mountains all danger defies,
fears nothing but man, his worst foe.

RECITATIVE.

ry trace him thro' the copse,
, struggling—see ! he drops !
rode clamours rend the skies,
he dappled victim dies.

AIR.

ritain's sons, in Harry's reign,
'd the trembling Gaul,
reams of blood, o'er hills of slain,
triumph'd at his fall.

CHORUS.

file sees alarm ; arm, arm, *Britannia, arm.*

RECITATIVE.

ay to the field, tis great George gives the word
horn for a trumpet, the whip for a sword ;
r valiant forefathers, stern death let us face,
glorious in war as we are in the chace .

— 50 —

, the loud tuning horn bids the sportsman pre-
be hounds woo him forth to the lawn [pare
utismen proclaims that the morning is fair,
Flowers with red streaks the dawn.

With pleasure he hearkens the heart-soothing clear
Shakes *Morpheus* and slumber away ;
While joyful he starts, and with speed doth appear
The foremost to welcome the day.
With the horn's jolly clangor he quickens the chase
And fills all the vale with his joys ;
While his pleasure full glowing, enlivens his face,
And the hounds in full concert rejoice.

From the sportsman, ye drones, ye may learn how
Exempted from pain or disease ; [to live,
He'll shew, that the fields and the meadows will
That health which you barter for ease. [give

— 51 —

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does
Why, how now, you sluggardly soot ! [peep,
How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,
While we all on horseback are got,
My brave boys !

I cannot get up, for the over-night's cup,
So terribly lies in my head ;
Besides, my wife cries, my dear, do not rise,
But cuddle me longer in bed,
My dear boy.

Come on with your boots, and saddle your mare,
Nor tire us with longer delay ;
The cry of the hounds, and the fight of the hare,
Will chase all dull vapours away,
My brave boys.

— 52 —

RECITATIVE.

HARK ! from that cottage by the silent stream,
How sweet the swallow greets the rising gleam
Of light, that dawns upon the eastern hill,
Tipping with grey the sails of yonder mill ;
And hark ! from the farm below the watchful cock
Warms the dull shepherd to unfold his flock ;
His heralded flocks the fresh'ning breeze int'ale,
And bleat for freedom, and the clover vale.
See ! how away the fevering clouds are driven,
How gay already seems the face of heaven !

HUNTING SONGS AND CANTATAS.

Those ruddy streaks foretel the sun is near
To drink the dew and glad our hemisphere.
O ! did the sons of dissipation know
What calm delights from early-rising flow,
They'd leave (with us) their down, and in the
Imbibe the health that fresh Aurora yields. [fields

AIR.

Now indolence snores upon pillows of down,
Now infirmity, guilt, and disease,
Envy the gentle repose of the clown,
And in vain beg the blessing of ease.
Whilst we honest fellows, who follow the chase,
Of such troubles are never possest'd,
The banner of health is display'd in each face,
To shew Peace holds the fort of the breast.
Can the slaves of a court, can the miser say this ?
Or the wretches who feed in distress ?
O ! may such ne'er taste of our rational bliss,
Till, like us, they disdain to oppress.

RECITATIVE.

See ! to the cope how the dogs send along,
They've found out the drag of the foe ;
And hark ! how the huntsmen ride shouting along,
He's now in the cover below.
Let's follow the cry, he'll soon be in view,
See ! yonder he sculps o'er the glade ;
Spur your couriers, my lads, and briskly pursue ;
Our's craft will our vengeance evade.

AIR.

The shepherd with joy views the chase,
His lambs the vile traitor would fleece,
The farmer delighted, beholds his disgrace,
And thinks on his turkies and geese.
The maids of the hamlet look gay ;
The dames, o'er a noggan of ale,
Tell what poultry of late was his prey,
And wish the staunch pack may prevail.
In quest of the fleet-footed foe,
As the hunters fly over the plain,
Ev'ry breast feels a rapturous glow,
Ev'ry tongue trills the jocular strain.

RECITATIVE.

Far from the east had roll'd the glorious sun,
And thro' each well known haunt the fox had ri
The stream he'd pass, and the vast mountain's hei
Seeking the dell where darkling brakes invite ;
There strove to earth, but strove to earth in vain
He breaks the covert, tries the lawns again ;
But, as he fled, the crafty spoiler found,
Fleeting behind, the never fault'ring hoard s
Weary at length, he views the wide-mouth thru
And drags in pain his mired brush along ;
Now spent, he falls, rolling his baggard eyes ;
And, savage like, he wounds, and snarling dies.
Eager to view, the shouting train surround ;
Hills, woods, and rocks, reverberate the sound.

AIR.

Whilst the huntsman exults to hunters around,
And holds up the strong-scanc'd prize ;
Elated with conquest, each staunch mettled hound
Sends a clam'rous peal to the skies ;
The deep sound of the horn, borne afar on the wing,
Ca ls the sportsmen thrown out, to the pack ;
They meet round the spoil, if their couriers don't
Then away, to regale, they ride chearfully,

RECITATIVE.

Such are the manly pleasures of the chase,
Which kings of old were eager to embrace ;
While o'er the champaign ran the courtly crew,
The cheek was garnish'd with a roset hue ;
Then no pale Ganymede disgrac'd the court,
And he was honour'd who most lov'd the sport,
No brooding malice there assail'd the breast,
To cloud the brow, or poison mental rest.
Oh ! glorious sport, which can at once impart
Health to the veins, and quiet to the heart.

AIR.

Our fathers of old lov'd the sport,
Our nobles rejoic'd in the chase ;
They fled the intrigues of a court,
The heart-clearing toil to embrace.

; was ruddy and stout,
was yet in the bud;
few the pangs of the gout,
fic'd the blood.

seldom could meet,
r rever'd is the scene!
in every street,
buttefly men.

ters rise from their graves,
be gay-spangled trains,
egenerate slaves,
be buried again.

tafe of our joy,
lifclaim the whole race;
er tea they destroy,
the charms of the chace.

CHORUS.

old follow the musical horn,
, and salute the young morn.
secure you the bosom's repose,
.in old age wear the tint of the rose,
ll be strong, and feel, e'en in decay,
joy'd by the young and the gay.
ne all who would live long in health,
vise much esteem before wealth.

53

draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
in the joys of the field;
they blame, are all eager as you,
he contest will yield.
worship, his honour, his grace,
ntinually go;
tresses are engag'd in the chace,
h, buzzza, tally ho.

tride with the first of the morn,
mortgage or dead;
is up, at the sound of the horn,
the *Camerons* full speed;

The patriot is thrown in perfait of his game,
The poet, too, often lays low,
Who, mounted on *Pegasus*, flies after fame,
With hark forward, buzzza, tally ho.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep
Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,
And the fences of virtue break down.
Thus, public or private, for pension, for place,
For amanement, for passion, for show,
All ranks and degrees are engaged in the chase,
With hark forward, buzzza, tally ho.

54

A Sweet-scented beau, and a limp'ring young cit,
An artful attorney, a rake, and a wit,
Set out on a chace in perfuit of her heart,
Whilst *Celia* disdainfully laugh'd at their art:
And rous'd by the bounds to meet the sweet morn,
Tantivy, the follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit wore by his fancy, the beau by his face,
The lawyer with quibble set out on the chace;
The cit with exactness made up his account,
The rake told his conquest, how vast the amount.
She laugh'd at their follies, and blithe as the morn,
Tantivy, she followed the echoing horn.

The clamorous noise rous'd a jolly young swain,
Hark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd over the plain.
He distanc'd the wit, the cit, quibble, and beau,
And won the fair nymph with hollo! hillio!
Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the moon,
Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

55

HARK! the hollow groves resounding
Echo to the hunter's cry;
Hark! how all the vales resounding
To his chearing voice reply.

Now so swift, o'er hills aspiring,
He pursues the gay delight;
Distant woods and plains retiring
Seem to vanish from his sight.
Hark! the hollow groves, etc.

HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

56

SEE Phœbus begins to enliven the east,
And see the grey dawn wears away;
Come rouse, fellow huntman, relinquish dull rest,
And join in the sports of the day;
No longer in sloth let your senses remain,
Untainted the sweets of the morn;
Drive slumber away, and make one in our train,
To follow the sound of the horn
What music to ours can for sweetness compare?
What sports such a pleasure can yield?
What scent so refin'd as the new morning air?
What prospect so bright as the field?
Let misers for riches each transport forego,
'Midst their treasures distract'd and forlorn—
We taste ev'ry joy, and forget every woe—
So charming the sound of the horn.
Such pleasures we feel, while from vanity free,
Our hours pass contented along;
In innocent pastime, in mirth, and in glee,
With a hearty repast and a song;
Ye mortals, unbias'd by honours and wealth,
Those titles that frown adorn;
Would you taste the calm joys of contentment and
Thee follow the sound of the horn. [health,

57

THE sun now peeps o'er yonder hill,
In streaks of golden red,
.For shame get up, nor slumber still,
Quit, quit your downy bed.

CHORUS.

For bark! horn and hound are saluting the day,
The fox from his covert is bursting away;
O'er mountains he scampers, we'll double our pace,
Swift vengeance pursues him and gladdens our chase.
Lose, lose no time, to horse, my boys,
Fling off dull drowsy spleen;
The neighing sounds, and deep tongu'd noise,
Now call us to the green,
For bark, horn, &c.,

With rosy health our cheeks.
Our nerves with toil be fit
With tides of joy our blood fill
Who join the hunting throng
For bark, horn, &c.,
And when we leave the shout
And night has brought us home
Libations rich the hall shall fill
Loud mirth shall shake the earth
For bark, horn, &c.

58

PRINCIPAL V
OUT of sight are the hounds
We've lost them to day,
We are fairly thrown out,
Who will tell us the way?

RESPONS
If you'll follow up close, we
PRINCIPAL V
Who, who are such friends to us
We hear but the voice, but we
RESPONS
We cannot, we must not disc-

PRINCIPAL V
Are you fairies or goblins that
Oh, say who you are, that is
RESPONS
We are nymphs of the wood,

PRINCIPAL V
O'er mountains, thro' fountains
Diana and Echo shall join in t

CLEVE.
Love in yonder valley lies
Wake him not with noi
Pir'd with sport, with te
Glad he takes an hour o
Sea, see his quiver by hi
Sure to conquer youthfu

'd, and points his dart,
To save your hearts!

CATÉK.
I sounds of battle cease,
world is hush'd to peace.—
Hecord's horrid sound,
Langor's bursting round,
Miff thunder roar,
heard from shore to shore,
The commander sing,
and last, God save the King.

59

RECITATIVE.
O'er 'gins to rise,
Auddy streaks the skies!
Les his beams display,
And sports away.

AIR.
A game with hounds and horn,
Aful cry I 'wake the morn,
g with her rosy face,
e glory of the chace.
Rift flag flies o'er the ground,
, and dales, and woods resound.;
Health and joy lead on the train,
he chace and scour the plain;
ip." the jovial sportman cries,
t bout prey, o'ertaken—dies."

60

RECITATIVE.
o is this that strikes my wond'ring
In an hunter in disguise, [eyes
vis me from soft pleasure's train,
peaks in his coliv'ning strain.

AIR.
Row's peeping over the hill,
Repeating echos arise!
bounds and the hunters loud fill,
ds with their shouts, and their cries.

Pursue o'er the moanings poor prey,
Be first of the heart cheering race,
All ross'd by the toils of the day
You'll own the delights of the chase.

A hunter, no more you'll complain;
No spleen-brooding cares shall ye know,
A stranger to sickness and pain,
With life and new vigour you'll glow,
Then fly from the pleasure that pale
That languor most certainly yield,
But wake to the horn's early call,
And haste to the sports of the field,

61

HARK, hark, jolly sportsmen, awhile to my tale,
Which to pay your attention, I'm sure cannot fail.
'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire,
O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog and briar.
A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with agoin'
Had *Nimrod* the mightiest of hunters been there,
Yore god, he had strok like an aspin for fear.

In seventeen hundred, and forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode from *Killriddery* in search of a fox.
The *Laughlin*'s-toys landed, the bold *Osway* group,
And, 'Squire *Adair*, sure, was with us that day;
To *Dobell*, *Hall* *Preston*, that huntsman so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When *Wanton* set up a most tunable spar;
Hark to *Wanton*, cried *Jo*, and the rest were not slack
For *Wanton*'s no trifler, esteem'd in the pack.
Old *Bouy* and *Collier* came readily in,
And every hound join'd in the musical din;
Had *Diana* been there she'd been pleas'd to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

160

HUNTING SONGS AND CANTATAS.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day,
When Reynard broke cover, and 'his was his way;
As strong from Killager, as tho' he could fear none,
Aw - he brush'd round by the houfe of Killerman,
To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherry wood then,
Steep Sbank-bill he climb'd, and to Ballymangen,
Bray Commons he cross'd, leap'd Lord Anglesey's wall,
And seem'd to say, " Little I value you all."

He ran Buß's grove, up to Carbury Byrn's,
To Debill, Hall Preston, kept leading by turns,
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out,
To Malpa's high hills was the way then he flew,
At Dakeystone Commons we had him in view,
He drove on by Bullack, through shrub Glanegry,
And so on to Mountown where Lury grew weary.
Thro' Rockeflown wood, like an arrow he pass'd,
And came to the steep hill of Dalkey at last,
There gallantly plung'd himf. if into the sea,
And said in his heart, " Sure none dare follow me."
But so on to his cost, he perceiv'd that no bounds
Could st p the pursuit or the staunch mettl'd hounds.
His policy here, did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of carriers were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore, then again was his drift,
But e'er he could reach to the top of the cliff,
He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
Being way-laid, and kill'd by the rest of the pack.
At his death there were present the lads that I've sung
Save Lury, who riding a garan, was flung.
Thus ended at leng'h a most delicate chase,
That ha... a five hours and ten minutes space.
We return'd to Killruddery's plentiful board.
Where dwelt hospitality, truth, and my lord;
We talk'd o'er the chace, and we toasted the health
Of the man that ne'er varied for places of wealth.
OwenBry; bauk'd a leap, say *Hall Preston*, twas odd
"Twas shanctui, cried Jack, by the great living —
Said Preston I halloo'd, " Get on, tho' you fall,
"Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all."

Each glafs was adapt'd to freedom and sport,
For party affairs, we confign'd to the event.
Thus we finish'd the rest of the day and the n
In gay flowing bumpera and social delight.
Then till the next meeting, bid farewell each to
So some they wen: one way and some went another
As Phœbus bespangled our earlier roan,
So Luna took care in conducting us home,

62

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And uthers in the morn,
The hounds all make a jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn,
Then a hunting let us go.

Then, &c.

The wife around her husband throws,
Her arms to make him stay,
My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,
You cannot hunt to-day.
But a hunting, &c.

Th' uncavern'd fox like lightning flies,
His cunning's all awake,
To gain the race he eager tries,
His forfeit life the stake.
When a hunting, &c.

Arou'd e'en Keho huntress turns,
And madly shouts her joy,
The sportsman's breast in raptures burns,
The chace can never cloy.
Then a hunting, &c.

Despairing mark he seeks the tide,
His art must now prevail,
Hark! shouts the miscreant's death beside,
His speed, his cuaning fail.
When a hunting, &c.

For lo! his strength to faintness worn,
The hounds arrest his flight,
Then hungry homewards we return,
To feast away the night.
Then a drinking, &c.

— 63 —
and the word dismount, dismount,
ed by the sprightly horn,
d pleasures we recount,
west health-inspiring morn.

CHEER UP.
ious sport, none e'er did lag,
ew amiss, nor made a stand;
ll as firmly kept their pace,
*He*en been the stag,
e had hunted by command,
the goddess of the chase.
e had hunted, &c.

s were out and slant the air,
ce had reach'd the appointed spot;
they heard a layer, a layer,
sently drew on the slot.
glorious sport, &c.

'er yonder plain he fleets,
p-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl;
note for note repeats,
ightly horns resound a call.
glorious sport, &c.

he stag has lost his pace,
le ware-haunch the huntsman cries;
sweeps, tears wet his face,
e, he struggles, and he dies.
glorious sport, &c.

— 64 —
BER is the month,
British brains are addled,
ng's wet and dirty,
the cattle saddled,
a hunting we will go;
esure is so excellent,
ip and cut and spur,
use can compare,
a yelping of a cur.
en a hunting, &c.

*A*laron was a hunter bold,
Wore horns upon his pate,
But we will take our wives with us,
And so avoid his fate.

When a hunting, &c.

If in ditch, or bog, or brake,
Our carefree chance to flick in,
We're champions all and fight the cause,
Of gander, goose, and chicken.
When a hunting, &c.

But if perchance a fox chace,
Should cost a man his breath,
We're all militia captains now,
And who's afraid of death?
When a hunting, &c.

Then should we break fly Reynard's neck,
If pastime e'nt it merit,
And if perchance we break our own,
Why damme e'nt it spirit,
When a hunting, &c.

But if a Qifit won't quit his bed,
For sports so blithe and boany,
We'll swear he hates fatigue and dirt,
And call him Macaroni,
When a hunting, &c.

Abuse him for his want of taste,
Since nothing so bewitches,
Like spending all the winter long,
In boots and leather breeches.
When a hunting, &c.

— 64 —

*T*HE blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,
And dew drops bespangle the sweet-scented thorn;
Then found, brother sportsman, found, found the
Till Phœbus awakens the day; [gay horn,
And see now he rises in splendor how bright;
To Pean for Phœbus, the God of Delight,
All glorious in beauty now banishes night,
Then mount, boys, to horse and away.

What

HERITAGE SONGS and CASTANAS.

What treasures can equal the joys of the chase,
Health, beauty and companionship in each other,
And in our surroundings, what beauty and grace.

While we're healthily do profiting;

At the same time experiencing the joys of the hunting,
Striving to make the most from the forests magnificence
And the great beautifying influences of the outdoors,

The still, deep, quietness of woods.

What else Y'LL find quite spent, in life?
Our wills we'll offer at Lucifer's feet
And need no master to Miser's thistle,
The master, to master of gains;
Our paths then change to overcountry's
Love and beauty we're fit to end joyfully.
Wishing health and friends, till we meet
To all specimens and fine of the gun.

A COLLECTION of SONGS for the LAD



SONG 1.

In this here black world,
I've never walking far my door;
Dark, I bear no welcome here,
Till the angry chamber comes.

To the here bewitching room,
The woe's appointed hour,
Joy and peace now make again,
Love I see the mighty power.

2

To the like here from gone to grow,
To wander like the sea;
To dip at ocean's wide table of trees,
Is not enough for me;

Blackburning surface under my broad,
I walk the ridge so free,
Where now none give me peace and rest,
One happens to my mind.

To care much I'll not be gap;
Nor to be at all the new;
Nor having pleasure from sleep,
Drowsing for all day.

I would not reign the general and
Be prided by all the town;
A convenient refuge or rest are full
I'll have but only one.

For which of all the following am
What cause at hunting's firm,
When youth's gay charms are in
With court their love decline,
Their hope and wife and hence is
Your eyes will never be;

For some time you'd think no any
had a sharper's leather thorn.

My little heart shall have a home
A warm and feather'd nest;
No going higher shall make me;
From whence I am not back;
With love and aid that dear for
What tranquil joys & fun,
Farewell, we take漫漫的 road
For us a ill to see.

3

sing studied my heart to obtain,
sing shepherd that pipes on the plain;
take, then declare 'twas amiss,
y no, when I long'd to say yes.
&c.

ay to our cottage he came,
lambkins to witness his flame;
he cried, thou more fair than their
no tho' ashamed to say yes. [fieeee,
&c.

orning we sat in the grove,
and hard, and in sighs breath'd his
it'd, if I'd grant him a kiss, [love,
aid no, but mistook and said yes.
:

ith delight, his heart danc'd in his
Cble will now make me blest [breast
e church, and share conjugal bliss,
g teiz'd, I was forc'd to say yea.
&c.

eas'd with a word in my life,
appy as since I'm a wife;
young damsels, my counsel in this,
e old maids if you will not say yes.
die, &c.

4

y speak pleasure,
without measure,
my bosom lies still,
is flowing,
per going,
asleep in his mill,
s surround me,
confound me,
my bosom lies still,
is flowing,
per going,
asleep in his mill.

The little god eyes me,
And thinks to surprise me,
But my heart is awake in my breast,
Thou boys sly creeping,
Would catch a bird sleeping,
But the linnet's awake in his nest.

5
THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd
You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd;
In vain against merit and *Cymon* I strove,
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love,
Sweet passion, sweet passion, sweet passion of love,
The frost nips the buds and the rose cannot blow,
From youth that is frost-nipt no rapture can flow,
Elysium to him but a desert will prove,
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.
The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,
Her birds and her flow'rets make blithsome sweet
Love blest's the cottage & sings thro' the grove [May;
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

6

O *Sandy*, why leav'ft thou thy *Nelly* to mourn,
Thy preface could ease me,
When naithing can please me,
Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the bourn,
Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return,
Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While I av'rocks are fingring,
And primroses springing,
Yet none of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith ev'ning and morning,
Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysel',
Then stay, my dear *Sandy*, no longer away,

But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Who's living in languor till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we dance, sing & play.

FORGIVE, ye fair, nor take it wrong,
If aught too much I do ;
Permit me while I sing my song,
To give a lesson too :
Let modesty, that heaven born maid,
Your words and actions grace ;
'Tis this, and only this can add,
New lustre to your face.
'Tis this which paints the virgins checks
Beyond the power of art ;
And ev'ry real blush bespeaks,
The goodness of the heart ;
This index of the virt'ous mind
Your lovers will adore ;
This, this will leave a charm behind,
When bloom can charm no more.
Inspir'd by this, to idle men
With nice reserve behave ;
And learn by distance to maintain,
The power your beauty gave :
For this when beauty must decay,
Your empire will protect ;
The wanton, pleases for a day,
But ne'er creates respect.
With this, their silly jest reprove,
When coxcombs dare intrude ;
Nor think the man is worth your love,
Who ventures to be rude ;
Your charms, when cheap, will ever pall,
They fully with a touch ;
And tho' you mean to grant not all,
You often grant too much.
But, patient let each virtuous fair,
Expect the gen'rous youth ;
Whom heaven has doom'd her heart to hate,
And blest with love and truth :
For him alone deserve her hands,
And wait the happy day ;
When he with justice may command,
And she with joy obey.

WHAT harm in so simple a token of
I cull'd him the prime of the garden and
He wore it fresh blooming and glitt'ring ;
Yet Lucy's neglected, and William's untru
Can smiles and soft accents derision conve
No mischief so subtle, so fatal as they ;
He brags of the prize in each meadow and
And declares how he pities the helpless pi
In my quick mounting blushes the virgin
What my truth-tutor'd mind is too frank
And the cold-hearted prudes, ah how wary
The maiden whom frankness alone has t
Your thoughts then, dear sisters, with cauti
The soft growing passion be slow to revea
Disfrust the vain shepherd whose temper i
That granting a whisper is granting too s

O Happy hour all hours excelling,
When retir'd from crowds and noise :
Happy is that silent dwelling,
Fill'd with self-possessing joys,
Happy that contented creature,
Who with fewest things is pleas'd ;
And consults the voice of nature,
When of raving fancy eas'd.
Ev'ry action wisely moving,
Just as reason turns the scale ;
Every scene of life improving,
That no anxious thoughts prevail.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale y
To all bachelors, greeting, these lines are
I'm a maid that would marry ; ah ! I could
(I care not for fortune) a man to my main
I care not for fortune, &c.

SONGS FOR LADIES.

27

I'ld fop, fond of fashion & dress ;
I can relish no joys but the chace ;
ng rake, who no mortal can bind ;
or t'other's the man to my mind.
c.

ot, who topes world without end ;
can't relish his bo'tle and friend ;
o fond, nor yet he that's unkind ;
or t'other's the man to my mind.
c.

ull bags, & no breeding or merit ;
all fury, without any spirit ;
ribble, the scorn of mankind ;
or t'other's the man to my mind.
c.

n good sense & good nature inspire
st esteem & the fair should admire
& truth are with honor conjoin'd
other's the man to my mind.

— 11. —

conquest yield,
m the field,
ring arms,
vessor charme,

head surrounding,
the wind,
umpet sounding,
ert join'd.

— 12 —

words my flame reveal,
n bid me tell,
ions prove ;
meet his eye,
.s name, a sigh
t love.

In all their sports upon the plain,
My eyes still fix'd on him remain,
And him alone approve ;
The rest unheeded dance and play,
From all he steals my praise away,
And can he doubt my love.

Whene'er we meet thy looks confess
The joys which all my soul possess,
And ev'ry care remove ;
Still, still, too short appears his stay,
The moments fly too fast away,
Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in *Damon's* praise,
So pleas'd I am with all he says,
I ev'ry word approve ;
But is he blam'd, altho' in jest,
I feel resentment fire my breast,
Alas ! because I love.

But oh ! what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect his looks impart
The least desire to rove ;
I hate the maid that gives me pain,
Yet him to hate I strive in vain,
For ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read my eyes,
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,
My passion these will prove ;
Words oft deceive and spring from art,
The true expression of my heart
To *Damon* must be love.

— 13 —

THE fields were green, the hills were gay,
And birds were singing on each spray,
When *Colin* met me in the grove,
And told me tender tales of love :
Was ever swain so blythe as he,
So kind, so faithful, and so free,
In spite of all my friends could say,
Young *Colin* stole my heart away.

D 2

Whene'er

SONGS FOR LADIES.

Whene'er he trips the meads along,
He sweetly joins the wood-lark's song ;
And when he dances on the green,
There's none so blythe as *Colin* seen :
If he's but by I nothing fear,
For I alone am all his care ;
Then spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
And seems surpris'd I quit my home ;
But she'd not wonder that I rove,
Did she but feel how much I love :
Full well I know the gen'rous swain
Will never give my bosom pain ;
Then spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away.

— 14 —
To please me the more, & to change the dull scene,
My swain took me oft to the sports on the green ;
And to ev'ry fine sight would he tempt me to roam,
For he fear'd left my heart should grow tired of home.
To yield to my shepherd, so fond and so kind,
I left my dear cot and true pleasures behind ;
And oft as I went saw 'twas folly to roam.
For false all the joy was that grew not at home.
To flirt, to be prais'd, was to me no delight,
I figh'd for no swain with my own in my sight ;
Then how could I with all abroad thus to roam,
When love and contentment were always at home ?

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept there too
I'm blest as I can be, and sing my glad song ; [long,
I ask not again in the woodlands to roam,
Nor chuse to be free, nor to fly from my home.

Ye nymphs, and ye shepherds, so frolic and gay,
Who in roving now flutter your moments away ;
Believe it, my aim shall be never to roam,
But to live my life thro', and be happy at home.

— 15 —
Since they saw me alone with a swain in the grove,
Each tongue in the village proclaims I'm in love ;

With a laugh they point at us as passing along,
And *Colin* And *Nell* are their jest and their fun.
Suspicion long whisper'd it over the green,
But Scandal now tells what she never has seen
Wherever we wander, yet faster she flies,
What we do, or we say she reflects with her eyes,
How we trip all by moonlight to love-haunted bays,
How we toy and we kiss at the sweet gilded bays
All this, and yet more, if she will she may see
For we meet without crime, & we part without grieve.
I own that I love him, he's so to my mind,
And waits with impatience till fortune's more kind.
I still will love on till our fate's to be blest,
And the talk may be louder it sha'n't break our rest.
Let malice her tongue and her eyeg all employ,
And envy do all to embitter our joy ;
The time that is coming shall soften the pad
And crown the gay nymph and her *Colin* at last.

— 16 —
How blithe was I each morn to see,

My swain come o'er the hill !
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me ;
I met him with good will ;
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb.
When his flocks near me lay ?
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me all the day.
Oh ! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where lost was my repose ;
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds stood lift'ning by ;
The fleecy flock stood still and gas'd,
Charm'd with his melody ;
While thus we spent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
Oh, the broom, &c.

me ev'ry hour;
it faithful be?
heart; - cou'd I refuse
be ask'd of me?
hat I must banish'd be,
ily and mourn,
d the kindest swain
yet was born,
broom, &c,

17

O gentle sleep; alone
ill our peace;
joys are heighten'd shown,
as sorrows cease.
whole hand by fraud or force
nt has posses'd,
aining a divorce,
'n choice is blest'd.

Arpasia bids thee stay,
weeping fair
ee not to lose, in day,
ft of her care.

ose pleasing form she sought,
ion chas'd her sleep :
rselves are oftnest wrought,
ts for which we weep.

18

lover: for favours petition,
n they approach with respect ;
n our hearts they've admission,
at us with scorn and neglect.
ous ever to try them,
are mes to deceive ;
much safer to fly them,
we maid's to believe.

why art thou pursuing
desis desigus on my heart,
ne so fond of my ruin,
t on the cause of my smart?

In vain do I strive to remove him ;
Affliction to reason is blind ;
In spite of his failings I love him ;
He's charming, tho' false and unkind.

19

GENTLE youth, oh ! tell me why,
Still you force me thus to fly ;
Cease, oh ! cease to persevere,
Speak not what I must not hear ;
To my heart its ease restore,
Go, and never see me more.

20

WHEN unrelenting fates ordain
That lovers ne'er shou'd meet again,
What object round can joy impart,
Or wean from woe the bleeding heart !
In shades and silent scenes we find
The only joy that soothes the mind ;
There, uncontroul'd, fond thoughts may rove,
And back recall the hours of love.

But, ah ! when balmy hope is fled,
To pleasure's voice the heart is dead ;
Then mem'ry only wakes to shew
How deep the wretch is sunk in woe.
The sailor thus, who, far from shore,
Hears all night long the tempest roar,
Soon as the morning lights the skies,
Beholds his vessel bulge—and dies.

21

THE soring newly dawning invites ev'ry flow'r
To blossom again on the mead or the bow'r ;
Tho' sports on the plain the young shepherds prepare,
To me they're unpleasing if Jocky's not there.

Tho' sports, &c.

Let winter its horrors spread wide o'er the scene,
And nought but its gloom on each object be seen ;
To me e'en a desert seems lovely and fair,
If fortune decrees that my Jocky is there.

Tho' sports, &c.

D.E.F.E

22

DEFDEND my heart, ye virgin pow'rs,
From am'rous looks and smil'res;
And shield me, in my gaye hours,
From love's destructive wiles:
In vain let fights and melting tears
Employ their moving art,
Nor may definitive oaths and pray'r's
E'er triumph in my heart.

My calm content and virtuous joys
May envy ne'er molest,
Nor let ambitious thoughts arise
Within my peaceful breast;
Yet may there such a decent state,
Such unaffected pride,
As love and awe at once create,
My words and actions guide.
Let others, fond of empty praise,
Each wanton art display,
While fops and fools in raptures gaze,
And sigh their souls away:
Far other dictates I pursue,
(My bliss in virtue plac'd)
And seek to please the wiser few,
Who real worth can taste.

23

TO O late for redress, and too soon for my ease,
I saw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd I could please;
Reflection stood still, whilst I fancy'd your eyes
Read the language of mine, and reply'd to my sighs:
Thus cheated by hope I unheeded went on,
And judg'd of your heart by the throbs of my own:
Defusive fond hope seem'd, alas! to persuade,
That friendship, that kindness, with love was repaid.
But, alas! all is chang'd, and with anguish I find
Words and looks prove but civil, which once I thought
Idea no longer its succour will lend. [kind;
To form the fond lover, or fix the firm friend:
Then balsm my poor heart, and no longer complain,
Honour, thy virtue, pronounce it is vain;

Thy thoughts swell to crimes; drivethin' love fro
Perform well thy duty, let fate do the rest. [1

24

GENTEEEL is my *Damas*, engaging his air
And his face, like the morn, is both reddie and
No vanity fways him, no folly is seen;
But open's his temper, and noble's his mein.

With prudence illumin'a his actions appear;
His passions are calm, and his judgment is clear;
Soft love fits enthron'd in the beams of his eye;
He is manly, yet tender; he's fond, yet he's

He's young and good-humour'd; he's gen'rous and
And his voice can, like music, drive sorrow a
An amiable softnes still dwells on his speech;
He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me as long as I live,
And his heart is too honest to let him deceive;
Then blame me, ye virgins, if justly ye can;
Since merit and fondness distinguish the man.

25

CEASE, gay seducers, pride to take
In triumphs o'er the fair,
Since clowns as well can act the rake
As those in higher sphere.

Where then, to shun a shameful fate,
Shall hapless beauty go?
In ev'ry station, ev'ry state,
Poor woman finds a foe.

26

HOW blest the maid whose bosom
No headstrong passion knows!
Her days in joy the passer,
Her nights in soft repose:
Where'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her;
But pleasure
Without measure
From ev'ry vice & care,

27

woods, ye chrystal streams,
enamel'd fide
in's refreshing beams,
by was my guide.
r shades or murmurts please
r's love-fick mind ;
es can give me ease,
y proves unkind.
y eve, and veil the sky
ds of darkest hue ;
ants; ye flow'rets die,
with balmy dew.
rbling birds, no more
can foote my mind ;
joy, alas ! are o'er,
y proves unkind.
ome dreary grove,
sorrow made,
t but plaintive strains of love
aro' every shade.
d turtle's melting grief,
amelia's join'd,
ield my heart relief,
y proves unkind.
Sylvia's fate, ye maids,
the soft deceit ;
wn eloquence persuades,
dangerous cheat.
fly, the faithless swain,
arts despise ;
live exempt from pain,
lefs Sylvia dies.

28

wound a lover,
more to give him ease,
sion we discover,
leasing 'tis to please !

The blis returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give. [Da Capo.

29

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
And so shall be my voice ;
No mortal man shall wed with me,
Till first he's made my choice,
Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
And children still obey ;
And is there then no saving clause,
Against tyrannic sway ?

30

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
And banishes despair ;
If yet my dearest Damon lives,
Make him, ye gods, your care.
Dispel those gloomy shades of night,
My tender griet remove ;
Oh ! lead some chearing ray of light,
And guide me to my love.
Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
The pensive Celia mourn'd,
While courteous echo lent her aid,
And sigh for sigh return'd.
When, sudden, Damon's well-known face
Each rising fear disarms ;
He eager springs to her embrace,
She sinks into his arms.

31

GENTLE Damon cease to woo me,
'Tis in vain you thus pursue me,
Sighs and tears cannot subdue me,
Nor can change my constant heart ;
Young Philarmer's generous passion,
Taught me first soft inclination,
Never shall yur fly persuasion,
Make me act a treacherous part.
Gentle Damon, &c.

SONGS for LADIES.

Cease, O cease, then this complaining,
Such perfidious arts disdaining,
Let bright honour once more reigning,
To your soul its rays impart,
Gentle Damon, &c.

LET the nymph still avoid and be deaf to the swain
Who in transports of passion affects to complain ;
For his rage, not his love, in his frenzy is shown,
And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown.
But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in thy smart ;
Or in plaintive soft murmurs his bosom-felt woe,
Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers will flow.
Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway with a tribute of sighs
But when he accoats me in meadow or grove,
His tale is so tender, he coos like a dove.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like
So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee ; [me ?
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.
To all that came near I had something to say ;
'Twas this Sir, and that Sir, but scarce ever nay :
And Sundays, drest out in my silk and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man !
Well rest him ; we all are as good as we can ;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
And jealous, tho' truly I gave him some cause.
He snubb'd me and huff'd me, but let me alone,
Egad ! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own,
Ye wives take the hint and when spouse is uteow'r'd
Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.
But now I'm quite alter'd, and more to my woe ;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago :
This Tin-e's a sore foe ; there's no shunning his dart
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

32

Grown old, yet I hate to be fitting mum-chas ;
I still love a tune, though unable to dance ;
And, books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
I teach that to others I once did myself.

34

HOW happy were my days till now !
I ne'er did sorrow feel ;
With joy I rose to milk my cow,
Or take my spinning wheel.
My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I sung,
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.
O the fool ! the silly, silly fool,
That trusts what man may be !
I wish I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

BENEATH a fragrant myrtle shade,
One morn serene bright *Delia* laid,
On mossy couch reclin'd,
By turns she view'd the sun and sky,
The purling stream that murmur'd by,
And through the meadows wind.
The tuneful choir their voices raise,
And chant their sweet melodious lays,
Soft warbling strains of love,
The fleecy flocks in blithsome round,
Skip wanton o'er th'enamel'd ground,
And sport along the grove.

Thrice happy state, the fair one cried,
Secure from envy, scorn, and pride !
He e love shall ever reign ;
Come Damon take my willing hand,
Thy *Delia* yields to *Hymen*'s band,
And sighs to blest her swain.
Oh ! leave yon gaudy train behind,
Give state and grandeur to the wind,
Exclude gay pomp and noise,

35

my hand and nearer drew,
Unt chid my pride ;
I did the shepherd woo,
To be his bride.
bonny bonny Jamie O, &c.

43

N first you woo'd me to comply,
Iught my heart to flutter,
you 'ne'er wou'd from me fly,
in as tongue could utter.
I'd be every thing that's dear,
you'd not bereave me ;
hope, and nought to fear ;
sure you will not leave me.
o wicked inclin'd,
it abuse the leisure ;
who would be fond and kind,
hink attendance pleasure,
honor will be true,
ever once deceive ye ;
ust to plighted love I'll do,
sure you will not leave me.
the word, you will not go,
uel let me find ye ;
all risk and toil I'll know,
not stay behinf ye.
on Tweed's or Thame's smooth side,
bsence sure would grieve me ;
a pain it is to chide ;
ure you will not leave me.

44

Cupid, why distract me,
with sighs my bosom fill ?
nd urchin, to impress me,
my flatt'ring heart lie still.
sot to pine and languish
life and fickle swain ;
mpling o'er my anguish,
me thus to grie and pain,

Virgins be not too believing,
Shun the vile inconstant sex,
Man was born to be deceiving,
And weak woman to perplex.

45

WHEN larks forsake the flow'ry plain,
And love's sweet numbers swell ;
My voice shall join their morning strain,
In praise of Florizel.

When woodbirds twist their fragrant shade,
And noontide beams repel,
I'll rest me on the tufted mead,
And sing of Florizel.

When moon beams dance among the boughs,
That lodge sweet *Philotel*,
I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
And sing of Florizel.

Were mine, ye great, your envy'd lot
In gilded courts to dwell ;
I'd leave them for a lonely cot
With love and Florizel.

46

YE chrystal fountains softly flow ;
Ye gentle gales, ah ! cease to blow,
For Damon rests in yonder grove,
And dreams, perhaps, of me and love !

Propitious powers ! grant him that rest
which seldom visits this fond breast ;
Still, still ye gales, around him rise,
With breath as soft as *Emma's* sighs !

Around my love, ye vi'lets spring !
In plaintive notes, ye warblers sing !
Ye roses blossom o'er his head
And sweetly scent his mossy bed !

And if, O Love, thy potent dart
Should reach the sleeping shepherd's heart,
O ! be to him a gentler guest,
And pierce with lighter shafts his breast !

WERE I as poor as wretch can be,
As great as any monarch he,
Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, (I ask apt wealth)
Grant me but innocence and health;
Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
'Tis only virtue gives it price.

IN the bloom of her youth shall it ever be said,
That a lass so engaging e'er died an old maid?
Oh no!—I'm determin'd to get me a mate,
For wedlock, I'm told's an agreeable state;
For wedlock, &c.

Of suitors, I'm sure, I've at least, half a score,
Who swear that they love me, and figh and adore;
Dull cits, country 'squires, prating barristers, beaux,
But, I needs must confess, that I like none of thos'.
I'm a bale of rich goods, so the citizens swore,
And look ten per cent. better each day than before;
The 'squire, with a kifs, bawls to cover, cries sounds,
That he fancies me more than a kenel of hounds.
The lawyer, his suit too, with modesty pres'ld,
That for him I'd decree, and eject all the rest;
While the beau talks of nothing but fashion & cloaths
Can ye blame me, ye fair, if I like none of thos';
Some friends would perswade me to marry a fool,
For women, they say, are desirous to rule;
But as that is a pow'r which I ne'er wish to use,
I'll tell you what sort of a man I would chuse:
A youth with some sense and good nature combin'd
Just too learn'd for a dunce; not too wise to be kind;
When I'm wrong with good humor to check & oppose
Why I needs must confess I should like one of thos'.

ALL on the pleasant banks of Tweed
Young Jocky won my heart;
None run'd so sweet his ope's read,
None sing with so much art,

49

His skilful tale
Did soon prevail,
To make me fondly love him;
But now he flies,
Nor hears my cries,
I would I ne'er had seen him.
When first we met, the bonny swain
Of nought but love could say:
Oh! give, he cried, my heart aga'st
You've stol my heart away;
Or else incline,
To give me thine,
And I'll together join 'em,
My faithful heart
Will never part,
Ah! why did I believe him.
Not now my slighted face he knows,
His soon forgotten dear;
To wealthier lafa o'erjoy'd he goes,
To breathe his falsehood there;
Mistaken Kate,
The swain's a cheat,
Not for a moment trust him;
For shining gold,
He's bought and sold;
I would I had not seen him.
Then all ye maidens fly the swain,
His wily stories shun;
Else you like me must soon complain,
Like me will be undone;
But peace my breast,
Nor break my rest;
I try clean to forget him;
I soon shall see
As good as he;
I wish I ne'er had seen him.

OTHER day, as I sat in the sycamore
Young Damon came whistling along,
I trembled, I blusht, the poor innocent n
And my heart caper'd up to my tongut

50

cry'd, fie ! what a flutter is here ;
yon designs you no ill ;
so civil, you've nothing to fear,
ye, fond urchin, He still.

ow near, and kne't down at my feet,
I demanded, no more ;
soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
beudge him a score :
I've kis'd, and no change ever found,
as we play'd on the hill ;
lear lips made my heart to rebound,
the fond urchin lie still.

blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade
I'm sure to repair ;
in faith, I'm no longer afraid,
dear Shepherd be there :
kiss that with freedom he takes,
say rebound if it will ;
sing so sweet in the busle it makes,
I bid it lie still.

51
ir, you seem mighty uneasy,
fusel can bear ;
all not run crazy,
a fit of despair.
ose, you're mistaken ;
r to let you to know,
a maiden forsaken,
two strings to my bow.

52
e foolish, fluttering thing,
whither would you wing
our airy flight ?
and sing
our mistress to delight.
o, no.
Robin, you shall not go.
oo wanton, could you be
happy as with me.

REMEMBER, *Damon*, you did tell,
In chavity you lov'd me well,
But now, alas ! I am undone,
And here am left to make my moan :
To doleful shades I will remove,
Since I'm despi'd by him I love ;
Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen
In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongu,
Such soft persuas'ive language hung,
That when his words had silence broke,
You would have thought an angel spoke,
Too happy nymph, whoe'er she be,
That now enjoys my charming he ;
For oh ! I fear it to my cost,
She's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest flow'r on earth,
A snake may hide, or take it's birth ;
So his false-breast conceal it did
His heart the snake that there lay hid.
'Tis false to say we happy are,
Since men delight thus to ensnare ;
In man no woman can be blest,
Their vows are wind, their love a jest.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
Send me my *Damon*, or relief ;
Return the wild delicious boy,
Whom once I thought my spring of joy :
But whilst I'm beggaring of the bliss,
Methinks I hear you answer this ;
When *Damon* has enjoy'd he flies,
Who sees him love, who loves him dies.

WHEN late a simple rustic lass,
I rov'd without constraint,
A stream was all my looking glass,
And health my only paint.

The charms I seek, alas! how few,
I gave to nature's care;
At once art sp'ld their native hue,
Then could we want repair.

55
IN all mankind's proud famous race,
The love of ease urge their chase,
The world seems to perish;
And here is country and in town,
The various character, old, and above,
Says it is something new.

The poor find from nature take,
And what a task make them make,
How human souls do prove;
How therefore shall we find a soul,
That is not taught, strong, or wise,
To give us something new.

They say happiness is scarce,
As we bring a world of trouble,
One is a burden too;
The burden of the soul implants,
No more, but that we live and die,
Are not of something new.

We are under the several suns
In the universe, in a month,
There where he, where we,
See scenes of immortal grandeur,
In sun, in moon, and in stars,
For him a something new.

56
SIMPLY SONGS, FROM WHICH TO
TAKE AS MANY OF YOU, IN YOUR
THREE AND FIVE HUNDRED VERSES,
THAT WILL BE THE SOUL OF YOUR
POETRY, OR THAT OF YOUR CHILDREN,
THESE ARE THE THREE AND FIVE HUNDRED
SIMPLY SONGS, WHICH YOU WILL
SEE IN THE END OF THIS BOOK,
SIMPLY SONGS, WHICH YOU WILL
SEE IN THE END OF THIS BOOK,
SIMPLY SONGS, WHICH YOU WILL
SEE IN THE END OF THIS BOOK,
SIMPLY SONGS, WHICH YOU WILL
SEE IN THE END OF THIS BOOK,

Craft where'er your fancy leads you,
Let Cæcilias but alone,
Simple Sapphons, &c.

57
WHILE on my Cæcilie knee I sit,
Let'd by thy voice, charm'd with thy wit,
My panting heart true measure bears,
And gladsly ev'ry sigh repeats;
I sigh with joy, that thou may'st see
I sympathize in all—in all with thee.

No matter how the ice was broken,
Or whether you or I first spoke;
What only secure love for love,
The kissens of the passion prove;
For all in gratitude we give,
And sometimes generously receive.

Loving is love, let neither try
To fit imperf'ctly;
Since all the kind, the fond created,
Of whether you or I love best,
Like friends touching a wrong key,
Fit, are the signs of harmony.

58
BY THE sign we may know
Whether we whether touch my heart;
Two may speak and tell each other
Whether the tongue cannot import,
Speaking hence without revealing;
Thoughts your heart may disapprove;
But no harm and yet concealing,
When we truly, truly love. [Dac]

59
TELL me, ladies, have you seen,
Lovers walking 'tween the green,
See, 'tis not a little boy,
Who is your match and joy?
You have no better boy,
Tell me, 'tis your green shadow?
Tell me, when have you seen,
Such a walking 'tween the green?

Songs for Ladies:

39

the god you'll know,
Who hangs a bow,
 fraught with darts,
 o human hearts ;
 ked, little, blind,
 sp̄h o'er the mind.

Tell me, ladies, &c.

lightning's wound,
g arrow found,
son'd heart it pain'd,
dark remains ;
ld itself is broke
pected stroke.

Tell me, ladies, &c.

n's seen to lie
e sunny eye,
d prey he seeks
in's rosy cheeks ;
n, or curling hair,
is pleasing snare.

Tell me, ladies, &c.

ceals reveals,
d himself conceals,
ceive this night
o is her heart's delight ;
her bring the boy,
love's sweetest joy.

Tell me, ladies, &c.

— 60 —

urted by Stridon, what pains then he
n my charms to refine ; took,
a angel he saw in my look,
ore I was something divine.
i beauty, like Juno in gait,
s most wonderful wife ;
three deities fairly in prate,
d, to please me, the skies.
ne marry'd, more trouble he found
ne a woman again ;
eternal so much did abound,
dels I still would remain.

But finding that his adoration would cease,
My sensēs at last were restor'd ;
From sublimity gently descending to peace,
I begg'd to be lov'd, not ador'd.

Be cautious, ye youth, with the nymph that you
Nor too much her beauty commend ; prize,
When once you have rais'd the fair maid to the skies,
To the earth she'll not easly descend.

— 61 —

A THOUSAND charms the lover sees
In her he loves, while bolts and keys
Keep two fond hearts a-funder ;
But soon, each envious bar remov'd,
His passion cools, and why he lov'd,
Is now his cause of wonder.

My heart is your's, you know my mind,
In vain to answer nay ;
But will you be forever kind,
For ever and a day ?

Your constancy, my dearest hope,
And fortune left; should I slope,
From parents unrelenting ;
Ah, say if, then, your darling care ?
Or would you court some wealthy fair,
Your love to me repenting ?

My heart is your's, &c.

Your faith, if proof to female wiles,
And beauty's sweet alluring smiles,
You'll never play the rover ;
Nor I of cold neglect accuse,
Or in the lordly husband lose,
The fond and tender lover.

My heart is your's, &c.

— 62 —

MY Jockey is the blitheſt lad
That ever maiden woo'd ;
When he appears, my heart is glad,
For he is kind and good.
He talks of love whene'er we meet,
His words with rapture flow ;

Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,
I have no pow'r to go.
All other lasses he forsakes,
And flies to me alone;
At ev'ry fair, and all the wakes,
I hear them making moan :
He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,
And ribbands for my hair ;
No swain was ever half so true,
Or half so kind and fair.
Where'er I go I nothing fear
If Jockey is but by,
For I alone am all his care
When any danger's nigh.
He vows to wed next Whitfunday,
And make me blest for life ;
Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,
To be young Jockey's wife ?

— 63 —

YE Zephyrs come flutter and play,
To lise wake my fond drooping breast ;
Who can bear all this feyer of day,
And taste neither pleasure nor rest ?
Then panting and dying, I'll fly from the hours,
And hie to the streams, and to sweet shady bower.
The toils of the field are all o'er ;
The shepherd and sheep all retreat ;
They think of their pasture no more,
But crowd to their shelter from heat.
All panting, &c.

Then welcome thou dear leafy grove,
Where Sol cannot peep with a ray ;
Mong woodbines and myrtles I'd rove,
Alone ware the moments away.
Then panting, &c.
Then Strephon, O come thou not nigh !
Thy sight I'm not able to bear,
In vain from Sol's fury I fly,
If love and thou follow me here.
Then panting alone let me fly, &c.

— 64 —

THE lowland lads think they're fine,
But O they're vain, and idly gaudy ;
How much unlike the graceful mein,
And manly looks of my highland laddie,
O my bonny highland laddie,
My handsome charming highland laddie ;
May heaven still guard, and love reward,
The lowland lass and her highland laddie.
If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest lowland lady,
I'd take young Donald in his tress,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidies
No greater joy I'e'er pretend
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end
While heaven preserves my highland laddie,
O my bonny, &c.

— 65 —

MY father and mother for ever they chide,
Because I young Colin approve :
Tho' witty and manly they hem can't abide,
But I'm alone guided by love.
My father, I warrant, when at Colin's age,
No doubt but purſu'd the same plan ;
My mother, 'tis certain, took care to engage
At once to make sure of her man.
And why should not I the same maxim purſu ?
I wonder she angry can be,
When I in my turn the same thing but do,
As she has long done before me.
But first when the shepherd my labour addres
Like others I threw o'er a veil,
He'd figh, and he'd kish, when so closely he
I cou'd not but hear his fond tale.
I candidly own, whene'er the youth's by,
I've all I can wish in my view ;
Nor will I, like other coy maidis, pish and fie,
The deuce shall take me if I do.
Cool streams to the heart, nor flow'r's to the
Such pleasure they each cannot gain,

's lov'd pretence is always to me,
we he's the pride of the plain.

He shoud show all the arts of his sex,
which as other might prove,
I not my mind by half so perplex,
knowing none else worth my love.
ought I will banish, lay fifty to ten
licences he ston will procure;
you will say, well, and prithee what then?
ed him, my dear, to be sure.

— 66 —

Alfo young, and scarce fifteen;
westhearts I have plenty;
more forward I had been,
is they had been twenty.
zing flies, or wasps with wings,
wms they hover round me;
way those humming things,
have no power to wound me.
am not much to blame
out with one and t'other,
as raise no reddit flame,
laying with one's brother.
hear what each can say,
what they'd be doing;
as they think me most their pty,
them off from ruin:
ho' in crowds I pass the day,
ll my joy is teasing,
done I'd not be gay,
se shoud be too pleasing.
idly flutter here and there,
ike their idle station;
y catch my eye and ear,
ic no palpitation;
leome Harry, Tom, and Bill,
umber who'nt alarm me.
me, I'm in safety still,
ly one can harm me,
his folly, nymphy, be kind;
ting's but a season;

When older grown, to an old age,
I'll yield to love and reason.

— 67 —

No woman her envy can smother,
Tho' never so vain of her charms;
If a beauty she spies in another,
The pride of her heart it alarms.
New conquests she still must be making,
Or fancies her power grows less;
Her poor little heart is still aching
At sight of another's success.

But nature design'd, in love to mankind,
That different beauties shou'd move,
Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever should reign
Sole monarch in empire of love.
Then learn to be wife, new triumphs despise,
And leave to your neighbours their due;
If one cannot please, you'll find by degrees,
You'll not be contented with two;
No, no, you'll not be contented with two.

— 68 —

AH, solitude, take my distress,
For my griefs I'll unbosom to thee;
Each figh thou caust gently represe,
And thy silence is music to me.
Yet peace from my sonnet may spring,
For sweet peace, let me fly the gay throng;
To soften my sorrows I sing,
Yet sorrow's the theme of my song.

— 69 —

LIKE my dear swain, no youth you'd see,
So blythe, so gay, so full of glee,
In all our village, — who but he,
To foot it up so feately?
His lust to hear,
From far and near,
Each female came,
Both girl and dame,
And all his boon,
For every tune,
To kiss them round so sweetly.

While round him in the jocund ring,
We nimbly dance'd, he'd play or sing;
Of May the youth was chosen King,
He caught: our ears so neatly,

Such music rare,
In his guitar,
But touch his late,
The crowd was mute;
His only boon
For ev'ry tune,
To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

— 70 —
CRUEL *Strephon*, will you leave me,
Will you prove yourself forsworn?
Can, ah! can you thus deceive me,
Can you treat my love with scorn?
O! behold your *Cloë* pleading,
Turn and see your once lov'd maid;
Let soft pity interceding,
Ease a heart your vows betray'd.
Must I hopeless pine and languish,
Frenzy seize my tortur'd brain?
See, he triumphs in my anguish,
See, he glories in my pain.

— 71 —
ADIEU, thou lovely youth,
Let hopes thy fear remove;
Preserve thy faith and truth,
But never doubt my love,

— 72 —
FLY, soft ideas, fly, that neither tears nor sighs
My virtue may betray:
Nature's great call, that governs all,
A daughter must obey.
Alas! my soul denies to hear revenge's cries;
Dare not fond heart, to take his part,
But drive his form away.

— 73 —
YOU tell me I'm handsome (I know not how true)
And easy and chatty, and good-humour'd too;

That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in J
And my voice, like the nightingale's, few
All this has been told me by twenty before;
But he that would win me must flatter me;
But he that would win me must flatter me;
If beauty from virtue receives no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I
My ease and good humour soft raptures will
My voice, like the nightingale's, know a but a
For charms such as these their praises give
To love me for life, you must still love me;
To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a shape, or an air;
For *Cloë* the wanton can rival me there:
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay
And brightens good-humour as sunshine the
For if that you love me, your flame may be
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love to
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love to

— 74 —
IF o'er the cruel tyrant love
A conquest I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error seals to prove,
O! let me be deceiv'd.
Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did first create:
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.
Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part.

— 75 —
WOULD you wish to gain a lover,
You should all your hopes conceal
Men, inconsistent, will discover
What too oft' out, sex reveal.
Virtue teaches wise discretion,
Fickle men are full of art;

ghtless fond confession,
duce and steal our hearts,
Would you wish, &c.

shun, then, soft persuasion,
tears your passion move ;
ice the first occasion,
convic'd they truly love.
Would you wish, &c.

— 76 —
rebon, what can mean the joy,
ger joy I prove;
each tender art employ
my soul to love?

ur passion you reveal,
the lover's part,
th blushes own, I feel
in my heart.

the heart that pines to go,
it kindly us'd;
uch presents will bellow,
houl'd he abus'd ?

— 77 —
ds now are looking so gay,
ds are all warbling so sweet ;
elcome return of the May,
: cowslip now springs at my feet ;
n a sudden, I find,
cenes, tho' so lovely, will cløy ;
ent they gladden my mind,
t all my heart into joy.

the enchantment can break !
sin these scenes would endear ;
can please for his sake,
is no longer is here.
y thus lonely I raves,
nk all is dulness around,
ight, with Col, and love,
carted I've pac'd o'er the ground,
, make haste to appear,
arrow I fly from the plain.

Tho' spring-time could last all the year,
The season would give me but pain :
Since all the warm sunshine of May
Is nothing if thou art not nigh,
Oh ! come, and make nature look gay,
Or fields, birds and woodlands, good by.

78

I Do as I will with my swain,
He never once thinks I am wrong ;
He likes none so well on the plain,
I please him so well with my song.
A song is the shepherd's delight,
He hears me with joy all the day ;
He's s'ry when comes the dull night,
That haffens the end of my lay.

With spleen and with care once opprest,
He ask'd me to sooth him the while ;
My voice set his mind soon to rest,
And the shepherd would instantly smile.
Since when, or in mead or in grove,
By his flocks, or the clear river's side,
I sing my best song to my love,

And to charm him it grown all my pride.
No beauty had I to endear,
No treasures of nature or art ;
But my voice that had gain'd on his ear
Soon found out the way to his heart,
To try if that voice woul'd not please,
He took me to join the gay throng
I bore the rich prize off with ease,

And my fame's gone abroad with my song.
But let me not jealousy raise,
I wish to enchant but my swain ;
Enough then for me is his praise,
I sing but for him the lov'd strain,
When yoath, wealth and beauty may faile,
And your shepherds elude all your skill,
Your sweetnes of voice may prevail,
And gain all your swains to your will.

Songs for Lovers

1. I'll be the man who
Is your mother's son; we
Are brothers in a real way.
The man who is a man
Is a man who is a man;
The man who is a man
Is a man who is a man;
The man who is a man
Is a man who is a man;
The man who is a man
Is a man who is a man;
The man who is a man
Is a man who is a man;
The man who is a man
Is a man who is a man;
The man who is a man
Is a man who is a man;
The man who is a man
Is a man who is a man;

2. I'm not a man in your language sense,
But I am a man when it comes to you;
I'm not a man in your sense,
But I am a man in your sense;
I'm not a man in your sense,
But I am a man in your sense;
I'm not a man in your sense,
But I am a man in your sense;
I'm not a man in your sense,
But I am a man in your sense;
I'm not a man in your sense,
But I am a man in your sense;
I'm not a man in your sense,
But I am a man in your sense;

3. I'm not a man, I'm a better thing,
A better man than anyone;
I'm not a man, I'm a better thing,
A better man than anyone;

Love someone straight interesting,
Love someone straight interesting;
Love someone straight interesting,
Love someone straight interesting;
Love someone straight interesting,

Love someone straight interesting,
Love someone straight interesting;
Love someone straight interesting,
Love someone straight interesting;

4. I'd like to know what place someone
Is in right at the time,
I'd like to know what place someone
Is in right at the time,
I'd like to know what place someone
Is in right at the time;
I'd like to know what place someone
Is in right at the time;

5. Our children always have good taste,
Now, all over the great land;
They're always, oh, about me,
Now, all over the great land;
Now, all over the great land;
Now, all over the great land;

Who's better off I wonder,
Now, all over the great land;
Now, all over the great land;
Who's better off I wonder,
Now, all over the great land;

Now, all over the great land;

1 mournful cadence, swelling,
my loveick tale ;
Ick and Philotel
bear a virgin tell,
pain to bid adieu
happiness, and you.

84

f love should ever bind
io are, to honour true ;
have a savage mind
use the fair their due.
d hated may they be,
m constancy do swerves
ry nymph agree
faithless swains to serve.

85

tutor'd under mama's care,
arms did I inherit ;
n't charge, that now should dare
my growing spirit.
nd breasts were never hid,
es ever reading ;
y head up I was bid,
night shew my breeding.

play'd the flirt and prude,
joy and sorrow ;
to-day was monstrous rude,
t polite to-morrow.
d dukes I was address'd,
sure of succeeding ;
ne I made a jest,
night shew my breeding.

now too confess'd a flame,
as I had many ;
gh I us'd him just the same,
him best of any.
and tears he often swore,
his heart was bleeding ;
u'd him still the more,
night shew my breeding,

Enrag'd he vow'd to break his chain,
And fly to smiling *Kitty* ;
I could not bear to meet disdain
From one not half so pretty.
With gentler words I bid him stay,
For pardon fell to pleading ;
To church we went, and from that day
I shew'd him better breeding.]

86

SHEPHERDS, cease your soft complaining,
I've a heart that scorns disdaining ;
I no basiful meanings want,
All that virtue asks I'll grant ;
Down-cast looks, and frequent sighing,
Distant awe, and vows of dying,
All are senfelefs. Who'd believe
He would die, who still may live ?

87

AH ! where can one find a true swain,
In whom a young nymph could confide ;
Men are now so conceited and vain,
They no longer have hearts to divide.
Or in court, or in city, or town,
All acknowledge how fruitleſs the search ;
So polite too each village is grown,
E'en there girls are left in the lurch.

Then adieu to the thraldom of love,
Adieu to its hope and its fear !
Henceforth I in freedom will rove,
Who like it the willow may wear :
Yet should fortune, my truth to reward,
Send some youth with each talent to bless,
How far I my purpose could guard,
Is a secret I could not confess.

88

WHERE's my swain so blythe and clever ?
Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow ?
Three whole days are gone for ever,
Since you said you'd come to-morrow.
If you lov'd but half as I do,
You'd been here with looks so bouny ;

Love has flying wings, I well know—
Not for ling'ring, lazy *Johny*.
What can he now be a doing?
Is he with the lasses maying?
He had better here been wooing,
Than with others fondly pleying.
Tell me truly whe'e he's roving,
That I may no longer sorrow;
If he's weary grown of loving,
Let him tell me so to-morrow.
Does some fav'rite rival hide thee,
Let her be the happy creature;
I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
Nor dispute with her feature:
But I can't, nor will I tarry,
Nor will hurt myself with sorrow;
I may lose the time to marry,
If I wait beyond to-morrow.
Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me;
If I'm yours, away no longer;
If you won't, another'll have me;
I may cool, but not grow fonder.
If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,
Whine not in despair and sorrow;
Bles'd another lad may make ye;
Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

— 89 —
SURE a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen,
Was ne'er so distressed as of late I have been;
I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
But my mother oft tells me, she'll have me a nun.
• But my mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I
Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry;
With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart loves a frolic too well for a nun.
And my heart, &c.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,
Is a thousand times better to me I declare;
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone,

SONGS FOR LADIES.

Nay, besides I'm too handsome, I think, for
Nay, besides, &c.

Not to love, nor be lov'd, oh ! I never can be
Nor yield to be sent to—one cannot tell when
To live or to die in this case were all one,
Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a ~~ugly~~
Nay, I sooner, &c.

Perhaps but to tease me she threatens me to be,
I'm sure were she me she would stoutly say to me,
But if she's in earnest from her will run,
And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a ~~ugly~~
And be marry'd, &c.

— 90 —
I SAW what seem'd a harmless child,
With wings and bow,
And aspect mild,
Who sabb'd and sigh'd, and pin'd;
And begg'd I would some boon bestow
On a poor little boy stome blind.

Not aware of the danger, too soon I comply'd
For exulting he cry'd,
And drew from his quiver a dart;
My pow'r you soon shall know,
Then level'd his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

— 91 —
WHILE on earth's soft lap descending,
Lightly falls the feather'd snow,
Nature awfully attending,
Each rude wind forbids to blow.

White and pure awhile appearing,
Earth her virgin mantle wears,
Soon the fickle season veering,
Her deluded bosom beats,
Thus my foolish heart believing,
Liftend to his artful tongue;
All his vows of love receiving,
On each flatt'ring accent hung.

or a time, mistaken,
nd joy conceal'd my fate,
till at length forsaken,
xperience comes too late.

— 92 —

G *Cofie* protests I'm his joy and delight,
unhappy when I'm from his sight;
to be with me wherever I g,
is sure is in him for plaguing me so.
ure all day is to sit by my side,
and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide;
I depart, but he smiling says no,
is sure is in him for plaguing me so.
requests me his flame to relieve,
what favour he hopes to receive;
er's a sigh, while in blushes I glow,
ortal beside him would plague a maid so
st-knot he yesterday brought from the
y intreated I'd wear for his sake; [wake,
les 'tis easy enough to bestow,
erve more for his plaguing me so.
me each eve from the oot to the plain,
ts me each morn to conduct me again;
's his intention I wish I could kn-w,
ther be married with plaudi'd with him so.

— 93 —

lost to peace of mind serene,
my chain in fruitless hope,
each melancholy scene,
ive my sorrows their full scope;
y, sprightly, gallant tar,
ports with fierce destructive war,
hat I feel, where'er tho' art,
of thy *Mary*'s breaking heart.
y dancing castle rides
the boom of the deep,
ny winds and waves abides,
avigation bids thee sleep;
y sleep and downy rest
ly the tempest in thy breast,

When jealous fears, like mine shall prove
The truth of my dear sailor's love.

Hepé, doubt and fear, and winds and waves,
More dreadful to the love totid mind
Than thos the skilful seaman braves,
Who leaves pale care and grief behind:
Th' adventurous maid, embark'd like me,
That fails on such a troubled sea,
The ocean's rage would gladly meet,
And in its depths would seek retreat.

Yet, G be still, my frantic brain,
Let reason whisper to my fears,
My sailor may return again,
Crown'd with success to dry my tears;
When fame, and all her gaudy charms,
Shall yield him to my longing arms,
And one bleis'd hour together blend
The lover, hero, husband, friend.

CHORUS.

Britannia, hail thou mighty queen!
The strength, the power, the seas are thine,
Long may thy power on justice lean,
To be preserv'd they must combine;
To courage singly ne'er resort,
For virtue is thy true support,
'Tis that alone can strength maintain,
Be virtuous and for ever reign.

— 94 —
WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep
On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
Well pleas'd I'd watch the live-long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.
Or would some bird, that pity brings,
But for a moment lend its wings,
My parents then might rave and scold,
My guardian strive my will to hold:
Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But spite of all away I'd fly.

— 95 —
M_y shepherd is gone far away o'er the plain,
While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain;

Tho' blue-bells and v'lets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn;
No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can please now my *Jockey* away;
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
Haste, haste, to my arms, my dear *Jockey*, again.
Haste, haste, &c.

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment see;
Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not there,
No pleasure I relish that *Jockey* don't share;
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
I wish my dear *Jockey* return'd back again.
But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;
On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
For love my dear *Jockey* to *Jenny* will haste:
Then farewell each care, adieu each vain sigh!
Who'll then be so blest, or so happy as I?
I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
When *Jockey* returns to my arms back again.

— 96 —

WHEN chilling winter bies away,
I, *Flora* reassume my reign;
Borne on the wings of balmy *May*,
I come to paint the woods and plains:
Ambrosial sweets I have in store,
The cowslip, violet, rose appear;
The nymphs and swains my power adore,
And with my presence all the year;
Enrich'd by me, the grateful throng,
All drest with flow'r's and garlands gay,
With festive pipe, and dance and song,
Now keep their much-lov'd *Flora*'s day.

— 97 —

TIS at twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps, it is twain,
Since *Thyrsis* neglected the nymphs of the plain,
And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows
To hear a soft tale, or to sing him a song; [along:
~~hears a soft tale.~~ &c.]

What at first was but friendship soon grew to
In my heart it was love, in the youth 'twas
From each other our passion we sought not
But who should love most was our contest a
But who should love most, &c.

But prudence soon whisper'd us, love not t
For envy has eyes and a tongue that will
And a flame, without fortune's rich gifts c
The grave ones will scorn, and a mother m
The grave ones, &c.

Afraid of rebukes, he his visits forbore,
And we promis'd to think of each other i
Or to tarry, with patience, a season more
So I put the dear Shepherd quite out of m
So I put the dear, &c.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had n
Grows deaf to all censure, and will be re
If we figh for each other, ah! quit not ye
Condemn the god *Cupid*, but bless the fo
Condemn the god, &c.

— 98 —

LET others *Damen*'s praise rehearse,
Or *Colin*'s at their will;

I mean to sing in rustic verse,
Young *Strephon* of the hill.

As once I sat beneath a shade,
Beside a purling rill;

Who should my solitude invade,
But *Strephon* of the hill?

He tapt my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss,
I could not take it ill;
For nothing, sure, is done amiss
By *Strephon* of the hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
See how they sit and bill;
So sweet your time shall pass away
With *Strephon* of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
O love propitious fit!!
May evry nymph be blest, like me,
With *Strephon* of the hill.

— 99 —
he man that I love, tho' my heart I disguise,
ely describe the wretch I despise;
e has sense but to balance a straw,
ure take the hint from the picture I draw.
e has sense, &c.

thout sense, without fury a beau;
arrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;
e in pride, in grimace a baboon;
e a bind, in conceit a gascoon.
ock, &c.

ture rapacious, in falsehood a fox;
t as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
r ferocious, perverse as a hog;
es an spy, and in fawning a dog.
yger, &c.

, to sum up all his talents together,
is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
has sense but to balance a straw,
ure take a hint from the picture I draw.
he has sense, &c.

— 100 —

TH adorn'd with ev'ry art,
and win the coldest heart,
et mine possest :
ring bud that fairest blows,
al oak that sturteft grows,
e and shape expref.

g sounds he told his tale,
e fightings of the gale,
akes the flow'ry year:
nder he could charm with ease,
appy nature form'd to please,
love had made sincere?

he left me—fought and fell;
ev'ning heard his knell,
w the tears I shed:
t must ever, ever fall;
o fight the past recall,
is awake the dead.

— 101 —
THAT *May-day* of life is for pleasure,
For singing, for dancing, and show;
Then why will you waste such a treasure
In fighting and crying—heigho!

Let's copy the bird in the meadows;
By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low:
Fly round, and coquette it at the does,
And never sit crying—heigho!

Though, when in the arms of a lover,
It sometimes may happen, I know,
That, ere all your toying is over,
We cannot help crying—heigho!

In age ev'ry one a new part takes:
I find to my sorrow 'tis so:
When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
But no one will mind you—heigho!

— 102 —

TO the conscious groves I hie me,
Where I late was blithe and gay,
Try to fancy *Colin* nigh me,
So to pass my time away.

But can scenes like these delight me,
When my swain's no longer there?
Hill, nor dale, nor stream invite me,
Now no more they're worth my care.

Come thyself, without delaying,
In those shades I find no ease;
But with thee, whilst fondly straying,
Ev'ry place is sure to please.

— 103 —

O What a change in my fortune is this!
See, see the sequel of being a Miss;
I who was lately in splendor and pride,
Now to a b'lock in Cridewell am ty'd:
Fool that I was, if my virtue I'd kept,
Poor and contented, in peace I had slept.

Ladies of pleasure, beware from my fall,
Left you, like poor *Kitty*, should come to mill-doll.

GENTLE shepherd, sooth my sorrow,
Kindly, kindly come to morrow;
Let no loitering cares delay thee,
Let no other pleasures stay thee.
Soon return with joy to charm me,
Come, lest painful thought alarm me:
Smiling love, restore my rover,
Haste, thou kind, yet cruel lover.
Gentle shepherd, &c.

FROM place to place, forlorn, I go,
With downcast eyes, a silent shade;
Forbidden to declare my woe;
To speak, till spoken to, afraid.
My inward pangs, my secret grief,
My soft consenting looks betray.
He loves, but gives me no relief;
Why speaks not he who may?

TELL, oh! tell my lover true,
That—Oh heavens! what shall I say?
But my heart is known to you,
Its sentiments do you convey.
Can I what I feel explain,
When all expression 'tis above,
But you know my cause of pain,
And knows besides, what 'tis to love.

MAIDENS, let your lovers languish,
If you'd have them constant prove;
Doubts and fears, and sighs and anguish,
Are the chains that fasten love,
Jockey woo'd, and I consented,
Soon as e'er I heard his tale,
He with conquest quite contented,
Roaming, rov'd around the vale.
Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

Now he doats on scornful *Molly*,
Who rejects him with disdain;
Love's a strange bewitching folly,
Never pleas'd without some pain:
Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

FLATTERING hopes our mind deceivin'
Early faith too often cheat;
Woman fond, and all-believing,
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.
Empty show of pomp and riches,
Cupid's trick to catch the fair,
Lovely maids too oft bewitches;
Flattery is the beauty's snare.
Flattering hopes, &c.

GENTLE breezes, waft him over
To the distant sultry isle;
Love will shield from harm the rover,
Fame be kind, and Fortune smile.
For an age you must not leave me,
Nor to farthest climates run;
Don't too soon of joy bereave me,
Hope must bring the wand'rer home.
Think of her you left behind ye,
And to tender vows be true;
Constant, fond, you still shall find me,
Peace, poor heart—fond youth, adieu!

TELL me, lovely shepherd, where
Thou feed'st at noon thy *sheep* care;
Direct me to the sweet retreat
That guards thee from the mid-day heat;
Left by thy flocks I lonely stray,
Without a guide, and lose my way;
Where rest at noon thy bleating care,
Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

IF e'er I should learn the sweet lesson of *h*
Let these be the works of the man I appre-

et learn'd, nor rakehelly gay,
because he has nothing to say ;
t, still obliging and free,
w fondness to any but me ;
erve the decorum that's just,
his eyes he is true to his trust.
long hours of obseruance are past,
ly retreat to welcome repast ;
nd pleasure that moment endear,
far both discretion and fear :
d scorning the airs of a crowd,
to be formal, and I to be proud ;
e joy, we confess that we live,
e rude, and yet I may forgive.
delight may be stedfastly fix'd,
I and the lover be properly mix'd ;
der bosom my soul can confide,
esa can smooth me, whose counsel can
lear lover as here I describe, [guide.
ould fright me, no millions should
find so uncommon a swain, [bribe;
e liv'd single, I'll single remain.

112

rcy is the loveliest flower,
e'er planted in the mind ;
virtue, whose soft power
odhead raise mankind.

kings, and heroes boast
will in hist'ry live ;
bles heav'n the most,
e bosom can forgive.

113

rephon, the artful, the dangerous swain,
esteem has attempted to gain ;
e wicked arts he so oft had betray'd,
o seduce one more innocent maid :
f his pow'r, of my weakness aware,
cheme, and avoided the snare ;
ove, and was taught in my dawn,
r'd a rose, to beware of the thorn.

His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd ;
For his heart by those tears, by those oaths, he dis-
What presents he brought me I chose to decline [guis'd
(The prodigal bounty of arts and design :)
He coax'd, and he flatter'd my person in vain,
And practis'd each art on my weakness to gain ;
Protected by prudence I laugh'd him to scorn ;
Tho' I fancy'd the rose, yet I dreaded the thorn.

He wantonly boasted what nymphs he had won,
What credulous beauties his arts had undone ;
He swore that his faith should inviolate be,
That his heart and those fair ones were victims to me ;
I told him, those victims and faith I'd despise,
And from such examples would learn to be wise ;
That I never would prostitute virtue to scorn,
Or smell at a rose, to be hurt by the thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer ashamed of his guilt ;
Was his passion on virtue, not wantonness, built,
Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are profane,
I could fancy (I own I could fancy) the swain :
But experience has taught me 'tis dang'rous to trust,
And folly to think he can ever be just ;
So I'll stifle my flame, and reject him with scorn,
Left I grasp at the rose, and be hurt by the thorn.

114

TENDER virgins shun deceivers,
Who with base seducing arts,
When they find you fond believers,
Triumph o'er unguarded hearts.

If a fickle swain pursue ye,
O, beware his subtle wiles !
All his aim is to undo ye,
Ruin lurks beneath his smiles.
Tender, &c.

DID not tyrant custom guide me,
To my Damon I would tell,
Never swain was half so lovely,
Never nymph loved half so well.

SONGS FOR LADIES.

I would tell him that his beauty
 First assum'd the conq'ring part ;
 But his manly sense and courage
 Triumph'd o'er my yielding heart.
 Why should tyrant custom guide me, &c.
 Censure's self could ne'er upbraid him,
 Malice ne'er could spot his name ;
 All his sex who envy praise him
 For his virtue, truth and fame.
 Tyrant custom shall not, &c.

116

AH ! think not to deceive me
 With flatt'ring oaths and lies,
 'Tis all in vain, believe me,
 For love has piercing eyes.
 A trifling present given,
 Oft binds affection fast,
 And grateful woman's driven,
 To give herself at last.

117

YE nymphs, 'tis true, to Colin's strain
 I've often listen'd in the grove ;
 And can you blame me, that a swain
 Like Colin should engage my love.
 Alas ! could I my heart secure,
 Unless to worth and merit bind ;
 Ah ! say, could you yourselves endure
 To slight a swain so true and kind.
 When truth conveys the tender tale,
 And honour breathes the shepherd's sigh,
 Love o'er discretion will prevail :
 To shun its power in vain we try.

118

I SEEK my shepherd, gone astray ;
 He left our cot the other day :
 Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and swains,
 Pash'd the dear rebel thro' your plains ?
 Oh ! whither, whither, must I roam,
 To find and charm the wand'rer home ?

Sports he upon the shaven green,
 Or joys he in the mountain scene ?
 Leads he his flocks along the mead,
 Or does he seek the cooler shade ?
 Oh ! teach a wretched nymph the way
 To find her lover gone astray.

To paint, ye maids, thy truant swain ;
 A manly softness crowns his mien ;
 Adonis was not half so fair ;
 And when he talks, 'tis heav'n to hear !
 But oh ! the soothing poison shun,
 To listen is to be undone.

He'll swear no time shall quench his flame ;
 To me the perjur'd swore the same,
 Too fondly loving to be wife,
 Who gave my heart an easy prize ;
 And when he tun'd his syren voice,
 Kiften'd, and was undone by choice.
 But sated now, he shuns the kiss
 He counted once his greatest bliss ;
 Whilst I with fiercer passions burn,
 And pant and die for his return.
 Oh ! whither, whither shall I rove,
 Again to find my straying love !

119

O GIVE me that social delight,
 Which none but true lovers receive,
 When Luna bedecks the still night,
 And glances her smiles on the eve ;
 When to the fair meadows we go,
 Where peace and contentment retire ;
 Or down the smooth current we row
 In time with the flutes and the lyre.

By nature these pictures are drawn,
 How sweet is each landscape dispos'd !
 The prospect extends to the lawn,
 Or by the tall beeches is clos'd.
 Come, Strephon, attend to the scene,
 The clouds are all vanish'd above ;
 The objects around are serene,
 As model'd to music and love.

120

ts his pow'ful reign,
nt owns his sway ;
et, oft gives us pain,
fad; and sometimes gay :
of sweet sixteen,
men do most adore;
ve have been,
courted o'er and o'er.

any swain,
ol'n my heart away ;
anxious pain,
nt but a day :
the blooming boy
ight upon the green,
t is fill'd with joys,
happy as a queen.

armer talks of love,
fears disturb my breast ;
er inconstant prove,
heart will ne'er have rest ;
fonder grown,
orn to love for life ;
ne for his own,
oung Jockey's wife.

121

'ry fond endeavour
the tender dart ;
move us never ;
feel to know the smart.
pherd swears he's dying,
beauties sets to view,
id supplying,
hink 'tis all our due ;
hink 'tis all our due.

e vernal breezes
ild, deceitful strain ;
th our sex displease ;
ever sue in vain :

But too soon the happy lover
Does our tenderest hopes deceive ?
Man was form'd to be a rover,
Foolish woman to believe ;
Foolish woman to believe.

122

COME, *Colin*, pride of rural swains,
O come and bleſs thy native plains ;
The daisies spring, the beeches bud,
The songsters warble in the wood.

Come, *Colin*, hafte, O hafte away,
Your smiles will make the village gay ;
When you return, the vernal breeze
Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.

Oh ! come and see the violet spring,
The meadows laugh, the linnet sing ;
Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,
O hafte ! and make us happy here.

123

WAS I sure a life to lead,
Wretched as the vilest slave,
Ev'ry hardship would I brave,
Rudeſt toil, severest need,

E'er yield my hand so coolly,
To the man who never truly,
Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others success will insure you,
Where your wit and your person may please ;
Take to them your love I conjure you,
And then in mercy set me at ease.

124

WHERE shall *Dalia* fly for shelter?
In what secret grove or cave ?
Sighs and tonnets sent to melt her,
From the young, the gay, the brave ;
Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
Still the longs, and still the burns ;
Cupid shoots like *Hymen*'s archer,
Wherſoe'er the damſel turns.

Victor

SONGS FOR LADIES.

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,
(If discretion guide us not)

Sometimes are the ruffian's booty.

Sometimes are the booby's lot;

Now they're purchas'd by the trader,

Now commanded by the peer;

Now some subtle mean invader

Wins the heart or gains the ear.

O discretion ! thou'rt a jewel,

Or our grand-mamas mistake,

Stinting flame by 'bating jewel,

Always careful and awake.

Would you keep your pearls from trampers,

Weigh the licence, weigh the banns;

Mark my song upon your tamplers,

Wear it on your knots and fans.

125
YE blitheſt lads and laſter gypsies,

Come liſten to my tale:

As I onē ev'nning ſleeping lay

Withia the flow'ry vale,

Young Strepbon paſſing thro' the mead,

By chance did me eſpy,

He took his bonnet off his head,

And gently ſat down by.

The ſwain, tho' I moft dearly priz'd him,

Yet now I would not know;

But with a frown my face diſguis'd,

And strove away to go;

But fondly he ſtill neareſt preſt,

And at my feet did lie;

His beating heart it thump'd ſo faint,

I thought the lad would die.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,

(To ſure him to gain)

I bid the love-fick ſhepherd fly,

In words of high diſtain.

He left me, never to return,

And to young Jenny flew;

While I my folly daily mourn,

For ſlighting one ſo true.

126

WITH the man that I love was I defin'd to
On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;
Retreats the moft barren, moft defert, would be
More pleafing than courts or a palace to me.
Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aſſire
To what folly esteem, and the vulgar admire;
I yield them the bliſs, where their wiſhes are;
Inſenſible creatures ! 'tis all they can take.

127

CEASE a while ye winds to blow,
Ceafe ye roaring ſtreams to flow ;
Hush'd be ev'ry other noife,
I want to hear my lover's voice.

Where's the brook, the rock, the tree ?

Hark, a ſound—I think 'tis he !

'Tis not he : yet night comes on,

Where's my lovely wand'rer gone ?

Loud I'll ſpeak, to make him hear,

*Tis I who call, my love, my dear !

The time is come. Why this delay ?

Alas ! my wand'rer's lost his way.

128

YE warblers, while Strepbon I mourn,

To chear me your harmony bring ;

Unles, ſince my ſhepherd is gone,

You ceafe, like poor Phillis, to ſing :

Each flower declines its ſweet head,

Not odour ſounds around me will throw,

While ev'ry ſoft lamb on the mead

Seems kindly to pity my woe,

Each rural amuſement I try

In vain to reſtore my paſt eaſe ;

What charm'd when my Strepbon was by,

Has now loſt the power to please :

Ye feasons that brighten the grove,

Not long for your abſence we mourn ;

But Strepbon neglects me and love,

He roves, and will never return.

ie spring is my dear,
et as all flowers combin'd;
like the summer can chear,
y then, like winter, unkind?
is not, I can prove,
er to others can be;
d C^hloe makes love,
'is cruel to me.

— 129 —
our village a swain t'other day :
ne, and begg'd me a moment to stay :
'd, and, in language I ne'er heard before,
uch of love, and some pains that he bore :
as his meaning I know not, I vow ;
ny poor heart felt, I cannot tell how.

ng the jessamin, vi'llet and rose,
ie, and ev'y sweet flower that grows ;
t and gayett he picks from the reef,
e to wear these fine things in my breast :
his meaning, I know not, I vow ;
y poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

the young shepherd for ever I see,
e never lov'd any but me ;
ith transport, and kisses me too,
that he'll ever be constant and true :
his meaning, I know not, I vow ;
y poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

: tears streaming fast from his eyes,
m, poor youth ! breath a thousand of sighs
no nymph in the world is like me,
rd alive so unhappy as he:
his meaning, I know not, I vow ;
ny poor heart feels. I cannot tell how.
e dear shepherd to me thus complain,
t my eyes are the cause of his pain ?
r since, his sad fate I deplore,
I knew how he might suffer no more ;
can to relieve him, P^re^w,
art may have ease tho' I cannot tell how.

LOVELY, — 130 —
yet ungrateful swain,
Strive not to regain my heart ;
Ev'ry tender look is vain,
Since you play'd a traitor's part.

All your oaths, and all your sighs,
Once I foolishly believ'd ;
But *F*astrora's joyful eyes,
And your blushes, undeceiv'd.
Strive not to regain a heart
True in love and firm in pain,
Which (though death should teach the art)
Can, when slighted, slight again.

OF all the swains around the Tweed,
So blithe and debonair,
Not one, it is by all agreed,
With *Jockey* can compare:
So gay a form, so just a mind
Before was never seen ;
Nor e'er was swain to me so kind
As *Jockey* of the green.

If e'er at eve I chance to stray,
The fields or groves along,
Young Jockey meets me on my way,
And cheers me with a song ;
And when I set on bank of Tweed,
Where rural sports are seen,
None tune so sweet the oaten reed,
As *Jockey* of the green.

Of late his talk has been of love,
Of love for me alone ;
And, if I but his flame approve,
He'll take me for his own ;
If so, I'll quickly bles^s for life
The blithest swain e'er seen ;
And be the wedded, faithful wife
Of *Jockey* of the green.

WELLS

WHAT med'cine can soften the bosom's keen
What Lethe can banish the pain? [smart?
What cure can be met with, to sooth the fond heart
That's broke by a faithless young swain?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try
The sports of the wake and the green;
When *Colin* is dancing, I say, with a sigh,
"Tas here first my *Damon* was seen.
When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan
In accents so piercing and clear;
You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a groan,
As when my dear *Damon* was here.

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,
And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove;
For there, to her cost, was poor *Ezura* betray'd,
And *Damon* pretended to love.

SIMPLE *Strephon* cease complaining,
Lest thy doubts my anger move;
Why must jealous fears be reigning,
To disturb the bliss of love?
If I'er had shun'd your passion,
Then you gently might reprove,
And your gen'rous inclination
Might suspect my want of love.

ASS thro' the fields I chanc'd to stray
To hear the linnet's song,
I met a shepherd in my way,
The blitheſt of the throng.
He stopp'd, and gave my cheek a pat,
And told a tender tale:
Then stole a kiss, but what of that?
"Twas *Willy* of the dale.

He prest my hand, and talk'd of love
With extacy divine;
Nay, swore he'd ever faithful prove,
And, if I pleas'd, be mine.

To meet him thus, (no creature near)
Soon made my cheeks look pale;
But he declar'd I need not fear
Young Willy of the dale.

None sure posseſſ such charms as he,
To win a maiden's mind;
He's youthful, witty, gay and free,
And what's still more, he's kind;
For now he meets me ev'ry night,
At which the lasses rail,
And vows I am the ſole delight
Of Willy of the dale.

STREPHON woo me now or never,
If you wish my heart to gain;
Slight the occation, you for ever
May purſue and figh in vain:
Now's your time to play the lover,
Then with ardor act your part;
By each glance you may diſcover
That you're welcome to my heart.
Tho' your art proves unavailing,
When we can refiſt its power,
Yet twill always be prevailing,
In ſome weak unguarded hour,

BY *Tweed*'s clear stream as late I stray'd
And sat reclin'd beneath the shade,
Young Sandy chanc'd to paſt that way,
As blooming as the sweets of *May*.
Pleas'd he ſeem'd to find me there,
For I alone am all his care:
Then ſince he's gen'rous, kind and free,
Young Sandy is the lad for me.

That eve he took me to the fair,
And bought me ribbands for my hair,
With trinkets I had never ſeen,
And dance'd with me upon the green;

I shall ever own,
rue to him alone ;
gen'rous, kind and free,
is the lad for me.

gone he means, for life,
or his wedded wife ;
ll e'er faithful prove,
e happy in his love :
I with such a swain
ill give my bosom pain ;
e proves so kind and free,
is the lad for me.

137
o nicely take offence,
ng is the fashion,
nd a good pretence
in a passion.

dres of air
e take occasion ;
nour, I declare,
xplanation.

free, and full of play,
y lads, I'll cure ye ;
ld, you turn away,
ze a very fury.

y thing I say,
hall call me cruel ;
will shall disobey,
for a duel.

eon am I,
as weapons carry ;
lightning in my eye,
e, a sword to parry.

arm with what he will,
d's bow and arrow ;
ll see my man I'll kill,
a sparrow.

138
WITH the pride of the garden and field,
We have deck'd our fond bosoms to day ;
And all that the summer can yield.

Seems there to be blooming and gay ;
'Tis better to gath're in time,
The flow'r that else wastefully blows ;
Little more than a day is the prime
Of the *lilly*, the *pink*, and the *rose*.

Soft beauty's the *May* springing flow'r
That has but a season to boast ;
Let us make what we can of it's pow'r,
Which else in a year may be lost :
Let us scorn a short triumph of joy
O'er shepherds, because of a faze ;
Nor venture too long to be cov,
Left winter dil colour each grace.

Should we slightingly laugh at their pain,
Grow proud of our charms ev'ry day ;
When they fade we shall court them in vain,
When they're wither'd they'll fling us away ;
Those treasures so gaudy and rare,
Must wake ev'ry breast to desire ;
We may have whom we will while so fair,
And should yield to the love we inspire,

139
GO, seek some nymph of humbler lot,
To share thy board, and deck thy cot ;
With joy I fly the simple youth,
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

Thy breast, for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn its peace and pleasure flown ;
Nor shall my faith reward a swain,
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

140
COME dear idol of my fancy,
View the bow'r which dove has dress'd ;
With thy presence bless thy Nancy,
Soft carefless and caref'd.

*Flora spreads her blooming treasure,
Birds chant here on ev'ry spray;
Yet how faint each rural pleasure,
While my charmer is away.*

*When with fruitless love we're burning,
All partake the mind's disease;
But the youth our love returning,
Ev'ry scene is sure to please.*

YOU impudent man, you !
Nay, prithee, how can you ?
Indeed, I'll assure you,
Will nothing then cure you ?—
Nay, now I declare I shall never endure you.

You tease one to death,
I'm quite out of breath,
I hate and abhor this horse-play ;
Besides, 'tis not right,
To see one in this fright ;
Lord, what do you think folks will say ?

I own too much room,
You have had to presume,
Or you ne'er with these freedoms would tease me ;
For though they might please me,
And with patience I bore 'em ;
Yet at least in one's carriage,
On this side of marriage,
One ought to keep up a decorum.

HOW can I again believe you ?
Could I doubt, so oft you swore ?
That your tongue may not deceive me,
Let me see your face no more.

Falshood be your boast and fashion,
Truth is mine, and heart sincere ;
You have cur'd me of my passion,
I have nothing now to fear.

In his heart a swain's oft roving,
While he wins the easy maid ;
Hard her fate who must be loving,
Where her love is not repaid.

— 143 —

*If ever a fond inclination
Rose in your bosom, to rob you of rest ;
Reflect, with a little compassion,
On the soft pangs which prevail'd in my
Oh ! where, where would you fly me ?
Can you deny me, thus torn and distract ?
Think, when my lover was by me,
Would I, how could I, refuse his request :
Kneeling before you,*

*Let me implore you :
Look on me, sighing, crying, dying,
Ah ! is there no language can move ?
If I have been too complying,
Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and lov*

— 144 —

*SOONER than I'll my love forego,
And lose the man I prize,
I'll bravely combat ev'ry woe,
Or fall a sacrifice.*

*Nor bolts nor bars, shall me controul,
I death and danger dare ;
Restraint but fires the active soul,
And urges fierce despair.

The window now shall be my gate,
I'll either fall or fly ;
Before I'll live with them I hate,
For him I love I'll die !*

— 145 —

*HOW hard is my fate,
How desp'rate my state,
When honour and virtue excite,
To suffer distress,
Contented to blets
The object in whom I delight !*

*Yet, 'midst all the woes
My soul undergoes
Thro' virtue's too rigid decree,
I'll scorn to complain,
If the force of his pain
Awaken his pity for me.*

... every art,
I fix a single heart,
am not old nor ugly ;
consult my faithful glass—
such worse than this might pass,
inks I look full smugly.

I'd with all these powerful charms,
ing *Palemon* fled my arms,
wild unthinking raver :
lly maids, as soon to bind
ing stream, the flying wind,
a rambling lover,

uper'd in the marriage noose,
they struggle to get loose,
ake a mighty riot ;
dmen how they rave and stare !
they shake their chains and swear,
hen lie down in quiet.

— 147 —
E's but the frailty of the mind
'tis not with ambition join'd ;
fame, which if not fed expires,
ng, wastes in self consuming fires.

not to wound a wanton boy,
norous youth that gives the joy ;
glory to have pierc'd the swain
inferior beauties sigh'd in vain.

alone the conquest prize,
infuk a rival's eyes ;
ght in love, 'tis when I see
ich others bleed for, bleed for me.

— 148 —
whom I to save would die,
all desire ;
enflames my heart,
all on fire.

The plaintive dove, without her love,
Thus mourns, like me opprest ;
But when her mate arrives, tho' late,
Joy triumphs in her breast.

The boy thus of a bird possest,
At first, how great his joys !
He strokes it oft, and in his breast
The little favourite lies.

But soon as grown to riper age
The passion quits his mind ;
He hangs it up in some cold cage,
Neglected and confin'd.

— 149 —

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
As thus—a decent blind,
Between the sticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
Relentment's in the snap ;
A flick expresses strong disdain,
Consent, a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage sweetly shews
The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

— 150 —

O WHY should we sorrow, who never knew sin !
Let smiles of content shew our rapture within :
This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air !
He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care !

Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain ;
 Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain :
 No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care !

151

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
 My heart your own declare ;
 But, for heaven's sake, let it suffice,
 You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
 Nor further urge your sway ;
 Press not for what I must deny,
 For fear I should obey.

But could your arts successful prove,
 Would you a maid undo,
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you ?

Say, would you use that very pow'r
 You from her fondness claim,
 To win in one fatal hour
 A life of spotless fame ?

Ah ! cease, my dear, to do an ill,
 Because perhaps you may ;
 But rather try your utmost skill
 To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
 Defend, and not pursue,
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard
 To strive with love and you.

152

WITH artful voice, young *Thyrsis*, you,
 In vain persuade me you are true ;
 Since that can never be ;
 For he's no profelyte of mine,
 That offers at another's shrine
 Those vows he made to me.
 The faithless, fickle, wav'ring loon,
 That changes oftner than the moon,
 Coursing each new face he meets ;

Smells ev'ry fragrant flow'r that blows,
 Yet still culls the blushing rose,
 His quintessence of sweets.

So *Thyrsis*, when in wanton play,
 From fair to fair you fondly stray,
 And steal from each a kiss ;
 It shows, if what you say be true,
 A sickly appetite in you,
 And no substantial bliss.

For you, inconstan', roving swain,
 Tho' seeming you hug your chain,
 Would Iain, I know, get free ;
 To sip fresh balmy sweets of love,
 From bower to bower wiloly rove,
 And imitate the bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring thing, your heart,
 Let it admire no other dart ;
 But rest with me alone :
 For while, dear Bee, you rove and sing,
 Should you return without your sting,
 I'd not protect a drone.

153

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
 O'er fields or gardens ranging,
 Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
 And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,
 By various charms delighted ;
 While she who pleases most to-day,
 To-morrow shall be slighted.

154

AUSPICIOUS spirits guard my love,
 In time of danger near him 'bide ;
 With out-spread wings around him move,
 And turn each random ball aside.
 And you, his foes, though hearts of steel,
 Oh ! may you then with me accord ;
 A sympathetic passion feel,
 Behold his face, and drop the sword.

your blus'ring fury leave;
that o'er the garden sweep,
in sighs, and gently heave
n, smooth bosom of the deep.
on peace return'd once more,
arts secure, and hostile harms,
views his native shore,
hours safe in these fond arms.

155

Colin seeks my heart to move,
and talks so much of love,
ang or drown, I fear it)
and wounds, and pointed darts,
bow, and bleeding hearts,
I cannot bear it.
m pretty—mighty well;
too—that's better still;
sensible, I swear it:
t, you know, are nought but wind,
ll freely tell his mind,
I cannot bear it:
herd dances blythe and gay,
ly on his pipe can play;
n I like to hear it:
icraft looks, and hums and haws;
plead a lover's cause,
I cannot bear it.
the friendly nymphs of swain
id the bashful boy speak plain,
onder he should fear it)
ake courage, like my sex;
t youth no more to vex,
wed him, I declare it.

156

IT So is return'd, the winter is o'er,
beering beams do nature restore;
slip and dashy, the vi'let and rose,
den, each orchard, does fragrance disclose;
a cheerful notes are heard in each grove,
re confesses the season of love.

The nymphs and the shepherds come tripping amain,
All hasten to join in the sports of the plain;
Our rural diversions are free from all guile,
The face that is honest securely can smile;
The heart that's sincere in affection may prove
All nature's force sheweth the season of love.

O come then, *Pbilander*, with *Sylvia* away,
Our friends that expect us accuse our delay;
Let's hafte to the village, the sports to begin;
I'll strive, for my shepherd, the garland to win:
But see his approach, whom my heart does approve,
Who makes ev'ry hour the season of love.

157

DEAR Colin prevent my warm blushes;
Since how can I speak without pain?
My eyes have oft told you my wishes,
O! can't you their meaning explain?

My passion would lose by expression,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a confession;
Of what is too tender to name.

Since your's is the province of speaking,
Why should you expect it from me?
Our wishes should be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they should be.

Then quickly why don't you discover?
Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
Eyes need not tell over and over.
What I in my bosom confine.

158

THAT I might not be plagu'd with the nonsense of
I promis'd my mother again and again [men,
To say as she bid me wherever I go,
And to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em No.

I really believe I have frighten'd a score:
They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more;
And I own I'm not sorry for serving them so;
Where the same thing to do, I again should say No.

For a shepherd I like, with more courage and art,
Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart;
Such questions he puts since I answer him so, [no]
That he makes me mean yes, tho' my words are still

He ask'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain?
(Let me die if he is not a clever young swain)
If he ventur'd a kiss, if I from him would go? [no]
Then he pref'red my young lips, while I blushed & said

He ask'd if my heart to another was gone?
If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on?
If I meant my life long to answer him so?
I faulter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This morning an end to his courtship he made;
Will Phyllis live longer a virgin? he said:
If I presa you to church, will you scruple to go?
In a hearty good humour I answer'd, No, No.

— 159 —

ALEXIS, a shepherd, young, constant and kind,
Has often declar'd I'm the nymph to his mind;
I think he's sincere, and he will not deceive;
But they tell me a maid should with caution believe.
He brought me this rose that you see in my breast;
He begg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest:
I could not do less than the favour receive;
And he thinks it n w sweeter, I really believe.
This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a lesson to you:
How bright, and how lovely it seems to the view!
"T'would fade if not pluck'd, as your sense must con-
I was forc'd to deny what I really believe. [ceive-
My flocks he attends: if they stray from the plain,
Alexis is sure ev'ry sheep to regain;
Then bega a dear kiss for his labour I'll give;
And I ne'er shall refuse him I really believe.

He plays on his pipe while he watches my eyes,
To read the soft wishes we're taught to disguise;
And tells me sweet stories from morning to eve;
Then he swears that he loves, which I really believe.
An old maid I once was determin'd to die;
But that was before I'd this swain in my eye:

And as soon as he asks me his pain to reliev,
With joy I shall wed him I really believe.

— 160 —

COME sing round my favourite tree,
Ye songsters that visit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the tur', by my side,
He tenderly pleaded his cause;
I only with blushes reply'd,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

— 161 —

YOU'VE sure forgot, dear mother mine,
When you was once as blithe as me;
When vows were offer'd at your shrine,
And love's dropt on bended knee;
When you could sing, and dance, and play;
Alas! December treads on May.

Behold dame Nature's fav'rite blow,
The rich jonquil, the blushing rose,
How short a date their beauties know,
Surrounded by a thousand foes;
'Till time decrees their full decay,
And harsh December treads on May.

The whole creation own this truth:
Then why should wrinkled brows exact
The mode severe, on blooming youth,
By which themselves could never act?
The blood that's warm will have its way;
Too soon December treads on May.

Then, swains, with tabor, pipe, and glee,
Let's, whilst we're here, grim care deride;
Come sport and frolic free with me,
In spite of age, and prudish pride;
The laws of love—all shall obey,
Before December treads on May.

reigns over the plains !
weet flow'rets around !
ymph and each swain !
nusical sound !
te, in the bow'rs,
ev'nings away ;
ut the long hours,
wander'd away.
lage's pride;
n his absence is seen ;
nusic supply'd,
lanc'd on the green ;
e, and at fair,
rolic were we !
in the year
is can be.
enture from home,
ostile alarm : ?
im to roam,
terrible arms :
rue and rough,
fe and of limb ;
ldiers enough,
gentle like him.
atuer goes,
dangerous main,
t him from woes,
Celia again.
Celia again ;
safety restore ;
est to complain,
e should wander no more,

herds seek to woo,
they faithless prove ;
id them true,
rd their love.
is, &c.

Let not beauty make you vain,
Men of worth deserve your care ;
Never give a lover pain,
If you find his heart sincere.
When the shepherds, &c.

Love, the source of ev'ry joy,
Ask whatever we can give ;
Love should ev'ry hour employ,
'Tis for love alone we live.
When the shepherds, &c.

STREP'ION, when you see me fly,
Let not this your fear create,
Maids may be as often shy
Out of love as out of hate ;
When from you I fly away,
It is because I dare not stay.

Did I out of hatred run
Lest you'd be my pain and care ;
But the youth I love, to shun,
Who can such a trial bear ?
Who that such a swain did see,
Who could love and fly like me ?

Cruel duty bids me go,
Gentle love command me st : ;
Duty's still to love a foe,
Shall I this or that obey ?
Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles ;
That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by these crystal streams
I could sit and hear the sigh,
Ravish'd with these pleasing dreams,
O 'tis worse than death to fly :
But the danger is so great,
Fear gives wings instead of hate.
Strephon, if you love me, leave me,
If you stay I am undone ;

Oh! with ease you may deceive me,
Prithee charming swain be gone.
Heav'n decrees that we should part,
That has my vows, but you my heart.

ON a bank, beside a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Aminta figh'd alone :
From the chearles' dawn of morning,
Till the dewe of night returning,
Singing, thus she made her moan ;
Hope is banish'd,
Joys are vanish'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone.
Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth, and such a lover,
Oh ! so true, so kind was he !
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me ;
Melting kisses,
Murmuring blisfes,
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we ?
Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bleſſ the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore ;
Never shall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love supplying
All the joys he drāin'd before ;
Death, come end me,
To befriend me ;
Love and *Damon* are no more !

TELL my Strepbon that I die ;
Let echoes to each other tell,
Till the mournful accents fly
To Strepbon's ear, and all is well,
But gently breathe the fatal truth,
And soften every harsher sound,
For Strepbon's such a tender youth,
The softest words too deep will wound.

Now fountains, echoes, all be dumb ;
For should I cost my swain a tear,
I should repent it in my tomb,
And grieve I bought my rest so dear.

BOAST not, mistaken swain, thy art
To please my partial eyes ;
The charms that have subdu'd my heart
Another may despise.
Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright ;
Perhaps, by some fond whim betray'd,
In oddness I delight.
Vain youth, to your confusione, know,
'Tis to my love's excess
You all your fancy'd beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows leſſ,
For your own sake, if not for mine,
You should preserve my fire,
Since you, my swain, no more will faile,
When I no more admire.
By me indeed you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind ;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a lover yield ;
How to keep, and how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign.
Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true ;
Ere I cap my foul disguise,
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.
Stay not till I learn the way
How to lie and to betray ;
He that has me first is bleſſed,
For I may deceive the rest.

I a blooming youth
, and full of truth,
of a janty mien,
g to be fifteen.

— 169 —
ny bloom comes on a-pace,
ins begin to tease me ;
ho claim the foremost place,
rent ways to please me :
right, and chuse the best,
soon decided ;
their merits are express'd
left divided.

ocks unnumber'd stray,
a beyond all measure ;
at smile, be kind and gay,
e me all his treasure :
ir years do disagree
, as I remember ;
'zey I'm sure with me,
m it is December 4

scarce am in bloom,
and snow be suing ;
oil each rip'ning joy to come,
ry charm to ruin :
d shew, to touch my pride,
e heart is panting ;
here's something else beside
ould find was wanting.

, thou my choice shall gain,
I will ne'er deceive me ;
air'd wealth shall plead in vain,
I haft more to give me :
paints thee full of charms,
ks so young and tender :
his new and fond alarms—
I now surrender.

— 170 —
ELL me no more of pointed darts,
Of flaming eyes and bleeding hearts,
The hyperboles of love,
The hyperboles of love ;
Be honest to yourself and me,
Speak truly what you hear and see,
And then your suit may move,
And then your suit may move.

Why call me angel ? why divine ?
Why must my eyes the stars outshine ?
Can such deceipts prevail ?
For shame, forbear this common rule ;
'Tis low, 'tis insult ; calls me fool ;
With me 'twill always fail.

Would you obtain an honest heart,
Address my nobler, better part ;
Pay homage to my mind ;
The puffing hour brings on decay,
And beauty quickly fades away,
Nor leaves a rose behind.

Let then your open manly sense
The moral ornaments dispense,
And to my worth be true :
So may your suit itself endear,
Not for the charms you say I wear,
But those I find in you.

— 171 —
AMIDST my admirers when *Damon* appears,
How great is the contrast to their foppish airs,
How great is the contrast to their foppish airs :
Good-sense and good-nature beam forth in his face,
And dignity o'er all his form adds a grace.
Good-sense and good-nature, &c.

He's handsome, polite ; his wit easy and free ;
Their talk's only nonsense, and pert repartee ;
Their flatt'ry unmeaning, no charms can impart ;
He praises my form, but makes love to my heart.

The flame of those lovers, so trifling and gay,
Would be mighty insipid, or soon would decay;
But he loves with passion—then blame me who can,
If I glory in owning that Damon's the man.

GOOD Damon, if you will, you may
Set spies and guards to watch my way;
Or mark my looks with jealous eye,
When any well-dress'd swain is nigh;
Yet woman's wit a wench will find,
In spite of caution; to be kind;
For, if myself I do not keep,
Instead of watching, you may sleep.
Would you secure the fair at home,
Go, bid her wander, bid her roam;
Tir'd out with togs and fools all day,
No more she'll sit abroad to stray;
"Tis freedom's self must make her true,
And fix her choice on none but you;
For, if ourselves we do not keep,
Instead of watching, you may sleep.

172

HOW weak will power and reason!
To this bosom tyrant prove;
Ev'ry act is fancy'd treason
By the jealous sovereign love.
Passion urg'd the youth to danger,
Passion calls him back again;
Passion is to peace a stranger,
Steel I must my bliss or bane.
So the fever'd minds that languish,
And in scorching torments rave;
Thus to end or ease their anguish,
Headlong plunge into the wave.

173

OF all my experience how vast the amount,
Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count!
Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,
For to live to these years, and yet still be a maid!

Ye heroes, triumphant by land and by sea,
Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me,
You can form a strong fort, or can form a blockade
Yet ye stand by, like dastards, and see me a maid
Ye lawyers so just, who with slippery tongue
Cando what you please, or with right or with wr^c
Can it be or by law or by equity said,
That a buxom young girl ought to die an old ma
Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill
Can save or demolish, can cure or can kill,
To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
Who is sick—very sick—of remaining a maid.
You, sops, I invoke not to list to my song,
Who answer no end, and to no sex belong,
Ye echoes of echoes, and shadows of shade—
For if I had you—I might still be a maid.

175

ALEXIS, how artie's a lover,
How bashful and silly you grow!
In my eyes can you never discover
I mean yes, when I often say no, say no,
I mean yes, when I often say no:

When you pine and you whine out your paff
And only intreat for a kis,
To be coy and d^ray is the fashion,
Alexis should ravish the blis.
In love, as in war, 'tis but reason
To make some defence for the town;
To surrender without it were treason,
Before that the out works were won.
If I frown, 'tis my blushes to cover,
'Tis for honour and modesty's sake;
He is but a pitiful lover,
Who is foil'd by a single attack.
But when we by force are o'erpower'd,
The best and the bravest must yield;
I'm not to be won by a coward;
Who hardly dares enter the field.

my lover all night and all day,
od-natur'd, and frolic, and gay,
as sweet as the nightingale's lay,
his bagpipe my shepherd can play,
my young lad is my Jockey,
my, &c.

he love me, I'm witty and fair,
my eyes, and my lips, and my hair ;
nor lilly with me can compare :
flatter, 'tis pretty I swear :
my, &c.

it my feet, and with many a sigh
my dear, will you never comply ?
to destroy me, why do it, I'll die.
ll over, and answer'd, Not I :
my, &c.

tall may-pole he dances so neat,
of love the dear boy can repeat ;
t, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,
so kind, and his kisses so sweet :
my, &c.

n the sun seeks repose in the west,
useful chorists all skim to their nest,
t on the green the dear boy I love best,
just ready to burst from my breast :
my, &c.

the meadows are moisten'd with dew,
, my dear shepherd, I wait but for you ;
each other, but constant and true,
e soft raptures no monarch e'er knew :
my, &c.

e'er a shepherd, ye nymphs, pass this way
b myrtle and all the gay verdure of May?
bow, oh! bring him once more to my eyes;
cy in search of new pleasures he flies,
ave I travel'd and toil'd o'er the plains,
a rebel that's scarce worth my pains,
a rebel, &c.

Take care, maids, take care, when he flatters & wears,
How you trust your own eyes, or believe your own ears
Like the rose-bud in June ev'ry hand he'll invite,
But wound the kind heart like the thorn out of sight ;
And trust me, who'e'er my false shepherd detains,
he'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her
She'll find him a conquest, &c. [pains,

Three months at my feet did he languish and sigh,
Ere he gain'd a kind word, or a tender reply ;
Love, honour, & truth, were the themes that he sung,
And he vow'd that his heart was akin to his tongue :
Too soon I believ'd, and reply'd to his strains,
And gave him too frankly my heart for his pains.
And gave him too frankly, &c.

The trifle once gain'd, like a boy at his play,
The wanton grew weary and flung it away ;
Now cloy'd with my love, from my arms he does fly,
In search of another as silly as I :
But trust me, who'e'er my false shepherd detains,
She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her
She'll find him a conquest, &c. [pains,

Beware, all ye nymphs, how you foot the fond flame
And believe in good time all the sex are the same
Like Strebbon from beauty to beauty they range,
Like him they will flatter, dissemble, and change :
And do all we can, still the maxim remains,
That a man, when we've got him, is scarce worth
That a man, when we've got him, &c. [our pains,

MY pride is to hold all mankind in my chain ;
The conquest I prize, tho' the slaves I disdain ;

I'll tease them and vex them,

I'll plague and perplex them :

Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,
I'll shew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Young Damon ador'd me, and Lycon the vain ;
By turns I encourag'd each amorous swain ;

They knelt and they trembled,

They smil'd and dissembled :

Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,
I'll shew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Then

Then hear me, ye nymphs, and my counsel believe,
Resist all their wiles, the deceivers deceive :
Their canting and whining,
Their fighing and pining,
Are all meant as baits our weak sex to betray ;
Then prove there are women as cunning as they.

179

DAMON, if you will believe me,
'Tis not fighing on the plain,
Song nor sonnet can relieve ye ;
Faint attempts in love are vain.
Urge but home the fair occasion,
And be master of the field ;
To a powerful kind invasion
'Twere a madnes not to yield.
Love gives out a large commission,
Still indulgent to the brave ;
But one sin of base omission
Never woman yet forgave.
Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,
Cries you're rude and much to blame,
And with tears implores your pity ;
Be not merciful, for shame.
When the fierce assault is over,
Chloris time enough will find
This her cruel furious lover
Much more gentle, not so kind.

180

WHAT ! put off with one denial,
And not make a second trial ?
You might see my eyes consenting,
All above me was relenting ;
Women, oblig'd to dwell in forms,
Forgive the youth that boldly storms :
Lovers when you figh and languish,
When you tell us of your anguish,
To the nymph you'll be more pleasing
When those sorrows you are easing :
We love to try how far men dare,
And never with the foe to spare.

STREPHON has fashion, wit and youth,
With all things else that please ;
He nothing wants but love and truth
To ruin me with ease ;
But he is flint, and bears the art
To kindle strong desire ;
His pow'r inflames another's heart,
Yet he ne'er feels the fire.
O ! how it does my soul perplex,
When I his charms recall,
To think he should despise the sex,
Or worse, should love 'em all.
My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
Thus seeks in vain for rest ;
Finding no hope to fix its love,
Returns into my breast.

182

THE wanton god, who pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts ;
But the nymph despairs to pine,
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine ;
Rofy wine, rofy wine.
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine !
Farewel-lovers when they're cloy'd,
If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd ;
Sure the squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company ;
Sure they're free, sure they're free,
To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please ;
I love them much, but more my ease :
No jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest ;
Break my rest, break my rest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.
Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain ?
All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me while he can ;
While he can, while he can,
Is to love me while he can.

NG beauty, men descry
ant shore, and long to prove
er in variety)
isures of the land of love.
n, like weak Indians stand,
from our golden coast
ring rovers to our land;
who trades with them is lost.
ble vows they first begin,
unseen into the heart;
Tension settled in,
nicky act another part,
and baubles we resign
rance our shining store;
ature's richest mine,
the tyrants will have more,
e wise, and do not try
can court, or you be won;
s but discovery;
hat is made, the pleasure's done.

ow I was milking just now in the vale,
axis advanced and told a fond tale;
e, gentle maidens, believe what I say,
leasure could wait for to hear it all day;
leasure could wait,
leasure could wait,
leasure could wait for to hear it all day.
lla, he cry'd, now I'm happy I vow,
you, believe me, I came from the plough
have me *Flarella*, my dearest now say?
owns soon reply'd, I'll not hear you to day.
tis, I said,—for to try him I strove,
te near me more, for I'm sure you don't love;
'd by rough speeches, nor all I could say:
sw'r'd, with smiles, make me happy to day.
h blushes, I tell, I no longer said no;
s and I unto church soon did go;

Ye lasses, then hear me, oh hear me I pray,
Never wait for to-morrow, catch hold on to-day.

W Hen sable night each drooping plant restoring
Wept o'er the flow'r; her breath did chear,
As some sad widow, o'er her babe deploring,
Wakes its beauty with a tear.
When all did sleep, whose weary hearts could borrow
One hour from love and care to rest;
Lo ! as I pres'd my couch in silent sorrow,
My lover caught me to his breast!
He vow'd he came to save me
From those who would enslave me;
Then kneeling,
Kisses stealing,
Endless faith he swore !
But soon I chid him thence,
For had his fond pretence
Found favour then,
And he had pres'd again
I fear'd my treach'rous heart might grant him more !

T HOU canst not boast of fortune's store,
My love, while me they wealthy call :
But I was glad to find thee poor.—
For with my heart I'd give thee all.
And then the grateful youth should own
I lov'd him for himself alone.
But when his worth my hand shall gain,
No word or look of mine shall show
That I the smallest thought retain
Of what my bounty did bestow:
Yet still his grateful heart shall own
I lov'd him for himself alone.

M Y Jockey is fled from the plain,
And left me in sorrow to mourn,
Was ever so cruel a swain,
Ah ! when will the rover return;

SONGS FOR LADIES.

No longer he pipes on his reed,
Whose music cou'd please us so well.
And dull are the banks of the Tweed,
Since *Jockey* has bid them farewell.

His crook he has broken in twain,
His sheep and his lambkins now stray,
They bleat for their shepherd in vain,
And carelessly wander away.
No longer he pipes, &c.

The swain was made up of deceit,
And as false as the wavering wind,
His manners were gentle and sweet,
But his heart was still false and unkind.
No longer he pipes, &c.

— 188 —

ATTEM'D, ye nymphs, while I impart
The secret wishes of my heart,
And tell what swain, if one there be,
Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preſide,
Let honour all his actions guide;
Stedfast in virtue let him be,
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let ſolid ſeſe inform his mind,
With pure good-nature sweetly join'd;
Sure friend to moideft merit be
The swain design'd for love and me.

Where ſorrow prompts the penfive ſigh,
Where grief bedews the crooping eye,
Meling in sympathy I fee
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let foſdid av'reice claim no part
Within his tender, gen'rous heart;
Oh! be that heart from falſhood free,
Devoted all to love and me.

— 189 —

AT ſetting day and rising morn,
With ſoul that ſill ſhall love thee,
I'll ſeek of heaven thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee;

I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where firſt you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt enfold me.

To all our haunts thou didſt repair,
By green-wood, shaw, or fountain;
Or where the ſummer's day I'd ſhare
With you upon your mountain;
There will I tell the tree and flow'r,
With thoughts unſign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, my love is yours,
My heart, which cannot wander.

— 190 —

AS archers and fiddlers, who cunningly know
The way to procure themſelves merit,
Will always provide them two ſtrings to a bow,
And follow their buſineſs with ſpirit.

So likewife the provident damſel ſhould do,
Who'd make the beſt uſe of her beauty;
If the mark ſhe would hit, or her leſſons paſt the
Two lovers muſt ſtill be on duty.

Thus arm'd againſt chance, and ſecure of ſuppl
So far our revenge we may carry;
One ſpark for our ſport we may illit and ſet by,
And t'other, poor foul! we may marry.

— 191 —

Again in rustic weeds array'd,
A ſimple ſwain, a ſimple maid;
O'er rural ſcenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.

The birds ſhall strain their little throats,
And warble wild their merry notes;
Whilſt we conveſe beneath the shade,
A happy ſwain and happy maid.

Thy hands ſhall pluck, to grace my bow'e,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r;
Whilſt joys shall bleſs, for ever new,
Thy *Pebbe* kind, my *Colin* true.

pretty young swain,
comes many a mile;
he hastes back again,
him to stay a great while;
such love is express'd,
my heart to beguile;
tess, I protest,
in he'll wait a great while.

a nosegay to day,
twas more pleasure than toil;
ly can say,
m not ask a great while;
to grant him a kiss
ie made me to smile;
cry'd; fie, 'tis amiss!
it to last a great while.

ought to be kind.
ll my beauties will spoil;
o' quite of his mind,
im to talk a great while;
weet things he has said,
at last he will spoil;
once asks me to wed,
t live a maid a great while.

of a hill, in a nest lonely cot;
maid I'm afraid is my lot;
my father e'er seen in the place;
ard my condition, and pity my case.

the pride of the plains, I adore;
e, good humour'd, has riches in store;
r damsel, of parentage base;
rd my condition, and pity my case.

ce caught us alone in the dark,
nd forc'd me away from my spark;
uch of sorrow, of shame and disgrace;
rd my condition, and pity my case.

alteration has seiz'd me of late,
mourn all the day for my mate;

At night in my dreams his blest image I trace;
I think how hard my condition, and pity my case.

Whene'er I think on him, I sigh and look pale;
My mother she asks me, what is it I ail:
My rural companions all look in my face,
And in friendly compassion they pity my case.

Oh, *Hymen!* be kind, and give ear to my sighs;
Restore my young shepherd once more to my eyes;
The dear nuptial moment with joy I'll embrace;
And maidens shall envy, not pity my case.

AS t'other day o'er the green meadow I past,
A swain overtook me, and held my hand fast;
Then cry'd, my dear *Lucy*, thou cause of my care,
How long must thy faithful young *Thyss*: despair?
To crown my soft wishes, no longer be thy!
But frowning, I answer'd, oh! fie, shepherd, fie.
He told me his passion, like time should endure,
That beauty, which kindled his flame, would secure;
That all my sweet charms were for pleasure design'd,
And you li was the season to love and be kind.
Lord what cou'd I say! I could hardly deny,
And faintly I utter'd, oh! fie, shepherd! fie.

He swore with a kis that he could not refrain,
I told him 'twas rude, but he kis'd me again;
My conduct, ye fair ones, in question ne'er call,
Nor think I did wrong, I did nothing at all;
Resolv'd to resist, yet inclin'd to comply,
Now gues, if I still said, oh, fie, shepherd, fie.

BLYTHE Jockey, young and gay,
Is all my heart's delight;
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.

If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me;
But when he tarryes here,
'Tis summer all the year.

When I and *Jockey* met
First on the flow'ry dale,
Right sweetly he me tret,
And love was all his tale.

You are the lass, said he,
That staw my heart frae me ;
O ease me of my pain,
And never shew disdain.

I'm glad when *Jockey* comes,
Sad when he gangs away ;
Tis night when *Jockey* glooms,
But when he smiles 'tis day.

His suit I ill deny'd,
He kist'd and I comply'd ;
Sae *Jockey* promis'd me,
That he would faithful be.

Well can my *Jockey* kyth
His love and courtesie ;
He made my heart full blythe,
When he firs' spake to me.

When our eyes meet I pant,
I colour, sigh, and faint ;
What lass that would be kind,
Can better speak her mind ?

— 196 —
BY mossy brook and flow'ry plain,
I fondly seek my shepherd swain ;
Tell me, sweet maidens, have ye seen
The gentle *Damon* on the green :
 Avoid the danger while you may,
 He'll steal your tender hearts away.

Persuasion smiles whene'er he speaks,
And rosy dimples deck his cheeks,
Blooming as health, as Hebe fair,
The graces twine his auburn hair ;
Loves in his funny eye-beams play,
That stole my tender heart away.

Sweet wreaths of flow'r's he wove for me ;
Last night, beneath the hawthorn-tree,
Bewitching are his tales of love,
Propitious may they evet prove :
 For *Damon*, gentle, kind, and gay,
 Has stole my tender heart away.

— 197 —
BY the side of the sweet river *Tay*,
Or else on the banks of the *Tweed*,
Young *Colin* he whistles all day,
Or merrily pipes on his reed.
His mind is a stranger to care,
 For he is blithe, bonny, and free ;
At harvest, at wake, and at fair,
No swain is so cheerful as he.

Ateve, when we dance on the green,
How sprightly he joins in the throng ;
So pleasing his air and his mien,
 So gaily he trips it along !
The lasses his manners adore,
And strive his affections to gain ;
When absent, for him they deplore,
 All figh for the smiles of the swains.

But I am the girl to his mind,
He chose me above all the rest,
And vows that to me he'll be kind,
 With me he will ever be blest.
The maidens all envy my bliss,
 And tell me I'm simple and vain ;
Yet I'm not displeased at this,
 Nor heed their contempt and disdain.

— 198 —
BELOWEATH this grove, this silent shade,
Come, *Damon*, to the gentle maid ;
What other nymph wou'd love like me ?
For, oh, thou'rt all inconstancy !
 You us'd to talk of love and bliss,
 And often figh'd my lips to kiss ;
But roving now is sweeter glee,
 For thou art all inconstancy.

ant flow'rets sweetly spring,
er'd choir in concert sing;
s what I hear and see,
an's all inconstancy.

us doves now bill and coo,
al'se Damon, so can you;
like them contented be,
elight's inconstancy.

fair ! believe not man,
proceed on Damon's plan ;
n the sex your hearts keep free,
like them, inconstancy.

— 199 —

CE love is the plan,
ove if I can,
d I'll tell you what sort of a man,
dres how compleat,
in dres spruce and neat,
how tall, so he's over five feet;
lall, nor too witty,
yes I'll think pretty,
ng with pleasure whenever we meet

long bear a bob,
glais a bob-nob
of his reasen his noddle ne'er rob;
gentle he be,
nan he shall fee,
be conquer'd by any but me,
this is my fancy,
h I can see,
he's mine, until then I'll be free.

— 200 —

ST youth, why thus away,
ve me here a mourning !
ears, while thou'rt away,
ow for thy returning.
wooks, if by your side
lefs Par is straying,
urmer, softly chide,
for him I am straying.

Meads and groves I've rambled o'er
In vain, dear youth, to find thee :
Come, ah ! come, and part no more,
To leave the love behind thee.
On you' hill I'll sit till night,
My careful watch still keeping ;
But if he does not bless my sight,
I'll lay me down a weeping.

— 201 —

ROM the court to the cottage convey me away,
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay ;
Where pride without measure,
And pomp without pleasure,
Make life in a circle of hurry decay.

Far remote, and retir'd, from the noise of the town,
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown:
My friends shall be few,
But well chosen, and true,
And sweet recreation our evenings shall crown.

With a rural repast, a rich banquet to me,
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old trees;
The river's clear brink
Shall afford me my drink,
And temp'rance my friendly physician shall be.

Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,
Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,
I'll neither invoke,
Nor repine at death's stroke,
But retire from the world as I wou'd to my rest.

— 202 —

AR swifter than light my love flies,
In quest of a happier clime,
See yonder he steers through the skies,
And smiles on the wreck of old time.

Since I here on earth still remain,
A stranger to comfort and rest,
At once I will end all my pain—
This dagger I'll sheath in my breast.

FLY, fly to yon vale, other pastimes pursue,
My eyes and my tongue have determin'd thy fate ;
This face and this shape are not destin'd for you,
And former disdain is now turn'd into hate.

AS down the cowslip dale I stray'd
One morning in the dawn,
Young *Demon*, for the fair array'd,
Came tripping o'er the lawn ;
His auburn locks, with manly grace,
In flowing ringlets hung ;
The bloom of health glow'd on his face,
And blithe the Shepherd sung.
Thus onward drew, and as he pass'd,
He smiling bade good day ;
Entranc'd I gaz'd, till, oh ! at last
I gaz'd my heart away.
That moment all to love resign'd,
Each sense seem'd to declare
Tho' hapless I was left behind,
My heart went to the fair.
In vain, my anguish to remove,
To once-lov'd scenes I fly ;
The rose-deck'd bower, the pine-top'd grove,
Seems fading to my eye :
Thou gentle youth, by nature kind,
A maiden's blushes spare ;
Perceive, though she was left behind,
Her heart went to the fair.

AND are you sure the news is true ?
And are you sure he's weel ?
This is no time to think of work,
I must set by my wheel.
Give me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And welcome him on shore ;
But why do I thus lose my time ?
Perhaps he's at the door.
Lie still, lie still, my beating breast,
Ab / welcome him on shore ;

Perhaps from me no more he'll part,
Or trust the rude sea more.
So true his words, so smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air ;
His very foot has musick in't,
When he trips up the stair :
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
There's lilly whiteness in his skin,
And roses in his cheek :
Lie still, lie still, my beating heart,
My Donald's at the door ;
Perhaps from me no more he'll part,
Or trust the rude sea more.
The cold blast of the winter wind,
That thrill'd late through my heart,
Are all blown by, and *Donald's* safe,
Till death we ne'er must part :
But what puts parting in my head ?
It may be far away ;
The present moment sure's our own,
The next we ne'er may see :
Lie still, lie still, my beating heart,
Hark ! hark ! he's at the door ;
Perhaps from me no more he'll part,
Or trust the rude sea more.

IF I was a wife,
And my dearest dear life
Took it into his noddy to die ;
Ere I took the whim
To be bury'd with him,
I think I'd know very well why.
If poignant my grief,
I'd search for relief,
Nor sink with the weight of my care ;
A salve might be found,
No doubt, above ground,
And I think I know very well where

or kind-mate
give me what fate
from the former allow ;
him I'd amuse
wore you abuse,
t I know very well how.

ue, I'm a maid,
't may be said,
the conjugal lot;
arriage, I wean,
cure for the spleen,
t I know very well what.

207

he is gang'd far away o'er the plain,
arrow behind I am forc'd to remain ;
bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn, [thorn
ets are in blossom, and sweet blows the
they give me ; in vain they look gay,
thing can please me now Jockey's away ;
it singing, and this is my strain,
e, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

and their lasses are on the green met,
; and they sing, they laugh and they chat ;
and happy, with hearts full of glee,
hout envy their merriment see :
mes offend me, my laddie's not there,
e I relish that Jockey don't share,
me to sigh, I can scarce tears refrain,
dear Jockey return'd back again.

hall sustain me, nor will I despair :
I'd he would in a fortnight be here ;
speculation my wishes I'd feast,
ay dear Jockey to Jenny will hasten :
well each care, adieu each vain figh,
en so blest'd, or so happy as I ?
no' the meadows, and alter my strain,
Jockey returns to these arms back again,

208

MY bonny sailor's won my mind,
My heart is now with him at sea ;
I hope the summer's western breeze
Will bring him safely back to me ;
I wish to hear what glorious toils,
What dangers he has undergone ;
What sorts he's storm'd, how great the spoils
From France and Spain my sailor's won.

A thousand terrors chill'd my breast,
When fancy brought the foe to view ;
And day and night I've had no rest,
Left ev'ry gale a tempest blew :
Bring, gentle gales, my sailor home,
His ship at anchor may I see ;
Three years are sure enough to roam,
Too long for one who loves like me.

His face by sultry climes is wan,
His eyes by watching, shine less bright ;
But still I'll own my charming man,
And run to meet him when in sight ;
His honest heart is what I prize,
No weather can make that look old ;
The' alter'd were his face and eyes,
I'll love my jolly sailor bold.

209

NO more along the dally'd mead
I meet my fickle swain,
Whose charms and falsehood far exceed
The shepherds of our plain ;
He fighting, follow'd where I rov'd,
Till pity touch'd my heart ;
Then, laughing, boasted how I lov'd,
And play'd a traitor's part.

Ladies, ladies, while you fly,
The men will still pursue ;
But if you pity when they figh,
Alas ! they'll fly from you :

They practise, and they must approve
 An innocent deceit ;
 Affe^t indiff'rence where you love,
 Or you'll indiff'rence meet.

OH ! where will you hurry my dearest ?
 Say, say to what clime or what shore,
 You tear him from me the sincerest,
 That ever lov'd mortal before.
 Ah ! cruel, hard hearted to press him,
 And force the dear youth from my arms,
 Restore him that I may caref' him,
 And shield him from future alarms.
 In vain you insult and deride me,
 And make but a scoff at my woes;
 You ne'er from my dear shall divide me,
 I'll follow wherever he goes.
 Think not of the merciless ocean,
 My soul any terror can have,
 For soon as the ship makes its motion,
 So soon shall the sea be my grave.

O Welcome, my shepherd, how welcome to me
 Is ev'ry occasion of meeting with thee !
 But when thou art absent, so joyless am I,
 Methinks I contented could sit down and die.
 The oft'ner I view thee, the more I approve
 The choice I have made and am fix'd in my love ;
 For merit like yours more brighter is shown,
 And more must be valu'd the more it is known.
 To live in a cottage with thee could I choose,
 And crowns for thy sake I would gladly refuse;
 Not all the vast treasure of wealthy *Pery*,
 To me would seem precious, if banish'd from you.
 For all my ambition in thee is confin'd,
 And nothing could please me should you prove un-
 Then faith/ully love me, and happier I'll be, [kind :
 Than if plac'd on a throne for to reign without thee,

210

OH ! let me unreserv'd declare
 The feelings of my heart,
 My *Strephon* reigns unrivall'd there,
 No other swain has part ;
 Such worth and truth my heart does move,
 To give my shepherd love for love.
 When absent from my longing sight,
 He is my constant theme ;
 His shadow form appears by night,
 And shapes the morning dream ;
 For ah ! his worth my heart does move
 To give the shepherd love for love.
 Ye spotless virgins of the plain,
 Deem not my words too free ;
 For e'er my passion you arraign,
 You must have lov'd like me ;
 And to his worth my heart does move
 To give the shepherd love for love.

212

SWEET, oh ! sweet the flowers in *Moy*,
 Sweet the dew-drop on the spray ;
 Yet more than all, if all should meet,
 My *Damon*'s sweetest of the sweet.
 In gentle *Damon*'s face the rose
 Blended with the lilly grows ;
 His sparkling eyes that glow with fire,
 Mildest, gentlest love inspire.
 His lips are of the rose's hue,
 Still dropping with the morning dew ;
 While breathing, and inviting love,
 They softly, gently, sweetly move.

213

SOMEHOW my spindle I mislaid,
 And lost it underneath the grass,
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
 And said, what seek you, pretty lass ?
Damon advancing, &c.

214

but urg'd with care,
carries and leads it far,
&c.

; by yon spreading oak
spindle lost just now ;
in *Damon* kindly took,
the tree he cut a bough,
nife, &c.
le love, &c.

youth his time employ,
he tenderly beheld,
love, I leap'd for joy,
y heart did fondly yield ;
lk'd of love, &c.
le love, &c.

— 215 —
Am I now am forsaken,
my temples shall bind ;
I by chance am mistaken,
hope, will prove kind.
would leave me in sorrow,
would have him to know,
is good maxim I borrow,
have two strings to one's bow.

ght eyes were my pleasure,
from their beams smil'd on me ;
once all my treasure,
as fickle as he is
can cure all my sorrow,
would have you to know,
n this good maxim I borrow,
way & two strings to their bow,
, to scorn the false rovers,
you because you are true ;
it and kind to your lovers,
they prove constant to you ;
tis folly to languish,
ad to my counsel, and know,
such pining and anguish
e of two strings to my bow.

— 216 —
TO hear the jar of noisy war,
To me is pleasing matter ;
Give me, ye pow'rs, in dang'rous hours,
A spear and shield to clatter ;
If this supply ye shall deny,
Yet grant me hat and feather,
A smart cockade, and polish'd blade—
But keep them from the weather.
I'll then proceed, for sure there's need,
To get my corps together ;
Who feel no dread, but for their head,
Their hat, cockade, and feather.
Let now each maid, in taste array'd,
Advance, in fairest weather—
But hark ! I fear the *French* are near—
Alas ! my hat and feather.
If these I lose, I'll not refuse
To leave the strife to others ;
To those who dread no loss of head,
Britannia's sons and brothers ;
For they'll advance 'gainst *Spain* and *Frasce*,
And knock them down together ;—
Then where they lie,—there let them die—
Despoil'd of hat and feather.

— 217 —
WHEN the hated morning's light,
Peeping in, offends my sight,
Tossing to and fro in bed,
Aching heart, and aching head ;
Counting o'er my various ills,
Fickle lovers, mercers bills ;
All the sums I've lost at dice,
When these in my mind arise,
I cry — — —
But if 'tis Pantheon night,
Or that Ranelagh invite,
Chicheratas here, macheratas there,
Or to Vauxhall I repair ;
If I meet my Lord Perfume,
Or dear Col'nel Thunder-Bomb,

When such pleasures are my lot,
Fickle lovers all forgot,
Dice and mercers bills forgot—

I laugh — — —

Then, if in the Morn'ning Post
I read reputations lost,
Sly intrigues, and cuckold spouses,
Great debates in both the Houses ;
When I'm told that dissipation,
Folly, lux'ry, rule the nation ;
That the rich, the young and wise,
To true pleasure shut their eyes,

I cry

But, if ere my tears are gone,
Simp'ring, enters honest John,
“ Ma'am. Sir Jeju's at the door,
“ In his phæton and four ; ”
Instant all my sorrows cease,
Out I run, and take my place ;
With such joys the moments glide
By my dear Sir Jeju's side,

I laugh — — —

WHEN fragrant bloom of yellow broom,
Delights our lads and lasses,
O'er yellow broom, in beauty's bloom,
My *Willy* all lads surpasses ;

Wi' *Willy* then I'll o'er the braes,
I'll o'er the braes with *Willy* ;
From morn to eve I'll sing the praise
Of buxom, bonny *Willy*.

Reclin'd by *Tay*, at noon-tide day,
We'll pou the daisy pretty ;
The live long day we'll kiss and play,
Or sing some loving ditty.

Wi' *Willy* then, &c.

Now blithe and gay, at setting day,
My mother dinna hinder ;

SONGS FOR LADIES.

I'll sing and play wi' *Willy* gay,
For we twa ne'er shall hinder.

Wi' *Willy* the

WOULD'ST thou all the joy receive,
That enraptur'd lovers give,
Take a heart from falsehood free,
Take a heart that doats on thee ;
Nice suspicion's jealous train,
Still creates a virgin pain ;
Then each timid care remove,
You can smile, and I can love.

Bles'd with thee, profusely gay,
Time shall wing his smiling way ;
Ever blooming joys increase,
Tranquil liberty and peace,
Oh! let kindness rule thy breast,
Smile my panting heart to rest ;
Sweetly smile, and thou shalt know,
We can make a heav'n below.

WHEN morn with purple streaks the
And reed flocks to pasture rise,
I long my absent love to see,
And sigh for him who doats on me,
His lovely form and gracious smile
First caught my partial eye,
And soft persuasion, free from guile,
Soos won me to comply.

Our vows of mutual truth are past'd,
I only live to love ;
And ever shall that passion last,
Which earth and heav'n approve.

WHEN *Jemmy* first began to love,
He was the gayest swain,
That ever yet a flock had drove,
Or danc'd upon the plain :
Twas then that I, wae's my poor heart
My freedom threw away,

sweets in ev'ry smart,
I say him, nay;
Then he talk'd of love,
his eyes decline,
gh a heart would move,
h, and why not mine?
ny hand, and kiss it oft,
spoke his flame;
ie treated me thus soft,
him not to blame.
o feed my flocks with him,
y would invite me,
e softest songs would sing,
se to delight me i.
ev'ry grace display'd,
ere enough, I trow,
any princely maid,
me, I vow.
Jimmy I must mourn,
he ware must go;
ook to a sword must turn,
hat shall I do?
into warlike sounds
exchanged be,
racelets, fearful sounds,
at becomes of me?

222

was young, tho' now am old,
were kind and true;
ye're grown so false and bold,
a woman do?
hat can a woman do?
men are truly,
So unruly,
le at seventy-two!
fair—tho' now so so,
were giv'n to rove,
eat not fast, nor slow;
was faith and low;
hat can a woman do?
men are truly,
So unruly,
able as seventy-two!

223
HE's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er slept in leather shoe,
And, what's better, he'll love me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye,
I deft what she can do;
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I stole out to meet him;
He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue;
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
If he's false—I'll fit him too.

224
HEN ev'ning gales cheer rural groves,
And village lasses gay,
Are roving with the lads they love,
Along the banks of Tay,
I'll chuse young Colin for my guide,
From harms he'll sure defend;
For Colin is my joy and pride,
My lover, and my friend.

Young Colin's now in beauty's bloom.
His looks are fair and gay;
He pipes along the yellow broom,
Or flow'ry banks of Tay;
When harvest smiles, the shepherd's pain,
And all his doubts shall end;
For then I'll wed the gentle swain,
My lover, and my friend.

225
LET awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms,
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,
Quitting young the parent's nest,
Find each bird a bird of prey;
Sorrow knows not where to seek.

AS o'er the lawn young *Sandy* tripp'd,
While kids and lambkins round him skipp'd,

All bonny, blithe and gay;
So sweet he turn'd his pipe and reed,
He charms around each verdant mead,
And ushers in, and ushers in the *May*,
And ushers in the *May*.

But *Sandy* he is a' unkind,
My sighs nor plaints he does n' mind,
Yet still I love the swain t':
For much I fear another she,
Attracts his mind instead of me,
And causes a' my pain.

Oh ! may the maid where'er they meet,
His warmest wishes still complete,
United with her own :
Guard the dear boy, each sacred power,
Your choicest blessing on him shov'r,
Her life with pleasure crown.

BLEST with thee, my soul's dear treasure,
Sweetly will each hour be pass'd ;
*E*vry day will bring new pleasure,
And be happier than the last.
With so lov'd a partner talking,
Time will quickly glide away ;
With so dear a husband walking,
Nature does each bloom display.

Such a darling swain possessing,
All my sorrows will be o'er ;
Thou art fortune's utmost blessing,
Fortune cannot give me more.

FROM morning till night, and wherever I go,
Young *Colin* pursues me, though still I say No,
Young *Colin* pursues me, though still I say No.
Ye matrons experienc'd, inform me, I pray,
In a point that's so critical, what shall I say ?

Ye matrons experienc'd, inform me
In a point that's so critical, what

Soft sonnets he makes on my beat
Such praises a bosom that's tende
He vows that he'll love me for e
In a point that's so critical, what

He brought me a garland, the swe
And saluting me, call'd me his he
in my breast, like a bird, I found
Instruct a young virgin then wha

But vain my petition, you heed n
But leave me unguarded, to stand
No more I'll solicit, no longer I'l
Let prudence inform me in what

When next he approaches, with
If he asks me to wed I vow I'll :
At church he may take me for e
And I warrant you then I shall k

MY mother oft chides me, and
I beg to men's tales you will nev
They're as subtle as foxes, their
Be careful, my child, how you li
Lord love her dear heart, to be f
I did my endeavours her precept
And to hear her advice oft gravel
Tho' it signifies nothing, no mat

Yet still she kept teasing and pli
And beggins 'mongst men I'd no
I gave my consent her opinion te
But what are love promises ? no
It chanced that one day, both m:
Were ask'd to a friend's, both to
There with a young fellow I fell
Indeed he was handsome, no ma

No sooner got home, how my m:
And read me such unkind, un

many perjuries, adding, she thought
to wander much more than I ought
. I thought, on the point somewhat hot,
that preaching, it signified not.
weet feljow, I'll have him, that's flat,
as may preach, but no matter for that.

230

me, kind and gentle swain,
's sweet voice delight you,
yourth should drink each strain,
tauty's lips invite you :
I valour warm your heart,
h and honour guard you :
ded breasts extract the dart,
uty will reward you :
nin'd eyes, their wish disclose,
I you refuse 'em ?
dew from off the rose,
be it in your bosom,

231

wang Jockey toy'd and sported,
try'd each wining art,
silent glances courted,
on my wifless heart ;
I'd my hand, too yielding,
is'd, and oft he smil'd ;
my bosom shielding,
art he soon beguil'd ;
be my inclination
lu'd, the faithleſt swain :
it maid with patience ;
soon forsakes the plain.
a maid a prey to young Cupid,
my fault was her seeming too kind ;
youth was grown very stupid,
that the sting would remain long behind ;
swains, tell me ye swains,
so do fo, would you do so,
would you, would you, could you,
ou have serv'd a maiden so;

Soon as I had lost my lover,
Fool ! I sat me down and cry'd ;
Rail'd at fate, and curs'd the rover,
Sigh'd and fobbd, and fobbd' and sigh'd'

I no breakfast ate nor dinner,
Supperlets I went to bed ;
I a loser, be no winner,
Till a thought came in my head :

Why shou'd I, my bloom destroying,
Vex and teige my foul away :
No.—the gift of life enjoying,
I will taste the sweets of May.

Just as the rose, the bee flying from her,
Blushes and buttles at every wind :
So Chloe's resolv'd to laugh thr.: the summer,
To ev'ry new swain to be gentle and kind.
Tell me, ye maidis, tell me, ye maidis,
Could you do so, would you do so ?
Could you, would you, would you, could you,
Would not you have serv'd the rover so ?

232

SHEPHERD, would you hope to please us,
You must ev'ry humour try :
Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
Often laugh, and sometimes cry.

Soft denials are but trials
Of the heart we wish to gain !
Tho' we're fly and seem to fly,
If you purfue we fly in vain.
Shepherd, &c.

233

THo' his passion in silence the youth would conceal,
What his tongue will not utter, his eyes still reveal,
What his tongue will not utter, his eyes still reveal ;
And by soft stolen glances unwillingly prove,
That they are but tell-tales of *Caledon's* love,
That they are but tell-tales of *Caledon's* love.

To the grove, to the green, to the dance, to the fair,
Wherever I go my blithe shepherd is there;
I know the fond youth by his blush, by his smile,—
And surely such looks were not meant to beguile.
Tho' indiff'rent the subject, whatever it prove,
He insensibly turns the discourse upon love:
If he talks to another, with pleasure I see
Though his words are to her, yet his looks are to me.
Sometimes I command him his speech to refrain;
But, alas! I my resolves, I command it in vain,
For when the dear theme he'll no longer pursue,
I forget my commands, and resume it anew.
When he talks, if alone, I am ever in fear
He should speak what I dread, & yet with most to hear;
Should he mention his love, though my pride would
My heart whispers, *Celia*, fond *Celia* comply, [deny,

— 234 —
WHY, *Colin*, must your *Laura* mourn,
Or longer wait your wish'd return?
O quickly come, and bring with thee
Glad joy to all, but love to me.
No more the tenants of the grove
In concert tune their tales of love;
And nature ceases to be gay
When e'er my shepherd keeps away.
No longer fly the peaceful shade,
But haste to meet your constant maid:
O quickly come, and bring with thee
Glad joy to all, but love to me.

— 235 —
WHAT though the blooming genial year,
In all its beaut'ous pomp appear,
What though each blushing border rise,
And primrose with the vi'lets vies;
Though gay green mantle shade the trees,
Without *Amynor*, what are these?
Without *Amynor*, &c.

*Whet though the cuckow from the grove,
Proclaims the spring the time for love,*

What though the thrilling lark ascend,
And make each rural swain his friend,
Though thrush and blackbird strive to please
Without *Amynor*, what are these?

Though shepherds, each in tender tale,
Protest me fairest of the vale,
What though, in gaileful homage dress,
Deceit may lurk t'invade my breast;
No second love my soul can please,
Without *Amynor*, what are these?

— 235 —
WOMAN should be wisely kind
Nor give her passion scope;
Just reveal her inclination,
Never wed without probation,
Nor in the lover's mind,
Blight the sweet blossom, hope.

Youth and beauty kindle love,
Sighs and vows will fan the fire;
Sighs and vows may traitors prove,
Sorrow then succeeds desire;
Honour, faith, and well earn'd fame,
Feed the sacred lasting flame!

— 237 —
BELOWE me, dear aunt,
If you rove thus, and rant,
You'll never a lover pursuade;
The men will all fly,
And leave you to die,
Oh, terrible chance! an old maid—

How happy the lass,
Moft she come to this pase,
Who antient virginity 'scapes;
'Twere better on earth
Have five brats at a birth,
Than in hell be a leader of apes.

— 238 —
FAITHLESS Damon's turn'd a rover,
From my longing arms he flies,

in perjur'd lover,
he dies.

ine and languish ?
I cruel prove ?
eafe my anguish,
elia's love.

z, how thus deceiving,
arts are won;
too soon believing,
en undone.

— 239 —
ou false deceiver,
we must part ;
e gone for ever,
e from my heart.

— 240 —
in, I cant abide you ;
vows so soon forgot ?
I had try'd you,
ave been my hopeful lot.

: you—make them happy ;
air, and crown their bliss ;
ood-natur'd pappy ;
d you with a kiss.

— 241 —
as my Damon's air,
is his golden hair,
ce the nightingale's,
reath than flow'ry vales ;
eauties to reign,
el task is mine.

ev'ry grove,
rgin of each stream,
enes of former loves,
 Damon is my theme.
oves, the streams remain,
 I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled.
Groves, flocks, and fountains, please no more,
Each flow'r, in pity, droops its head,
All nature does my loss deplore :
All, all reproach the faithless swain,
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

— 242 —
I LIKE the man, whose soaring soul
Is gen'rous and refin'd,
Whose passions act beneath control,
With love and honour join'd.
The oak, by woodbines on the plain,
Encompas'd and caref'd,
Is not more stedfast in its reign,
Nor is more sweetly dress'd.
The frothy sons of vice and show,
Like shadows and like noise,
Have nothing in themselves, we know,
That sober sense enjoys :
But pure and constant love endears,
And feasts both ear and sight,
While ev'ry thing, that virtue fears,
Can give no true delight.

— 243 —
ONE April morn, young Damon sought,
O'er Sylwia to prevail,
And with dissimulation fraught,
He thus address'd his tale.
Now winter's chilling blasts are o'er,
And springs prolific reign
Impels the blossoms and the flow'rs,
To deck the smiling plain.

Let us my dearest girl repair,
To yonder bloomy grove,
For oh ! I long to tell thee there,
How ardenly I love.
When prudence, watchful for the good
Of all who seek her care ;
Confest before the damsel stood,
And said of man beware.

SONGS FOR LADIES.

What tho' his words as honey sweet,
Seem all in candour drest,
Yet art, the parent of deceit,
Lies lurking in his breast.
Admonish'd by this faithful friend,
The cautious maid reply'd,
The youth I to the grove at end,
Must make me first his bride.

Abaſh'd ! the swain his purpose faw,
In blackest colours rife,
Her honour struck his soul with awe,
And fill'd with shame his eyes ;
To church he led the lovely maid,
Fair virtue's sacred school !
While *Sylvia* archly smil'd, and faid,
Now—who's the *April* fool ?

244
SINCE *Hodge* proves ungrateful, no farther I'll seek,
But go up to town in the waggon next week ;
A service in *London* is no such disgrace.
And register's office will get me a place :
Bet Bliffom went there, and soon met with a friend ;
Folks lay in her files she's now standing an end,
Then why should not I the same maxim pursue,
And better my fortune as other girls do ?

245
THO' the winds are whistling round me,
And the midnight rains descend ;
Painful fear shall near confound me,
Guardian love will be my friend.

Night ! how much I can defy thee !
Laugh at all thy negro train !
Day returning, *Damon*'s nigh me,
Storms may beat, but beat in vain,

On my shepherd, fond reclining,
Pleasing safety soothed my breast :
Welcome winds to peace inclining !
Winds that lull to downy rest !

246
TALK no more of love to me,
All your suit will not prevail ;
I for one confess a flame,
In the humble flow'ry vale.
For each other, long we've figh'd,
Equal both, in birth and place ;
He's my only joy and pride,
Love can laugh at noble race.

247
YOUNG I am, and sore afraid :
Would you hurt a harmless maid ?
Lead an innocent astray ?
Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.
Men too often we believe ;
And, should you my faith deceive,
Ruin first, and then forsake,
Sure my tender heart would break.

248
YE nymphs, whose softer souls approve
The touching strain of heart-felt love, .
I'll tell you of the gentlest swain
That ever grac'd the rural plain.
Who, but *Lysander*, has the pow'r
To brighten ev'ry darksome hour ?
To call a smile from dimple sleek,
Or make the blood forsake the cheek ?
None with my love could e'er compare,
For manly beauty, graceful air ;
For speech whose accent mild inspire
Gay delight and soft desire.

This matchless youth I now posseſs,
O love abate thy fond care !
For I am lost to all relief,
If joy can kill as well as grief.

249
DEAREST *Damon* do not fly me
Cannot tears your pity move,
Oh ! believe me, don't deny me,
It is you I only love !

o he shuns me, cruel fate !
Ah, never, never he'll return,
bat can now my tears abate,
While with hopeles love I burn.
my Damon now believes me,
He returns, by pity mov'd,
very pleasure now surrounds me,
Loving, and again belov'd.

— 250 —
gales, in pity bear
my tender sighs away ;
Strephon's ear
complaints convey
noisy fountain's side,
the verdant bank reclin'd,
sing streams in murmurs glide,
the dear deluder find.
in pity bear
my tender sighs away ;
Strephon's ear
complaints convey.
one how I mourn,
all my pains and woes ;
ll him to return,
; my wounded heart repose.
in pity bear
my tender sighs away ;
Strephon's ear,
complaints convey.

— 251 —
her, if you please, you may
to observe my way ;
if the watchful spy,
ie ever in your eye ;
ill itself restrain,
others is in vain ;
If I do not keep,
aching, you may sleep.
ord what love inspires,
you but fan it's fires ;
s appetite enrage,
ay prove too strong for age ;

Then leave me unconfin'd and free,
With prudence for my lock and key ;
For if myself I do not keep,
Instead of watching, all may sleep.

GO, perjur'd youth, thou foe to truth,
Retract the vows you swore ;
A Proteus true I've found in you,
And ne'er can like you more.

Ungen'rous boy ! made to destroy,
And rob me of my peace ;
Awake, asleep, pangs round me creep,
That never, never cease,

Sad throbbing sighs, tear-streaming eyes,
The emblems of despair ;
Each friend in vain (while you disdain)
Attempts to soothe my care.

But all their art to cure my smarts,
Inefficacious prove ;
My mind's not free from slavery,
'Tis bound in chains of love.
Maria's fair, false man, declare,
Just as thou didst to me ;
(But maid beware his fatal snare,
It's wrapt in perjury.)

His main delight is stories bright,
They steal upon our ears ;
Our tempers vex, degrade the sex,
And force down floods of tears.

O ! savage man, made to trepan,
And call love's pain a jest ;
O grant that I might change the sigh,
For joys within my breast !

I'd then be free from such as thee,
I'd spend in mirth each hour ;
My virgin heart should know no smart,
But laugh at all thy pow'r.

I'll envy not the fair-one's lot,
To whom young Edwin roves ;
But wish to see them ever be
The portraits of fond doves.

For sweet content was never meant
To wretched me below ;
Yet when I die, my soul shall fly
Beyond the reach of woe.

How pleasing's my *Damon*, how charming his face !
Adorn'd w. th sweet smiles, and bedeck'd with each
His manners are gentle, engaging and free ; [grace !
And what is still better, the shepherd loves me,
Tho' plaintive his song, it drives sorrow away ;
To hear his sweet voice I could listen all day ;
I always am happy when *Damon* I see ;
I love the young shepherd, because he loves me.
T'other day, as I sat beneath a green shade,
He press'd my hand gently, and call'd me dear maid :
His words, and his looks, and his actions agree,
And I love the dear shepherd, because he loves me.
The morn now invites, to the shade I'll repair,
And surely my *Damon* will follow me there.
Should he urge his fond suit, we shall quickly agree ;
I'll marry my shepherd because he loves me.

HOW imperfect is expression,
Some emotions to impart !
When we mean a soft confession,
And yet seek to hide the heart !
When our bosoms, all complying,
With delicious tumults swell,
And beat what broken, faint'ring, dying
Language would, but cannot tell.
Deep confusion's rosy terror,
Quite expressive paints my cheek.
Ask no more—behold your error ;
Blushes eloquently speak.
What tho' silent is my anguish,
Or breath'd only to the air ;
Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
Read what yours have written there.
O, that you could once conceive me !
Once : my heart's strong feelings view !
Love has no right more fond, believe me ;
Friendship nothing half so true.

From you I am wild despairing,
With you speechless as I touch ;
This is all that bears declaring,
And perhaps declares too much.

I Willna marry ony mon but *Sandy* o'er the L
But I will ha my *Sandy* Lad, my *Sandy* o'er the L
For he's aye a kiffing, kiffing, aye a kiffing me
I will not have the minister, for all his godly l
Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his willye l
I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I
But I will ha my *Sandy* Lad, without one
For he's aye a kiffing, &c.

I will not have the soldier lad, for he gangs to the

I will not have the sailor lad, because he smells

I will not have the lord nor laird, for all their s

But I will have my *Sandy* Lad, my *Sandy* o'
For he's aye a kiffing, &c.

I'D have a man of sense and air,
The pride of ev'ry witty fair ;
Genteel in make, in stature tall,
Polite to me, and good to all.
No powder'd, filly, flatt'ring beau,
Who of good sense doth nothing know :
A man of science, fond of books,
Who's temper's equal to his looks.
No jealous fear I'd have annoy
The cleaving propect of our joy :
That like a scene of love may be
To the dear youth, the world, and me.
I'd have this mild and gentle youth
Inspir'd with wisdom, grace, and truth ;
And as for wealth, I'll not repine,
If he has none, I'll give him mine.
Ye gen'rous gods ! I ask no more ;
If such a man you've got in store,
And I'm deserving, speak your mind,
I'll be to him for ever join'd.

— 257 —
me—little—beauty—
p it?—no, not I—
ack, too—'tis my duty
revious to apply.

une—gave 'em freely,
'em—quite genteelly.
narts of the sky
ogle, and figh,
'er I pass by ;
And cry,
ok y' there !
hat an air !
ds, how fair !
Pray, why
o feed your starch'd pride)
ift I go and hide,
ll you're made a bride ?
Who, I ?
, no—If I do, may I die.

— 258 —
dull, inglorious life,
will not tarry;
m and martial wife,
camp with Harry,
pipe, and rustic play
is my passion ;
, I will not stay,
now the fashion.

ill not be left behind,
to fear a stranger ;
rocks I'll never mind,
toil and danger.
I not tell me, may,
I'm unsteady ;
my swain away,
ne to be ready.

s, from pleasant Tweed,
I must be flying ;
re, and pajeeted meso,
was't be crying.

Till tumult's o'er, adieu to all,
Not long I hope to tarry ;
I hear the drum's enliv'ning call,
I must be gone with Harry.

— 259 —
I'LL to some shady, cool retreat,
Where spreading trees conspire to meet,
To hide my blush, while I repeat
The love I bear my *Colin* :
Name all that's amiable in love,
My Colin amply doth improve ;
The sacred truth of Heav'n above,
Is center'd in my *Colin*.

Were I posses'd of monarchs lands.
Of eastern shores, or golden sands ;
No one shou'd share in *Hymen*'s bands
With me, but lovely *Colin*.
With him, beneath a myrtle seat,
I'll sing, and blest my happier fate,
Than seated on a throne of state,
With any one but *Colin*.

So long as Saran's glass shall run,
Or Perian's hail the rising sun,
Or till my thread of life is spun,
So long shall I love *Colin* ;
And when I take the parting kiss :
In death I'll cheer my heart with this :
That I shall meet in future bliss,
Again, with thee my *Colin*.

— 260 —
IF ever, oh ! *Hymen*, I add to thy tribe,
Let such be my partner, my muse shall describe ;
Not in party too high, nor in stature too low,
Not the least of a clown, nor too much of a beau.
Be his person genteel, and engaging his air,
His temper still yielding, his soul, too, sincere ;
Not a dupe to his passion 'gainst reason to move,
But kind to the sweetest, the passion of love.
Let honour, commendable pride in the sex,
His actions direct, and his principles fix'd,
Then groundless suspicion he'll never surmise,
Nor jealousy read ev'ry glance of my eyes.

If such a blest youth approve my small charms,
And no thought of int'rest his bosom alarms ;
In wedlock I'll join with a mutual desire
And prudence shall cherish the wavering fire.

Thus time shall glide on, unperceiv'd in decay.
Each night shall be blissful, and happy each day;
Such a partner grant, *bear'n*, with my pray'r O com.
Or a maid let me live, and a maid let me die. [ply !

— 261 —

LONG time I've enjoy'd the soft transports of love,
I've bill'd like a sparrow, or coo'd like a dove.
In' woodbine alcove, or in jessamin bow'r,
To many fond shepherd's I've listened an hour,
But now for such pleasures I care not a rush,
One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Young Colin's caresses inspir'd me with joy,
And Damon's first vows I thought never could cloy,
With each I have sat in a fav'rite retreat,
And beheld with delight each fond swain at my feet,
But now for such pleasures I care not a rush,
One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Gay Strephon declares I'm the girl to his mind,
If he proves sincere, I'll be constant and kind,
He vows that to-morrow he'll make me his wife,
I'll fondly endeavour to bless him for life;
For all other swains now I care not a rush,
One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

— 262 —

LOVE's a bubble, courting trouble,
Whilst we love and love in vain;
When 'tis over, is the lover,
Now we've got him, worth the gain ?

Is love treasure, is it pleasure,
That can pay whole years of care?
Is the blessing worth caressing ?
Speak, ye swains, and own, ye fair.

Kind, ye're pleasing; coy, we're teizing;
Love's a fond fatiguing chace;
Smiles deceive us, hopes relieve us,
Hearts our sport from place to place,

Cupid smiling, life beguiling,
Tempt us with the playful toy;
Oft denying, oft complying,
Love's our torment and our joy.

— 263 —

LEAVE party disputes, your attention I pit
All you who to mirth are inclin'd,
And of those I dislike when you hear what
You may guess at the man to my mind.

Ye self-loving coxcombs, whose fondness is
From the form your false mirrours dispel:
When you talk of a passion, as nothing goes
So all goes for nothing you say.

No pretension I boast to the awkward young,
I ho' born to a wealthy estate,
Who paying no court to the charms of the
Buys a wife, like a calf, by her weight.

The old batter'd rake sure no woman can |
Who has long reckon'd marriage a curse
Tho' his great co-descension he's ready to |
By his taking a wife for a nurse.

A fool for a husband some females have cl |
And repentance oft rues what is past,
Tho' he turns for a season which way the w
The weathercock's rusty at last.

But the man that ha' h. sense, with a heart
Where passion and reason agree,
Whose fortune's sufficient to combat with
—Can't you guess at the lover for me?

— 264 —

LONG, long I despair'd a young shephe
Nor proud of his merit, nor false as the will
But at last I have got a dear lad to my mi
Oh ! I never can part with my *Willy* !

We hid to the altar last *Midsummer-day* :
I blush'd all the while, and scarce knew w
But I vow'd (I remember) to love and ob
Can I do any less by my *Willy* ?

a fragrant as fresh morning air ;
the rose is more ruddy, I swear;
as sweet—oh ! beyond all compare !
such a lad as my *Willy*.

pretends to pipe or to play,
soft things does the shepherd not say ?
sure, he might steal hearts away ;
er distrust thee, dear *Willy*.

'd all in pain, and hung down my head,
it watch'd me ! what tears did he shed !
me a moment till sickness was fled :
get thee, dear *Willy*.

from my sight tear the shepherd so true,
is he chuse, then, me away too ;
id I tarry, or what could I do,
se such a lad as my *Willy*.

— 265 —
bane of soft content ;
inauspicious guest ;
why thy shaft was sent
to peaceful breast ?
, I thought the passion,
new joys could see ;
an alteration,
from love and me.
in the conscious grove,
plaintive mourn'd,
chanc'd that way to rove,
nymph return'd :
entance at her feet,
upon the swain ;
d heart responsive beat
d joy again.

— 266 —
nd mother (what ail them !)
too young to be wed ;
but in troth I shall fail them,
in my chair and my bed.
minds are but cherry,
ain't we not *argue a glore*,

Any bed will hold me and my deary,
The main chance in wedlock is love.

My father, when ask'd if he'd lend us
An horse to the parson to ride :
In a wheel barrow offer'd to send us,
And *John* for the footman beside.

Wou'd we never had ask'd him ! for whip it,
To the church, tho' two miles and a half ;
Twice as far 'twere a pleasure to trip it,
But then how the people wou'd laugh !

The neighbours are settled most sadly :
Was e'er such a forward, bold thing !
Sure girl never acted so madly !
Thro' the parish these backbitings ring.

Yet I will be married to-morrow,
And charming young *Harry* is the man :
My brother's blind nag we can borrow,
And he may prevent us that can.

Not waiting for parents consenting,
My brother took *Nell* of the green ;
Yet both far enough from repenting,
Now live like a king and a queen.

Pray, when will your gay things of *London*
Produce such a strapper as *Nell* ?
Their wives by their husbands are undone,
As *Saturday's* newspapers tell.

Polly Barnley said, over and over,
I soon shou'd be left in the lurch :
For *Harry* she knew was a rover,
And never wou'd venture to church.

And I know the sorrows that wound her !
He courted her once he confess'd ;
With another too great when he found her,
He bid her take them she lik'd best.

But all that are like her, or wou'd be,
May learn from my *Harry* and me,
If maids would be maids while they should be,
How faithful their sweethearts wou'd be.

My mother says, cloathing and feeding,
Will soon make me sick of a brat;
But, tho' I grew sick in my breeding,
I care not a farthing for that.
For, if I'm not hugely mistaken,
We can by the sweat of our brow,
Stick a hog once a year for fat bacon,
And all the year round keep a cow.
I value no dainties a button,
Coarse food will our stomachs allay;
If we cannot get beef, veal, or mutton,
A chine and a pud'ing we may.
A fig for your richest brocading;
In Lindsey there's nothing that's base;
Your finery soon sets a facing;
My dowlaſſ will stand beyond lace.
I envy not wealth to the miser,
Nor wou'd I be plagu'd with his store;
To eat all and wear all is wiser;
Enough must be better than more.
So nothing shall tempt me from Harry,
For he is as true as the sun;
Eve with Adam was order'd to marry;
This world it should end as begun.

267

MY Sandy is the sweetest swain
That ever pip'd on Tay;
He tenes the sheep upon the plain,
And chears me all the day.
As on a mossy bank we sat,
Beneath a verdant shade,
The youth so charm'd me with his chat,
While on his bagopipes play'd.
He call'd me his dear life and care,
And his own Moggie, too;
He vow'd by all that's good and fair,
To me he will prove true.
For Sandy is a bonny swain,
And I'll be Sandy's wife;
Then bid adieu to care and pain,
And be bleit for life.

— 268 —
MY former time, how brisk and gay,
So blith wau I, as blith could be,
But now I'm sad, ah! well a-day,
For my true love is gone to sea.
The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
Their wheedling arts are loft on me;
For I to death shall love but one,
And he, alas! is gone to sea.
As droop the flow'r's till light return,
As mourns the dove it's absent she;
So will I droop, so will I mourn,
Till my true love returns from sea.

269

MORE bright the sun began to dawn,
The merry birds to sing,
And flow'rets dappled o'er the lawn,
In all the pride of spring;
When for a wreath young Damon stray'd,
And smiling to me brought it;
Take this, he cry'd, my dearest maid;
And who, aye who'd have thought it.
I blush'd the present to receive,
And thank'd him o'er and o'er;
When soft he sigh'd, bright fair, forgive,
I must have something more:
One kind sweet kiss will pay me best,
So earnestly he sought it,
I let him take it, I protest,
And who, aye who'd have thought it!
A swain that wo'd with so much art,
No nymph could long disdain;
A secret flame from touch'd my heart,
And flush'd thro' ev'ry vein;
'T as love inspir'd the pleasing change,
From his my bosom caught it;
'Twas strange indeed, 'twas passing strange,
And who, aye who'd have thought it!
Hark! Hymen calls, the shepherd cry'd;
Let us, my dear comply;

Songs for LADIES.

ut went, with love our guide,
round the nuptial tie;
r since that happy day,
usual warmth has taught it,
ly kiss, and sport and play,
who, aye who'd have thought it!

— 270 —

other cries, *Betty* be shy,
ever the men would intrude;
not her meaning, not I,
'd take her advice—if I could.
apt up t'other day
so me, and ask'd if he shou'd;
at cou'd a shepherdels say?
'd fain have said no—if I could.
her remembers the time
she like a vestal was mew'd
is, I conceive, was a crime,
'd not be serv'd so—if I cou'd,
ith *Alexis* she'll chide;
yshe perhaps may be rude;
or pretend to decide,
fancy he would—if he cou'd.
y-morn I tript o'er the plain;
w me, and quickly pursu'd;
y laugh'd at the swain;
tch you, he cry'd—if I cou'd.
n he o'ertook my best haste,
wore he'd be constant and good;
ll live decent and chaste;
d marry the swain—if I cou'd.

— 271 —

ntious mother, t'other day,
Polly, mind me, do;
ng *Damon* come this way,
ar he came to you;
w he's gay, and thought a rake,
er welcome make him,
ot scolded for his sake,
the deuce may take him,

It's true I met him in a grove,
He gently clasp'd my hand,
Then sigh'd, and talk'd more things of love
Than I could understand;
And who'd have thought that we were seen?
But of such tricks I'll break him;
If he won't tell me what they mean,
The deuce, sure, ought to take him.

I often feel my bosom glow
With warmth I never knew,
If this be love that haunts me so,
What can a virgin do?
Indeed, for pipe, for dance and song,
'Gainst ev'ry swain I'd take him,
But if he tantalizes long.
I hope the deuce will take him.

They say from wedlock springs delight,
Then let him speak his mind,
I've no objection to unite
With one so fond and kind;
My mother, tho' too apt to pry,
To disoblige I'm lothe,
Howe'er I'll wed, then all her cry
Will be, deuce take you both.

— 272 —

NIGHT, to lovers joys a friend,
Swiftly thy assistance lend;
Lock up envious, seeing day,
Bring the willing youth away;
Haste, and speed the tedious hour,
To the secret happy bower;
Then, my heart, for bills prepare,
Thyris surely will be there.

See the hateful day is gone,
Welcome evening now comes on;
Soon to meet my dear I fly,
None but love shall then be by;
None shall dare to venture near,
To tell the plighted vows they hear;
Parting thence will be the pain,
But we'll part to meet again.

Don't you feel a pleasing smart,
Gently stealing to your heart?
Fondly hope, and fondly fight?
For, my shepherd oft do I;
Wish in *Hymen's* bands to join,
I'll be your's, and you be mine?
Tell me, *Thyrsis*, tell me this,
Tell me, then, an' tell me yes.

Farewel, loit'ring idle day!
To my dear I bid away;
On the wings of love I go,
He the ready way will show:
Peace, my breast, nor danger fear,
Love and *Thyrsis* both are near;
'Tis the youth! I'm sur 'tis he!
Night, how much I owe to thee.

— 73 —

ONE midsummer morning, when nature look'd gay,
The birds full of song, and the flocks full of play;
When earth seem'd to answer the smiles from above,
And all things proclaim'd it the season of love;
My mother cry'd, *Nancy*, come haste to the mill,
If the corn be not ground, you may scold if you will.
The freedom to use my tongue, pleas'd me no doubt;
A woman, alas! would be nothing without.
I went to 'ard the mill without any delay,
And conn'd o'er the words I intended to say;
But when I came near it, I found it stock still;
Bless my stars, now I cry'd, huff'em rarely I will.
The miller to marker that instant was gone,
The work was all left to the care of his son;
Now tho' I can scold well as any one can,
Yet I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the young
I said, i'm surpris'd you can use me so ill; [man.
Sir, I must have my corn ground, I must and I will.
Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the neglect is not mine,
No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine,
There's no one more ready in preasing the fair,
The mill shall go merrily round, I declare:

SONGS FOR LADIES.

But hark how the birds sing, and see how the
Now I must have a kiss first! I must and I will

My corn being done, I to 'ard home bent my wa
He whisper'd he'd some thing of moment to say
Instituted to hand me along the green mead,
And there swore he lov'd me, indeed and indeed
And that he'd be constant and true to me still
So that since that I've lik'd him, and like him

I often say, mother, the miller I'll huff;
She laughs, and cries, go girl, aye plague himen
And scarce a day passes, but by her desire,
I steal a fly kiss from the youth I admire.
If wedlock he wishes, his will I'll fulfil;
And I'll answer, oh yes, with a hearty good w

— 274 —

ON *Tay's* green banks I'll boldly tell
The love I have for *Jockey*,
Attend my song, each blithesome belle,
And shepherd's hither flock ye.
I gave my heart to that fond swain,
Who won it of me fairly;
I'd do if 'twere to do again,
I love him still so dearly.

His manners soft, tho' strong his mind,
Not fickle like the weather,
Not cross to-day, to-morrow kind,
And lighter than a feather;
His words and actions both agree,
His temper's warm, not heady s
He's always good and just to me,
To love and honour steady.

For his own self, I like my swain,
I know his worth and nature;
I'll give him not a moment's pain,
Nor wrong so sweet a creature.
No girl on *Tweed*, or *Clyde*, or *Spay*,
Is born to so much pleasure,
As is the merry lass of *Tay*,
Or closer hugs her treasure.

275

If the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the kye
ie weary world asleep is gane ; [at home,
s of my hears fall in show's fra my e'e,
y gude man sleeps sound by me.

Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his
g a crown he had naithing else beside [bride
the crown a pound my *Jamie* went to sea,
crown and the pound were baith for me ,
a been gane a year and a day, [flewe away
; faither brake his arm, and our cow was
er the fell sick, and *Jamie* at the sea,
l Robin Gray came a courting to me.

I cou'dna work, & my mither cou'dna spin
ay and night but their bread I cou'dna win
in fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in biac'e,
me, for their fakes, oh marry me :
it said na, and I look'd for *Jamie* back,
wind it blew hard, and his ship was a wreck
was a wreck, why did na *Jamie* die,
was he spared to cry wae is me ?

I urg'd me fair, but my mither did na speak
oekin my face till my heart was like to break
ied him my hand, tho' my heart was at sea,
l Robin Gray was a gude man to me :
been a wife, but weeks only four,
ting sa mournfully out my ain door,
Jamie's ghaist, for I could na think it he,
nd I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

did we greet, and nickle did we say,
out a kiss, and we tore ourselvess away,
were dead, but I'm na like to die,
was I born to say, wae is me ?
te a ghaist, and I canna like to spin,
think on *Jamie*, for that would be a sin ;
do my best a gude wife to be,
Robin Gray is sa kind to me.

276

nmer it was smiling, nature round was gay,
Jamie was attending on *Auld Robin Gray* ;
is sick at heart, and had na friend beside,
me, poor *Jeanie*, who newly was his bride.

Ab, *Jeanie* ! I shall die, he cry'd, as sure as I had birth
Then see my poor auld banes, pray, laid into the earth
And be a widow for my sake a twelvemonth & a day
And I will leave whate'er belongs to *Auld Robin Gray*

I laid poor *Robin* in the earth, as decent as I cou'd,
And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very gude,
I took my rock all in my hand, and in my cot I liz'd
Ah wae is me what shall I do since poor *Auld Robin* died
Search ev'ry part thro' out the land there's none like

[me forlorn ;

I'm ready e'en to ban the day, that ever I was born,
For *Jamie* all I lov'd on earth ; ah ! he is gone away
My faither & my mither's dead & eke *Auld Robin Gray*

I rose up with the morning sun & spun till setting day
And one whole year of widowhood I mourned for *Robin*
I did the duty of a wife both kind & conftant too [*Gray*
Let ev'y one example take and *Jeanie* plain purfue.
I thought that *Jamie* he was dead or he to me was lost,
And all my fond and youthful love entirely was crost.
I tried to sing, I tried to laugh, and pas'd the time away
For I had not a friend alive since died *Auld Robin Gray*

At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'dna gues
[the cause,

Yet *Rodney* was the man they said who got so much ap
[plause

I doubted if the tale was true, till *Jamie* came to me,
And shew'd a purse of golden ore, & said it is for thee,
Auld Robin Gray I find is dead & fill your heart iistrue
Then take me *Jeanie* to your arms, & I will be so too.
Mrs. Jean shall join us at the kirk & we'll be blith&gay
I bluin'd, consented, & replasd, adieu to *Robin Gray*.

277

T WAS in the dead of night, soon after *Jeanie* wed
And wi her faithful *Jamie* was sleeping in her bed,
A hollow voice she heard whic call'd her to awake,
And listen to the words would be utter'd for her sake.
She started from her sleep, her bosom beat wi fear,
When the ghaist of *Robin Gray* before her did appear,
He w. v'd his shadowy hand, and thus to her did say,
Ah *Jeanie* ! lif awhile, to your *Auld Robin Gray*.
I do not come, dear *Jeanie*, your conduct to reprove,
Or interrupt the joys you share in *Jamie*'s love,

His honest heart deserves whatever he can receive,
Since he has fought so nobly & would not you deceive
Still let his courage rise, his country's foes to quell,
To you he safe shall come again, the fates now bid

[me tel']

With Howe as well as Rodney his valor he'll display
If you will but believe the ghast of Robin Gray.

And Jeanie must submit your virtue is your guard,
For fortune has in store for you a high & rich reward.
The haughty Dons subdued with Hollerd & with France
Your Jamie with fresh laurels crown'd will to your

[wish advance]

Then let him haste wⁱ all his speed to join a noble fleet
Tho' danger does appear in view no harm shall

[Jamie meet]

But joyful shall return again upon a future day.
As you may sure believe the ghast of Robin Gray.

278

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
And please the canny boatman,
Bear me fra' hence, or bring to me,
My blyth, my bonny scotman:
In holy bands we join'd our hands,
Yet may not that discover,
While parents rate a large estate,
Before a faithful lover.

But I would chuse in highland glens,
To herd the kid and goat-man,
E'er I cou'd for such little ends
Refuse my bonny Scotman:
Wae worth the man who first began
The base ungen'rous fashion;
From greedy views, love's art to use,
Whilst stranger to its passion.

Fra' foreign fields my lovely youth,
Haste to thy longing lassie;
Who pants to kiss thy balmy mouth,
And in her bosom pres thee.
Love gives the word, then haste on board,
Fair wind and gentle boatman,
Waft o'er, waft o'er, from yonder shore,
My blyth, my bonny scotman.

THE sportsman goes out with his dog & his
To kill all the game till the day-light is gone,
My pleasure's to spare all the birds I can get,
For I catch them alive, and they're safe in my
The men are my birds, for whom spread is my
I can judge of their merit the best when they're
And if they have nothing my heart to engage,
I lose not a twelvemonth in making a cage.
If they whistle and sing, and my fancy employ
I'm glad of my prize, and grow fond of my toy
If their plumage is gaudy, and sweet is their
I can see, and can hear the dear things all day
But if they delight not my eye nor my ear,
If too squalling their notes for my patience to l
If they are not worth keeping, I e'en let them
A cage is too good for a magpie or crow.

If the lark, thrush, or nightingale, bullfinch, &
Who're the witty, the tuneful, the gay among
Will fly to my net, I'll draw tight if I can,
In a cage place my captive—I mean my sweet

280

THREE lads contended for my heart,
Each boasted different charms and grace,
Young Hal cou'd sing with taste and art,
Beau Jemmy sported frogs and lace.
Blith Willy was a soldier brave,

Who fear'd not scars or deaths or wounds.
His country or his love to save,
When Britain's silver trumpet sounds.

Now fear is rous'd by war's alarms,
And threat'ning foes each hour arise,
I scorn young Harry's vocal charms,
And master Jemmy I despise;

I love my Willy, bold and brave,
He heeds not scars, or death, or wounds,
His country or his love to save,
When Britain's silver trumpet sounds.

In piping times of peace, a beau,
Dear girls, may idle thoughts employ;
But now, while the eaten'd by each foe,
Be wife, and throw away the wⁱ.

ce, love him that's brave,
not scar, or death, or wounds;
smiles your country save,
zim's silver trumpet sounds:

— 281 —

wily blith at early dawn,
nd fair as roses blawn,
dewy lawn he roves,
e lass he dearly loves.
e the birk, green grows the grass;
will nothing move thee,
true, my bonny lass,
e to love thee.

claim can make,
e for your dear sake,
her busines free,
we shall follow thee.
ells the birk, &c.
wing and will not stay,
let's make our hay;
es at his altar stands,
heart, Oh ! give your hand.
ells the birk, &c.

— 282 —

fat beneath a shade,
r sheep from straying,
g thing, she said,
hout obeying.
easing th'ng, &c.
is a single life,
yond expression !
is become a wife,
and compassion,
to all her joy,
imony binds her
loses his thoughts employ
to confine her.
then is liberty,
can e'er molest them,
fools who don't live free,
me so has blest them,

— 283 —
A CURSE attends that woman's love,
Who always would be pleasing ;
The pertness of the bi lling dove,
Like tickling is but teasing.

What then in love can woman do ?
If we grow fond they shun us ;
And when we fly them, they pursue,
But leave us when they've won us.

— 284 —

AH ! why did Jocky gang away,
And leave his love behind him,
So far in distant climes to stray,
When Jane could never find him ?
Where thund'ring cannons they do roar
And drums so loudly rattle ;
Where verdant fields are all in gore,
By some most furious battle,
By some most furious battle.

Ye guard'an pow'rs, my Jocky save,
When danger's fix'd around him ;
For oh ! in arms 'tis known how brave
His lairds have always found him.
There's ne'er a lad in au the town
Can boast his equal merit ;
He'll ever fight for Eng'land's crown,
With loyalty and spirit.

Oh ! had I known the cruel war
So long had kept my laddy,
I'd gang with him 'hoogh e'er so far,
In au my best of pladdy ;
But, hark ! I hear the fifes, the drums,
Oh ! joy beyond expressing ;
My lovely soldier, see ! he comes,
I'll fly for to care's him.

— 285 —

AS I went o'er the meadows, no matter the day,
A shepherd I met who came tripping that way ;
I was going to fair all so bonny and gay,
He ask'd me to let him go 'long with me there ;
No harm shall come to you, young damsel, I swear,
I'll buy you a fairing to put in your hair.

You

You've a good way to go, it is more than a mile,
We'll rest, if you p'ease, when we get to yon stile;
I've a story to tell, that will charm you the while,
To go with him farther I did not much care;
But still I went on, not suspecting a snare,
For I dream'd of a fairing to come from the fair.

To make me more easy, he said all he could :
I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good ;
For I'd not for the world, he shoud dare to be rude.
Young Roger had promis'd and baulk'd me last year ;
If he shoud do so, I would go no more there,
Tho' I long'd e'er so much for a gift from the fair.

When we got to the stile, he would scarce be said no,
He prest'd my soft lips, as if there he would grow ;
(Take care how that way with a shepherd you go).
Confounded I ran, when I found out his snare ;
No ribbon, I cry'd, from such hands will I wear,
Nor go, while I live, for a gift to the fair.

286
As 't other day milking I sat in the vale,
Young Damon, came up, to address his soft tale,
So sudden I started, and gave him a frown. [down.
For he frightened my cow, and my milk was kick'd

Lord blesse me ! says I, what-a-deuce can you mean ?
To come thus upon me, unthought of, unseen,
I ne'er will approve of the love you pretend ;
For, as mischief began, perhaps mischief may end.

I little thought now, he'd his passion advance ;
But pretty excuses made up the mishance ;
He brgg'd a kind kis, which I gave him, I vow ;
And I laid, my own self, all the fault on my cow.

How many ways love can the bosom invade !
His hair, prov' too strong, alas ! for a maid.
He hinted that wedlock was what he'd be at,
But I thought it was best to say nothing of that.

I flutter all other wh'en'er he comes nigh ;
For, if he should p'se, I should surely comply,
And ne'er shall be angry, my heart it self tells,
Tho' he lings down my milk, or doe, ev'y thing else.

287
BLAB not what you ought to smother,
Honour's laws shoud sacred be ;
Boasting favours from another,
Ne'er will favour gain with me.

But, inspir'd with indignation,
Sooner I'd lead apes in hell,
E'er I'd trust my reputation
With such fools as kis and tell.

He who finds a hidden treasure,
Never should the same reveal ;
He whom beauty crowns with pleasure,
Cautious would his joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture,
Shall my fame from censure save ;
One where truth and prudence center,
And as secret as the grave.

288
COME then, pining, peevish lover,
Tell me what to do and lay,
From your doleful dumps recover,
Smile, and it shall have its way.
With their humours thus to teize us,
Men are sure the strangest elves !
Silly creatures, would you please us,
You should still seem pleas'd yourselves.

289
HASTE, Lorenzo, hither fly ;
To my longing arms repair ;
With impatience I shall die ;
Come and sooth thy Jeffy's care,
While we, then, in wanton play,
Sigh and gaze our souls away.

290
HIST, hist ! I hear my mother call !
Pr'ythee be gone,
We'll meet anon. —
Catch this, and this,
Blow me a kis,
In pledge-promis'd truth, that's all.

and yet a moment stay,
beside I have to say;
Well, 'tis forgot;
No matter what.
Love grant us grace,
The mill's the place,
gain, I must away.

291

Will you plague me with your pain?
Such nonsense I disdain!
On, anguish, tears, and fight,
Oh folly, I despise.
Own, you say, you die;
I can never hurt a fly:
By smiles such blessings prove
Life at you and love.
At I am all divine,
The brightest stars outshine;
Harms have such a store,
I'll possess'd before;
I am as mad as you,
We it to be true;
Till that time shall be,
Or more of love or thee.

292

A young maid,
O'rely afraid,
One, though now woman grown,
Ty, ye swains,
Who complains,
Ty of lying alone.
Scarce ten years old,
He been told
Mates in strange dismal tone;
Le sprites,
Unt the dark nights,
Fearful of lying alone.
Re I now stand,
Ly my hand,
On the youth who shall own,
Ling for life,
His wife,
Not lie longer alone.

But let it suffice,
I somewhat am nice,
Then the marks of my choice I'll make known,
Unless I can find,
The last to my mind,
I had rather by half lie alone.

The haughty and vain,
Alike I disdain,
The pert fool and insensible drone;
The brave and the wife,
Are virtues I prize,
And shall tempt me from lying alone;

And when once posses'd
Of him I like best,
I'd not envy Queen Charlotte her throne;
But cheerfully join,
At love's purple shrine
Make amends for my lying alone.

293

I AM a young virgin, who oft has been told
I should try to get married, before I'm too old,
I took their advice, and got one in my eye,
Who if I can't have, I'm afraid I shall die.

Young *Tbyfis* is witty, well-featur'd and tall,
His fellow swains own that he outdoes them all.
When first I beheld him, I cannot tell why,
I thought I was going that moment to die.

If through the recesses of yon silent grove,
Or over the meadows I happen to rove,
And see my dear shepherd at distance pass by,
I tremble all o'er, and am ready to die.

When he plays on his pipe to the lambkins around,
I fly to the place where I hear the blest sound;
Oh! *Tbyfis*! sweet youth! to myself then I cry,
I'd listen to thee, was I going to die.

Last Saturday eve, I remember the day,
I caught him saluting *Clarinda* the gay,
That I envy'd each kiss, I will no deny,
And fervently pray'd that my rival might die.

Come *Hymn*, and lend a poor damsel your aid,
Who without your assistance must die an old maid.

To all my fond wishes make *Thyself* comply,
And if I don't have him, I wish I may die.

294

VE virgin pow'rn defend my heart
From amorous looks and smiles ;
From saucy love, or nicer art,
Which most our sex beguiles.

From sighs and vows, and awful fears,
That do to pity move ;
From speaking silence, and from tears,
Those springs that water love.

But if thro' paffion I grow blind,
Let honour be my guide ;
And when frail nature seems inclin'd,
There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whose flames are seen, tho' pure,
Needs ev'ry virtue's aid ;
And she who thinks herself secure,
The soonest is betray'd.

295

INDEED, forfooth, a pretty youth,
To play the am'rous fool ;
At such an age, methinks your rage,
Might be a little cool.

Fie, let me go, Sir,
Kiss me !—No, no, Sir.
You pull me and shake me,
For what do you take me,
This figure to make me ?

I'd have you to know
I'm not for your game, Sir,
Nor will I be tame, Sir,
Lord, have you no shame, Sir ;
To tumble one so.

296

IT is I believe, next Hollantide eve,
A twelvemonth since first I began
To hold up my head, in love to be read,
And to construe the looks of a man.

Young Damon I saw ; he kiss'd me, oh la !
I vow thro' my bosom it ran ;
Hope he so prest'd, 'tis true I protest.
It I thought him a deuce of a man.

Philander the gay, I met at the play,
My heart beat a furious rattle ;
Because you must know, I some time ago
Had hopes of his being the man.

Brisk *Strephon* came next, but then I was vex'd
He play'd with *Alléz Philili*'s fan ;
I own to be sure, I could not endure
To see myself robb'd of a man.

My mother and aunts, still wetch'ng my ha',
Obstruct me so much as they can,
But what do I care, I vow and declare,
I'll sit myself soon with a man.

297

O LOVE ! thou bitter foe to rest,
Whid hast, within this harmless breast,
So home the sick'ning arrow seat ;
Relieve a poor unwary maid,
Who, fondly gazing, was betray'd,
Nor knew what self delusion meant.

Since custom, cruel to the fair,
Forbids my passion to declare,
Afflit, blind god of soft desire ;
To thy omnipotence I kneel ;
Let him my secret anguish feel,
And burn for me with equal fire.

Then if the lovely youth appear,
By turns inclin'd to hope and fear,
And tenderly his passion move,
My heart shall flutter to his sighs,
With gentle looks I'll meet his eyes,
And never, never, cease to love.

298

TIME has not think'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand,
Ah ! why so soon the bloffing bear,
E're autumn yet the fruit demand.
Let me enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd,
Please'd let me trifle life away,
And sing of love, e'er I grow old.

— 299 —
Sighs my heart is swelling,
Tears my eyes o'erflow,
Is past the telling,
Untary woe.

I and wages a stranger,
Enters the inconstant seas ;
Fancies danger,
Every rising breeze.

— 300 —
Let words and looks so tender,
Leave your charms express'd,
Me to surrender,
Is to make me blest'd.

I'm not complying,
Order sways your mind,
Is be no denying ;
Ask I must be kind.

— 301 —
You taste of freedom's charms,
Hie to her arms ;
Thine, should pity move,
You should kindle love,

Adopt thy woes,
Ling, as it glows ;
I, and follow me,
A set thee free.

— 302 —
Is in vain, of what ills I complain,
Hours the torment I find ;
In my heart, it invades ev'ry part,
Is both my body and mind.

Try, ev'ry medicine apply,
Of my foul to appease ;
Endure, what I mean for a cure,
On and feeds the disease.

— 303 —
Who fought my heart to gain
End, lost in love,
G'wo'd me on the plains,
Within the grove ;

Yet my denial still was this,
Pshaw ! Man, I can't endure you ;
And if he offer'd but a kiss,
Such rudeness ! I'll assure me, I'll assure you,
Such rudeness, I'll assure you.

For twenty youths (not he alone)
The am'rous flame confess'd ;
And had I once been kind to one,
I'm sure I'd lost the rest :
Beside, he us'd no pretty arts,
But sagely wou'd allure me ;
While others talk'd of flames and darts ;
'Twas pretty—I'll assure ye,
'Twas pretty, &c.

My face, my form, were praised aloud,
My wit new conquests fir'd ;
And 'twas enough to make one proud
To be so much admir'd ;
At length, reflection shew'd the fate
Such flatt'ry might procure me,
And virtue warn'd to shun the bait,
Nor vainly—I'll assure ye,
Nor vainly, &c.

I bid the fighting train depart ;
This maxim pleas'd to prove,
That flatt'ry fills the sensual heart,
But truth the heart of love :
Young Colin, wont in vain to plead,
Of vanity to cure me,
Now woo'd again ; and now indeed
I lov'd him, I'll assure ye,
I lov'd him, &c.

I blam'd myself such scorn, to bear
To spirit now so clear :
By my example, learn, ye fair,
To prize the youth sincere :
We instant join'd the nuptial tie ;
He raptur'd to ensure me ;
And, trust me, damsel, when you try,
'Twill charm you, I'll assure you,
'Twill charm you, &c.

YOUNG *Damon* strives my love to gain,
He sighs, he sickens, but in vain ;
His looks express a heart-felt pain,
And mine returns a cold disdain.
Unhappy Damon! thus to love,
What never was design'd above.

Sincere, I told him o'er and o'er,
I'd pledg'd my word and truth before,
And beg'd he would perplex no more;
His sighs were vain, more vain his pow'r.
Unhappy Damon! thus to love,
What never was design'd above.

When you persuade the constant dove
To leave her mate, inconstant prove,
And through the dell-rt woodlands rove,
Then I'll deceive the swain I love !
But ne'er till then will I agree
To quit my love, who loves like me.

HOW cruelly fated is woman to woe,
Too weak to contend still beset by the foe; success
Tho' each wish we conceiv'd should be crown'd with
What would flow from those wishes but care & distress
For love intervens, and fancy's gay scenes,

Alas, are clouded all o'er,
The sun quits the skies, hope sickens and dies,
Hiegh ho ! the heart says no more.
Tho' beauty and riches together confire
To flatter our pride, and fulfil each desire;
Nor beauty nor riches give peace to the breast
Which passion has tortur'd, and grief has oppress'd.
For love, &c.

YE happy nymphs, whose harmless hearts,
No fatal sorrows prove,
Who never knew men's faithless arts,
Or felt the pangs of love.
If dear contentment is a prize,
Believe not what they say;
Their specious tales are all disguise,
Invented to betray.

Alas ! how certain is our grief !
From cares how can we fly,
When our fond fet is all belief,
And man is all a ly.

WHERE shall a love-sick virgin find
The sweet, compos'd, contented mind,
When passions raging like the wind,
Distraet her tender soul.

A parent's arbitrary voice,
Misled by riches glitt'ring toys,
Denies the freedom of her choice,
And ev'ry wish controul.

O smiling liberty, appear !
Thou only canst relieve my care,
Dispel each doubt, each gloomy fear,
And every pain remove ;
Come, like a soft refreshing breeze,
In gentle whispers give me ease,
From every grief my soul release,
And wait me to my love.

NO swain ever prov'd half so faithful
As *Will* of the Green has long prov'd :
A youth so endearing, my heart must a
And *Willy*'s the lad that demands all m
When he is but near, and my lambs all
Dull winter appears full as pleasant as N
So kindly he treats me, so manly his h
Young Willy's the lad that my heart mu
Should be prove but true, and wi'l take
E're summer is gone, he shall make me
For worth like to hi. ev'ry heart must
And *Willy*'s the lad that demands all a

I DO as I will with my swain,
He never once thinks I am wrong;
He likes none so well on the plain,
I please him so much with my song.
A song is the shepherd's delight,
He hears me with joy all the day;

in comes the dell night,
at the end of my lay.
id with care once oppress,
to sooth him the while;
is mind all to rest,
pherd would instantly smile :
r in mead, or in grove,
s. or the clear river's side,
songs to my love,
m him is grown all my pride.
I to endear,
of nature and art ;
hat had gain'd on his ear,
out the way to his heart :
voice woud' not please,
to join the gay throng ;
prize all with ease,
ne's gone abroad with my song.
jealousy raise,
chant but my swain ;
or me is his prife,
or him the lov'd strain.
wealth, and beauty may fail,
hepherds elude all your skill ;
is of song may prevail,
I your swains to your will.

— 310 —
y was I my blith' *Zacky* to see,
t the brook hé firs! bent on his knee,
rink w'l' sweet looks on his een,
s of a' he had met for his queen ;
he said were my een and my hair,
o green cou'd w'l' me e'er compare ;
his flock, his true love beside,
mine ain, gin I'd be his bride.
died, wi' thy flock never part,
at wou'd meanly dispose of her heart,
at sought in return for mine ain,
that and thy flock I disdain :
plied, I had it long fin,
is with is paddling of mines ;

My hand I then gi'm without thought of his flock,
While even the brook murmur'd faithful *Zack*

— 311 —
WHAT bard, oh time, discover,
With wings first made thee move,
Ah ! sure he was some lover,
Who ne'er had left his love.
For who that once did prove,
The pangs which absence brings,
Tho' but one day, he were away,
Could picture thee with wings.
Tho' but one day, &c.

— 312 —
BY him we love offended,
How soon our anger flies,
One day apart 'tis ended,
Behold him and it dies.
Last night your roving brother,
Enrag'd I bad depart,
And sure his rude presumption,
Deserv'd to lose my heart,
Yet wst he now before me,
In spite of injur'd pride,
I fear my eyes wou'd pardon,
Before my tongue could chide.
By him we love, &c.

With truth the bold daeveler,
To me thus oft has said,
In vain would *Clara* flight me,
In vain she would upbraid ;
No scorn those lips discover,
Where dimples laugh the while,
No frowns appear resentful,
Where heaven has stamp'd a smile.
By him we love, &c.

— 313 —
COME, my gallant soldier, come,
To the call of *Cupid's* drum :
Tho' my honour be engag'd,
Rescue now thy love behag'd.
Come, my gallant, &c.

Down of doves, thy coat of mail
Softest sounds thy triumph hail ;
Myrtle wreaths, thy brows entwine,
And that pleasing task be mine.
Come my gallant, &c.

Hush'd the trumpet's brazen throat,
Hark ! the flute's melodious note !
Mars shall sleep, and discord cease,
All is harmony and peace.
Come my gallant, &c.

SAYS Colin to me, I've a thought in my head,
I know a young damsel I'm dying to wed.
So please you quoth I—and whence'er it is done,
You'll quarrel and you'll part again as sure as a gun.
And so when you're married, poor am'rous wight,
You'll bill it and coo it from mornin' till night ;
But trust me good Colin, you'll find it bad fun,
Instead of which you'll fight & scratch as sure as a gun.
But should she prove fond of her own dearest love,
And you be as supple, and as soft as her glove ;
Yet be she a faint, and as chaste as a nun,
You're faisen'd to her apron strings as sure as a gun !
Suppose it was you then, said he with a leer,
You would not serve me so, I'm certain my dear,
In troth I replied, I will answer for none,—
But do as other women do, as sure as a gun.

WISH me joy, ye nymphs and swains,
Johnny comes to morrow,
He shall quickly g'ad the plains,
Banish care and sorrow !
He had left us now too long,
Robb'd us of our treasure ;
But he'll bring us dance and song,
And ev'ry smiling pleasure.
If I've time I'll deck the bower,
Once my swain delighting,
Twine it round with many a flow'r,
And with sweets inviting ;
There he talk'd so full of love,
Won my heart from sorrow ;

There on wings of hate I'll rove,
He'll be there to-morrow.

Come, my shepherd, quickly come,
Where can thou be slaying ?
Love who wants thee now at home,
Chides thy long delaying ;
From to-day I'll never rove,
But be blith and bonny,
For I never more shall live,
Without my sweet heart Johnny.

I Once was a maiden as fresh as a rose,
And as fickle as April weather,
I laid down without care, and I walk'd with g
With a heart as light as a feather.
With a heart, &c.

I work'd with the girls and I play'd with them,
I always was romping or spinning,
And what if they pilfer'd a kiss now and then,
I hope 'twas not very great finning.
I hope, &c.

I wedded a husband as young as myself,
And for every frolic as willing,
Together we laugh'd when we had any pelf,
And we laugh'd when we had not a shilling
And we, &c.

He's gone to the wars, heav'n send him a pint
For his pains he is welcome to spend it,
My example I know is more merry than wife,
Lord help me I never shall mend it,
Lord help me, &c.

WHEN wars alarms entic'd my Willy from
My poor heart with grief did sigh,
Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrows
'Woke e're yet the morn was nigh,
No other could delight him :
Ah ! why did I ere slight him,
Coldly answ'ring his fond tale,
Which drove him far,
Amid the rage of war,
And left fully me thus to bewail.

ger, though a maid forsaken,
mourn like yonder dove,
tak to morrow shall awaken,
my absent love,
tile country over,
o seek my lover,
y threat'ning fear,
int shore,
nons roar,
keep me from my dear.

318

id drum sound merrily,
oldier's the lad for me,
e love I soon will be,
ind, so true as he,
every toil I'll share,
i shall be all my care,
ril I'll dare,
ships I'll bear;
a soldier's the lad for me.

heaven preservè my love,
us joy shall his Nancy prove,
ie camp shall my footsteps bound,
William with conquest crown'd,
aithful bosom prest,
hush his cares to rest,
a these arms,
car's alarms,
a soldier's the lad for me.

319

beast I own'd my flame;
fear I was to blame;
's force we're doom'd to feel,
weakness should conceal.

it speaks the soften'd mind,
notes the wish behind;
ch down the cheek will steal,
s art we should conceal.

ponr guides the youth,
love is led by truth,
Symon's porch we kneel,
r weakness to conceal.

LORD, what care I for man or dad?
Why let 'em scold and bellow,
For while I live, I'll love my lad,
He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair day on *Gander* green,
The youth, he danc'd so well-o,
So spruce a lad was never seen,
As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was somewhat mellow ;
Says he my dear, I'll see you home—
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
Says he, if you'll not tell o,
I'll kiss you here by this good light—
Lord what a charming fellow.

You rogue, says I, you've strop'd my breath,
Ye bells ring out my knell o,
Again I'd die so sweet a death,
With such a charming fellow.

WOE betide each tender fair,
Who now beholds you must adore you ;
Such a shape, and such an air,
Will make each beauty fall before you.

Narcissus fate and yours were one,
Could you but your own charms discover,
You'd die as many a sot has done,
Only of himself a lover.

PATIE is a lover gay,
His brow is never cloudy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay.
His face is fair and ruddy ;
Shape is handsome, middle size,
He's stately in his walking,
The shining of his e'en surprise,
'Tis heav'n to hear him talking.

SONGS FOR LADIES.

Last night I met him on the bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There many a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing,
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad he mine,
And lov'd me best of ony,
That gave me leave to sing sa fine,
O corn riggs they are bonny.

Let maidens of th' filly mind,
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chasteley shoud be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry *Pat*,
And soon my cookernonny,
He's free to towzle air or late,
Where corn riggs they are bonny.

323 WHEN May day buds on trees were seen,
And flow'rets deck'd the ground,
When my last birth-day told nineteen,
And time came smiling round :
My mother oft, with anxious care,
With 'ow, and where, and when,
Wond'rel of many a wily snare
That she had 'scap'd from men.
Then bade me soun young *Jocky*'s art,
From his embraces fly,
Left he shoud steal my simple heart,
But no, indeed, not I.

His hair was flaxen, and he sung,
Like any nightingale ;
His cheeks were rosy, and his tongue
Told many a flait'ring tale :
He met me here, he met me there,
With kiss, and song, and smile ;
At mill and meadow, wake and fair,
And at the milking stile.
By chance, as 'twere, at night or noon,
To bad him I would fly ;
Yet if he ask'd the smalleſt boon,
'Twas no, indeed, not I.

Poor *Jocky*, vex'd to be so teaz'd,
Reſolv'd my love to prove ;
No more the ſtruggling kifs he feiz'd,
Nor sought me in the grove ;
He toy'd with *Jenny* on the green,
He gave her kifſen three ;
By *Bridge* of the brook 'twas ſeen,
*'Twas *Bridge* told it me !*
She bade me ſhuſt young *Jocky*'s art,
From his embraces fly,
Left he shoud steal my tender heart,
But no, indeed, not I.
At length he aſk'd of me to wed,
With many a tender vow ;
I ſmil'd, I ſimper'd, hung my head,
And look'd, I ſcarce know how :
I wifh'd, I fear'd, I ſcarce knew what ;
He bluſh'd, and begg'd, and figh'd,
He preſe'd, and ſaid, *You'll ſurely not*
Refuse to be my bride ?
Lord help me ! how could I refrain ?
"Twere finful too to lye ;
So when he aſked that again,
"I was no, indeed, not I.

324 FOR twice twelve months had *Harry* ſi
With downcast looks and fighting ;
Yet never caught me in the mood
For softneſs or complying ;
'Till told by *Pbillis* of the grove
(And ſhe I hop'd was joking)
Her ſister *Susan* heard his love,
Now was not that provoking ?
Till told by, &c.
Next ev'ning, ere the sun was down,
To *Susan*'s cot I hied me,
A little after came the clown,
He ſimper'd when he ſpied me ;
Convinc'd what *Pbillis* ſaid was true,
With paſſion almost choking,
I bit my lippes, he ſmil'd on *Sue* ;
Now was not that provoking ?

Spur'd in the ear by pride,
I ver'd would please him;
resolv'd to hide,
so gay, and tease him;
well as he, I try'd,
his cheek was stroking,
't was, as, I believe I cry'd,
not that provoking,
gh as well, &c.

I've found out to my cost,
I'd best have tarry'd;
love I've surely lost,
I see are marry'd.
no, that I will not do;
it end my croaking,
I lose your patience too,
would be provoking.
ies, &c.

325

tongue, it is a shame;
is much to blame,
it sweetly flow.
wors of the great,
y maiden's fate,
id on Yes or No.

Lack a day!

Poor Fatima!

Stinted so,

To Yes or No.

nt to talk or chat,
a this or that,
I about it go!
me what she will,
my clapper fill,
only Yes or No.

Lack a day!

Poor Fatima!

Stinted so,

To Yes or No!

326

his wreath my hand has wove,
and emblem of my love;

These flow'r's will keep their brightest hue,
While you are constant, kind, and true;

But should you, false to love and me,
With from my fondness to be free;
Forboding that my fate is nigh,
Each grateful flow'r will droop and die.

327

ON Monday, young Colin, who liv'd in the dale,
Came to me when milking, and carry'd my pail;
He said that he well had examin'd his mind,
He'd wed me on Wednesday, if I was inclin'd; [brook
And vow'd, when we came to the willow-deck'd
If I doubted his truth, he'd swear on the book.

To know if my lover wou'd keep to his vow,
On Tuesday, the while he was busy at plow,
I ran to the cot of old Dorcas below,
And begg'd she wou'd tell me the thing I wou'd know;
I gave her a sixpence I'd sav'd from my youth,
And promis'd another to come at the truth.

Her spectacles quickly she took from her side,
Examin'd my hand, ask'd me questions beside;
Then told me the law, by a spark in my eye,
If Colin was willing, 'twas best to comply;
Then said, child do this, left your wishes are crost'd,
For in matters of love, no time's to be lost.

On Wednesday he came dizen'd out in his best,
He gave me a poey to stick in my breast;
Then sweetly he kis'd me, and told me the time,
And said, let us haste ere the village bell, chime.
But I, filly I, sure the worst of my kind!
Reply'd with a sneer, Sir, I've alter'd my mind.

At this, with resentment becoming the swain,
He turn'd from a fool, and went off with disdain;
As soon as he left me, I thought on my fate,
And the words of old Dorcas, but ah! 'twas too late!
I ran to the vale, search'd the hamlets around,
To find out my swain, but ne Colin I found.

On Thursday, so soon as the lark struck my ear,
I travers'd the meads in pursuit of my dear;
Sing on, pretty lark, (to the warbler I cry'd)

Tuna

Thou'rt happy, because thou art true to thy bride:
But alas ! all endeavours were idle and vain !
Not one on the meadows knew aught of my swain.

When Friday was come I grew sick of my lot ;
I ran to the vale, and enquir'd at each cot ;
But successless, alas ! were all efforts to me,
No tidings I heard, nor no Colin cou'd see :
'Twas Saturday, now, and the search I renew'd,
As luckless as ever, the search I purſu'd.

On Sunday I wander'd distract till noon,
When the bells 'gan a peal, delightful in tune ;
I ſtopt the firſt perſon I met in my way,
And ask'd the cauſe of their being ſo gay ;
Who told me, this morning young Colin had been
Wedded to beautilful Doll of the green.

That instant I ran to the green willow'd brook,
Where Colin had ſwore to be true on a book ;
My garters I bound to the ſturdy bough,
And had acted, ye virgins, I cannot tell how !
If reaſon had not interpoſ'd with her aid,
And bade me defift, for a filly young maid.

Ye maidens who hear me, ne'er act ſuch a part,
Nor reject the true swain who'd yield you his heart;
Comply when he's kind, for I've known to my cost,
In matters of love there's no time to be loſt.
Do this, and no cauſe in your bosom ſhall lurk,
To make you repent of a pretty week's work.

328

WHEN my hero in court appears,
And stands arraign'd for his life;
Then think of poor Polly's tears ;
For ah, poor Polly's his wife.
Like the ſailor he holds up his hand,
Dif'reſt, on the dashing wave,
To die a dry death at land,
Is as bad as a wat'ry grave.
And alas, poor Polly !
A lack, and a well-a-day !
Before I was in love,
Oh ! every month was May.

329

O'ER the ſeaſ my love is failing,
Gently blow, ye eastern gales ;
Love his dear approach is hailing,
Flies to view the ſwelling ſails.

O'er the ocean whilſt he's roving,
Who has brav'd the sultry clime,
I endure the pain of loving,
I grow ſick of thought and time.

Sea-nymphs all the while are playing,
Guard his vessel ſafe from harm's ;
But no more ſhall he be staying,
Dæmon's port ſhall be my arms.

330

ON his face the vernal roſe,
Blended with the lily, glows ;
His locks are as the raven black,
In ringlets woven down his back.
His eyes with milder beauties beam,
Than billing doves beſide the stream ;
His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'res,
Enripen'd by refreshing flow'res.
His lips are of the roſe's hue,
Still dropping with a fragrant dew ;
Tall as the cedar he appears,
And as erect his form he bears.

331

SINCE sweet love has had poſſeſſion
Of my fond and tender breast,
Take my free and true confeſſion,
Friendship is too cold a guest.
Love has got the whole direcſion,
Friendship has no longer charms ;
Only mutual, strong affection,
Now my raptur'd bosom burns.
Friendship now is cool as reaſon,
Taſteleſt all it's pleaſures prove ;
Love's the paſſion now in ſeaſon ;
Welcome, dear bewitching love.

— 332 —
s; why is gentle love
to that mind
and esteem can move,
I be just and kind?

you fear to prove
at love' moleft;
ares. the sighs that move
vated breath?

e degree of woe,
bliss must gain;
in ne'er a transport know,
r felt a pain.

— 333 —
fe, beat the drum, to my standard repair,
who will conquer or die;
my self, as a captain I'm here,
courage and valour to try;
ng and your country now call for your
dies command you to go;
[aid, announce it, and you, who're afraid,
our vengeance shall know.

he fingle—these things I declare,
asiden most si'mly decrees,)
ll be granted, by black, brown, or fair;
e, a figh, or a squeeze.
ed—if they but look glum, or say, no,
monfieur dare bluster or huff,
in'd, *sens. ces.*, that their forehead's shall
the wife is enough. [shew—

ments we've in *ser'rem* proclaim'd;
ould your courage be lacking,
refort, this resolve shall be nam'd,
d I will soon send you all packing.
ches affume, 'pon my honor 'tis true!
s, maid's, widows, and wives;
reb, *bust* the French, than march back,
[and beat you,
ear 'em the rest of our lives,

SHE that would gain a constant lover,
Must at a distance keep the slave,
Nor by a look her heart discover;
Men should but guess the thoughts we have,
Whilst they're in doubt, their flame increases;
And all attendance they will pay;
When we're possid' d their transport ceases,
And vows, like vapours, fuset away.

— 335 —
SINCE Jenny thinks mean her heart's love to deny,
And Peggy's uneasy when Harry's not nigh;
I will own, without blushing, were all the world by,
That Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

He brought me a wreath which his head did compose,
Where the dale-loving lily was twin'd with the rose;
Young myrtle in spring did the border inclose,
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

By myrtle, said he, is my passion express'd;
The rose, like your lips, in vermillion is dress'd;
And the lily for whiteness, would vie with your breast;
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

These ribbands of mine were his gifts at the fair,
My mother look'd crost, and cry'd, *Peggy beware!*
But d'ye think I regard her? not I, I declare,
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

Beneath a tall beach, and reclin'd on his crook,
I saw my young shepherd; how sweet was his look!
He ask'd for one kiss, but an hundred he took,
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

Then what can I do, O instruct me, ye maids!
When a lover so kindly, so warmly invades,
Whose silence as much as his language persuades?
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

— 336 —
THO' prudence may pres' me,
And duty chafes me,
Against inclination, ab! what can they do?
No longer a rover,
His follies are over,

My heart, my fond heart, says, my Harry is true.

The bee thus is changing,
From sweet to sweet ranging,
A rose should be right on ne'er wishes to stray;
With raptures possessing
In one ev'ry blessing,
Till torn from her bosom ne'er flies far away.

— 337 —

THAT little rogue *Cupid*, I vow,
Is playing such tricks with my heart,
I flutter—I cannot tell how,
Yet feel the sharp pangs of his dart.
What cruel, ungenerous swain,
Could send this fond urchin to me,
Whose heart was a stranger to pain,
And e'er row'd as free as a bee.

But now my poor senses are gone,
My spirits are fled from me quite,
And I'm a poor maiden forlorn,
No rest can I take day or night.
How happy, ah! once, sure, was I!
So cheerfully rose in the morn,
But now am addicted to sigh
For him that I treated with scorn.

YOUNG *Caledon* must be the swain,
None like him appears to my view;
He caught my fond heart on the plain,
Ah! shepherd, I'm wretched for you:
Oh! come then, dear youth, and be kind,
No longer disdainful I'll be,
But harbour content in my mind,
And think upon no one but thee.

— 338 —

THIS story goes, that sister *Bet*,
Resolv'd to play the field coquette.
Amongst the rustic breed:
But tir'd of flirting on the green,
She cry'd, who'd live, to live unseen!
Not I, not I, indeed.

Away she flies, leaves ev'ry squire,
To tell his tale by winter fire,
While hearts like cherries bleed:

But what's all this to *I*? say the *s*:
A rural life won't do for me,
It won't, it won't, indeed.
Give me the Park to flout about,
The play-boule, *Ramsgate*, and route.—
But how did this succeed?
Admir'd by lords, she lost her fame,
On ev'ry window glar'd her name,
'Tis true, 'tis true indeed.

At length she fought the slighted plain,
Grew a good girl, caref'd her swain,
And soon they were agreed:
Will you not love me now? he says.
O yes! the longest nights and days,
I'll love, I'll love, indeed,

— 339 —

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
Young *Willy* won my heart,
A blither swain you could na see,
All beauty without art.
Willy's rare, and *Willy*'s fair,
And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
And *Willy* says he'll marry me
Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

Or came you by yon water-side,
Pull'd you the rose or lily,
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet *Willy*?
Willy's rare, and *Willy*'s fair, &c.

Sin now the trees are in their bloom,
And flow'r's spread o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lad among the broom,
And lead him to my summer's shield,
Willy's rare, and *Willy*'s fair, &c.

— 340 —

WAFT, O *Cupid*! to *Leander*
Sights that rend my tender breast;
Whilst I stray in groves meander,
Bid him fly to make me blest.

lls be gently flowing,
g glades your sweets distill'd;
ear's incessant glowing,
content my fancy fill.

haste ! my lover to me ;
t, now, my cold disdain :
weet shepherd, you pursue me,
p my heart I strive in vain.

341

ian has long boasted an absolute sway,
man's hard fate was love, honour, obey;
over wedlock fair liberty dawns,
ords of creation must pull in their horns ;
among ye proclaims his decree,
bands are tyrants, their wives will be free.
h your doubts, your surmises, and fears,
beats up for her gay volunteers ;
er banner, you'll vanquish with ease,
of your husbands what creatures you please;
hen, ye fair ones, and let the world see,
bands are tyrants, their wives will be free.
s of your sex, would you e'er see reftard',
ses thou'd be m'd as a two edged sword ;
iercing weapon each husband must dread,
es of the marks you may place on his head;
ly unite, till the men all agree,
an, dear woman, shall ever be free.
hall the wife, all as meek as a lamb,
to, sounds ! do you know who I am ?
oliteness shall flourish again,
men take courage to govern the men ;
d to your charter, and let the world see,
ands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

342

or no purpose I spent many days,
the Park, th' Exchange, and the plays ;
many rambles, till now, did I prove
o meet with the man I cou'd love.
am I pleas'd, when I think on this man,
d I must love, let me do what I can.

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a fever, when I shold be well.
My passion shall kill me before I will shew it,
And yet I would give all the world he did know it ;
But oh, how I sigh, when I think should he woo me,
I cannot deny what I know wou'd undo me !

343

YOUNG Roger he courted me for a whole year,
He fighed and made such a moan,
That I lov'd him, yet dare not to tell him (thro' fear)
So I vow'd that I would lie alone.
He figh'd, and he swore, if I'd be his bride,
He would bring me to fine London town,
I should see Fox's Hall and the playhouse beside,
But I still said I would lie alone.

Away then he went, to the dance at the fair,
Where I saw him, give *Sue* a green gown ;
I wish'd from my heart that I had not gone there,
And hop'd that she might lie alone :
I redd'n'd and sigh'd, I dane'd and I cry'd,
And my heart sent forth many a groan ;
To get him again all my arts they were try'd,
For I now thought I'd not lie alone.

T'other ev'ning he came to my cot, with a smile,
And ask'd if I kinder was grown ;
I told him no longer his hopes I'd beguile,
Nor would I lie longer alone ;
To London we came, to the playhouse I've been,
And then de^r Foxball was I shewn ;
Such dressing, such dancing, such fights have I seen,
That I am glad I no more lie alone.

344

THE morning young Jockey would make me his
He stole to my chamber, and sat by my side ; [bride,
When he open'd the curtains, such joy 'twas to me,
That my heart play'd a tune, that went pitty patty.
But feigning to sleep (oh, how great was my bliss !)
So gently, so kindly, he gave me a kiss !
Then my head to his bosom he press'd with such glee,
That my heart play'd a tune, that went pitty patty.

Grown bold with success, he ventur'd to take,
A second salute—Then 'twas time to awake.
Arise, love, he said, to the kirk let us flee,
As our hearts play a tune that goes pitty patty.

345
WHEN hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break,
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will sav'f for thy sake.

Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms,
Hope time away till thou appear,
For ay to lock thee in my arms.

Whilst thou was a shepherd I priz'd,
No higher degree in this life,
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming a wife.

For beauty, that's only skin deep,
Must fade like the gowans in May,
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever without a decay.

Nor age nor the changes of life
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.

346
WHEN last we parted on the plain,
Fond Damon seem'd full lothe to go ;
He kis'd and said, That soon again
He'd come and wou'd not leave me so ;
For that, says he, the time is near,
And then, my love, I do desighn,
It is the best day in the year,
To come and be your *Valentine*.

I wish'd the tedious hours to fly,
And long'd the look'd for day to see ;

And as the time then grew so nigh,
How blest, thought I, will *Nancy* be !
The morning came, and at my door
I heard a noise, that said, Incline
For once, dear girl, if never more,
To rise and be my *Valentine*.

A thousand fears disturb'd my mind,
'Twas *Thyrsis* there in *Damon*'s stead,
I thought my youth was quite unkind,
Nor knew what shoud be done or said.
I hop'd it could not be a sin,
In spite to *Damon* now not mine,
I let the kinder *Thyrsis* in,
And was that shepherd's *Valentine*.

Nor what I did I now repent,
For fickle *Damon* soon as light,
To *Lucy* on that morning went,
Nor has been since from out her sight !
And *Thyrsis*, late but half lov'd swain,
Is now both all and only mine ;
I blesst the time that once was pain,
He came to be my *Valentine*.

347
WHAT is he gone ? and can it be ?
And is the then more fair than me ?
The sight of her might give me pain ;
Bring her not near me, fickle swain !
And since that you can leave me so,
Go get you gone, for ever go.

Oh ! I in rage wou'd madly tear,
This gaudy ribband from my hair ;
These hated gifts I'd have him take ;
I'll wear no baubles for his sake ;
I scorn the gifts and hands untrue ;
For her they well enough may do.

How near was I when with a kiss,
He ask'd my heart to answer yes !
To hear him at the altar say,
Vows he'd have broke the soonest day !
There he may love and take his fill,
And swear to her just what he will.

SONGS for LADIES.

III

now'r I now defy,
be blest, and so will I ;
so long I'm sure to find,
more suited to my mind ;
well, *Florio*, now for good,
ot have you if I cou'd.

348

et me young *Colin* came many a mile,
t by my fide he has sat;
ing I often requested to know,
onder'd what he would be at.
ie he said many pretty soft things,
ing the height of his passion ;
en I've bid him to hold his fool's tongue,
.faith—'twas against inclination.

ot help laughing sometimes I declare,
he swore that he lov'd beyond measure ;
me, and—laughing—he'd kiss me again,
ing I was his whole pleasure :
id him forbear—my heart it said—no,
not in my heart to deny ;
n he requested, if I'd be his wife,
moment—I thought I shou'd—die.

that says no, never meant it as so,
eemingly prudish or fly ;
say wh t he will—but cannot disown
u—the word—yes—does imply.
as he w^rk'd he would tell a love-tale,
ow, that for me he shou'd die ;
r than such a mischance should e'er hap,
ht I'd much better comply.

all the time, how it play'd pit a-pit,
inute he urg'd his request !
o be teiz'd—I thought any more,
'd, to the purpose—be best.

urch in the village next morning we went,
a fence being over and done,
I at the altar united our hands,
us and I were made one.

349

3 *Facky* who teiz'd me a 12 month or more
ter is grown than was mortal before,

He whispers such things as no virgin should hear,
And he presses my lips with a warmth I can't bear.
With stories of love he would soften my mind,
And his eyes speak a temper to mischief inclin'd ;
But I v. w not a moment I'll trust him alone,
And when next he grows rude I will bid him be gane,
Of honour and truth not a word has he spoke,
And his actions declare he thinks virtue a joke ;
He shall find his mistake i: he ventures to try ;
For, than yield on such terms, oh ! I rather would die,
With no creature beside he such freedom dare take,
Yet the handsome and witty he quits for my sake ;
But how can I think that he loves me the best ?
Or how can I love him who'd break all my rest ?
Oh ! *Facky*, reform, nor be foolish again,
Left you lose a fond heart you shall never regain ;
If you change your behaviour, to church we will go,
I'll forgive all that's past, and will never say no.

350

YOUNG *Strephon*, a shepherd, the pride of the plain,
Each day is attempting my kindness to gain :
He takes all occasions his flame to renew ;
I always reply, that his courting won't do.
He spares no rich presents to make me more kind,
And exhausts in my praise all the wit of his mind,
I say, I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go ;
He asks me so oft, till I rudely say no.
To *Thyrsis* last Valentine's day, the dear youth,
I tell him I plighted my faith and my truth ;
That wealth cannot peace and contentment bestow,
And my heart is another's—so beg he will go.
That love is not purchas'd with titles and gold,
And the heart that a honest can never be sold,
That I sig^r not for grandeur, but look down on show,
And to *Thyrsis* must haffen, nor answer him no.
He hears me and trembling all over, replies,
If his suit I prefer not he instantly dies ;
He gives me his hand, and would once me to go ;
I pity his suff'ring, but boldly say, no.
I try to avoid him in hopes of sweet peace,
He haunts me each moment to make me say Yes.

But to-morrow, ye fair ones, with *Tbyrfs* I go ;
And trust me, at church, that I will not say, no.

WHEN I enter'd my teens, and threw playthings,
I conceiv'd myself woman, and fit for a bride ; f'side
By the men I was flatter'd, my pride to enhance ;
For the maids will believe and the men will romance.
They swore that my eyes the bright di'mond excell'd,
Such a face and such tress'd, sure ne'er were beheld,
That to gaze on my neck was all rapture & trance !
Oh, the maids will believe and the men will romance.
Young *Polydore* saw me one night at the ball,
And swore to my charms he a conq'ust must fall ;
On his knees he intreated my hand for a dance,
Ah, the maids will believe and the men will romance.
He conducted me home when the pastime was o'er,
And declar'd he ne'er saw so much beauty before,
He ogled and figh'd, as he saw me advance,
Ah, the maids will believe and the men will romance.
Then day after day I his company had :
At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad ;
But my father lov'd money and would not advance,
And reply'd to my lover, Young men will romance.
But tho' my papa would not give us a shilling,
My *Polydore* swore he to wed me was willing ;
So to church we both went, & at night had a dance,
And believe me, my *Polydore* did not romance.

WHEN first the youth fears forsook,
And that he lov'd I fondly heard,
What sweetnes was in ev'ry look !
What eloquence in ev'ry word !

From her whole flore, to make me bleſſ'd,
Did fortune bid me chuse ;
How gladly would I all the rest
For love and him refuse.

THE lass that would know how to manage a man,
Let her listen and learn it from me,
His courage to quell, or his heart to trepan,
As the time and occasion aſte.

The girl that has beauty, tho' ~~she'll~~ be her wit
May wheedle the clown or the beau,
The rake may repel, or may draw in the cit,
By the use of that pretty word No.

When powder'd toupees around are in chat,
Each driving his passion to shew,
With kiss me, and love me, my dear, and all the
Let her anſwer to all be, O no.

When a dose is contriv'd to lay virtue asleep,
A prefet, a treat, or a ball,
She still must refuse, if her empire ſhe'll keep,
And No be her anſwer to all.

But when *Mr. Dapper-wit* offers his hand,
Her partner in wedlock to go ;
A houſe and a coach, and a jointure in hand,
She's an ideot, if then ſhe says no.

But if ſhe's attack'd by a youth full of charms,
Whose courtſhip proclaims him a man ;
When pref'd to his bosom, and clasp'd in his
Then let her ſay no, if ſhe can.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadows die,
And morning streaks the purple sky,
I wake to love with jocund glee,
To think on him who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove,
And *Pbilomele* laments her love,
Each figh I breathe my love reveals,
And tells the pangs my bosom feels.
With ſecret pleasure I survey,
The frolic birds in am'rous play,
While fondest cares my heart employ,
Which flutter, leaps, and beats for joy.

WHEN first my dear laddie g'e to the green
And I at ewe-milking firſt ſhow'd my young !
To bear the milk bowis, nae pain gave to me,
So at eve I was bleſſ'd with thy piping and then
For aye as I milk'd, and aye as I sang,
My yellow hair'd laddie shall be my good man.

eggs waved yellow, and blue hether bells
y on moorland, or sweet rising fells;
iers, or brakens, gave trouble to me,
weet berries when gather'd by thee ;
alk'd, and aye as I sang.
uir'd laddie shall be my good man.

n, or you wretched, or putted the flame,
the victor, my heart was aye faint,
all these pleasures, my study shall be,
elf better and sweeter for thee ;
redded, and aye as I sang,
uir'd laddie shall be my good man.

— 356 —
ee my *Strephon* languish,
ender love oppress,
is pain and anguish,
my tender breast.

in and humble nature
first to hear his tale ;
th, by every creature,
'd through all the vale.
below'd again,
I *Strephon* sigh in vain !
faith, and find it true,
oyne's bid adieu.

— 357 —
good part the squeeze of the hand,
e of lovers who dare not demand,
ith another as close and as dear,
ide him believe his happiness near;
him a tale of a cock and a bull, [fool.
eant no such thing, but was playing the
the toe to admit and be free,
to reply with the toe repartee ;
ith your eyes your inward desire,
th full hopes to kindle his fires ;
ell him a tale, &c.
ants to disclose what he dares not reveal ;
oks very silly, and means a great deal ;
isks, it e'er thinking thou'd enter his
meets with, the ease of his pain, [brain
This-a-tale, &c.

To let him, enraptur'd, proceed on to bliss ;
To suffer the snatch or the theft of a kiss ;
When cowards retreating unwillingly flies ;
When sighs answer murmurs, and eyes talk to eyes ;
Then to tell him, &c.

— 358 —
YOUNG *Tbyris*, ye shepherds, is gone ;
I look all around for the swain :
He's fled, and joy with him is flown ;
He leaves me to sorrow and pain.
Where is it I madly wou'd rove ?

Can ya tell me what's left worth my stay ?
Too late I perceive it was love

All the while led my fancy astray.
What avails if I tarry behind,
Now my heart he has stole quite away ?
No comfort on earth shall I find,
No rest or by night or by day.
When he sung, oh ! I listen'd with glee :
When he smil'd, how I languish'd and sigh'd !
Ne'er thought I the moment to see,
Than to see I cou'd wish to have died.

But who is it comes o'er the green,
'Tis *Tbyris*, the dear, wish'd-for youth ;
Not death e'er shall part us, I ween,
For than death is much stronger his truth.
The muse saw them meet in the grove ;
Saw the maid and the shepherd all blest :
He vow'd to be true to his love ;
She dares not to whisper the rest.

— 359 —
WHY will *Delia* thus retire,
And languish all her life away,
While the sighing crowd admire ?
'Tis too soon for hawthorn tea.
All those dismal larks and fretting
Cannot *Damon*'s life restore ;
Long ago the worms have eat him,
You can never see him more.
Once again consult your toilette,
In the glass your face review,

So much weeping soon will spoil it,
And no spring your charms renew.

I like you was born a woman,
Well I know what vapours mean;
The disease, alas ! is common;
Single, we have all the spleen.
All the morals that they tell us,
Never cur'd the sorrow yet:
Chuse, among the pretty fellows,
One of humour, youth and wit.
Pr'ythee hear him ev'ry morning,
At the least an hour or two;
Once again at night returning:-
I believe the dose will do.

— 360 —

ONE morning young Roger accosted me thus,-
Come here, pretty maiden, and give me a buss.
Lord ! fellow, said I, mind your plough and your cart;
Yes, I thank you for nothing, thank you for nothing,
Thank you for nothing with all my heart.
Well then, to be sure, he grew civil enough,
He gave me a box, with a paper of snuff;
I took it, I own, yet had still so much art
To cry, thank you for nothing with all my heart.
He said, If so be he might make me his wife—
Good Lord ! I was never so dash'd in my life ;
Yet could not help laughing to see the fool start,
When I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.
Soon after, however, he gain'd my consent,
And with him, on Sunday, to chapel I went ;
But said, 'twas my goodness more than his desert,
Not to thank him for nothing with all my heart.
The parson cry'd, child, you must after me say,
And then talk'd of honour, and love, and obey ;
But faith, when his reverence came to that part,
There I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.
At night our brisk neighbours the stocking would
I must not tell tales, but I know what I know; [throw,
Young Roger confesses I cur'd all his smart,
and I thank'd him for something with all my heart.

SONGS FOR LADIES.

— 361 —
THE blithest bird that sings in May,
Was ne'er more blithe, was ne'er more gay,
Than I, ah well-a-day !
Than I, ah well-a-day !
Ere Colin yet had learn'd to figh,
Or I to gues the reason why,
Oh joye, ah well-a-day !
Oh love, ah well-a-day !
We kis'd, we toy'd, we neither knew
From whence these fond endearments grew,
Till he, ah well a-day !
Till he, &c.,
By time and other swains made wife,
Began to talk of hearts and eyes,
And love, ah well-a-day !
And love, &c.,
Kind nature now took Colin's part ;
My eyes inform'd against my heart :
My heart, ah well-a-day !
My heart, &c.,
Strait glow'd with thrilling sympathy,
And echo'd back each gentle figh,
Each figh, ah well-a-day !
Each figh, &c.

Can love, alas ! by words be won ?
He ask'd a proof, a tender one.
While I, ah well-a-day !
While I, &c.,
In silence blush'd a fond reply :
Can she who truly loves deny ?
Ah no, ah well-a day !
Ah no, &c.

— 362 —
AS 'other day in harmless chat,
With Sykia I was walking,
Admiring this, admiring that,
Together sweetly talking ;
Young Damon met us in the grove,
With joy in every feature,

hand, then whisper'd love,
charming creature !

At times he express'd
o soft and kind,
thing in my breast,
were in my mind.
With Doll was seen,
he came to meet her;
was his only Queen,
charming creature !
Iurch then shall we go?
ie to comply;
e men thus tease one so?)
n him to fly;

Delia name the day
kindly greet her?
prest, what could I say
charming creature?

363

Singing o'er the lee,
to rock behind,
ht glancing shu'd I see
land *For the Hind?*
d gang'd the bras a-while,
me, my dow,
upon this stile,
your bonny mou ?
are a wee mista'en,
name of thes;
ne mair breeding ken,
e lasses claiths.
check'd, and vow'd to seek
he wi' blithsome brow;
a clasp 'er round the neck,
her bonny mou'.
en proud hearted swain,
to be said nay;
ght he started then,
the wedding day.
d blith, I lik'd his weel,
spae him now;

Tho' bolder grown, his vows to seal,
He kis'd my bonny mou'.

364

I Sigh and lament me in vain,
These walls can but echo my moan;
Alas! it increases my pain,
When I think of the days that are gone.

Thro' the gate of my prison I see
The birds as they wanton in air;
My heart how it pants to be free,
My looks they are wild with despair.

Above the opprest by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those;
False woman, in ages to come,
Thy malice detected shall be,
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless pastes the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell !
The owl from the battlements cry,
Hollow winds seem to murmur around;
O Mary! prepare thee to die,
My blood it runs cold at the sound !

365

WILL you go to the Ewe Bughts, *Marion*,
And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The mavis sings sweetly, my *Marion*,
But nae sa sweetly as thee.
These a' were the words of my *Sandy*,
At night in the haw of the glen,
At nae mair shall I meet wi' my *Sandy* ;—
For *Sandy* to India is gone.

How can the trumpet's loud clarion
Thus send a' the Shepherds afar!
Oh cu'd na' the Ewe Bughts and *Marion*,
Please mair than the horizon of war!

But, oh! 'tis the gate o' them a', Sirs,
In seeking for grandeur and fame,
The lads daily wander awa! Sirs,
And leave their puir sweethearts at hame.

Quicx Verxx.

But now that the troubles are over,
And we're likely again to have rest;
I hope to get haud of my rover,
And grip him again to m' breast.
Oh! then to the Ewe Bughts shall Marion
He aften dear Sandy wi' thee;
And when thou art wedded to Marion,
Fu' blisfome and blest shall we be!

366

YOUNG Strophen, pride of yonder plain,
Long strove m' si kle heart to gain,
With many an amo ous ditty:
I, smiling, heard the love-sick swain,
With sigh and song express his pain,
And told him 'twas a pity.
With hopes to please, last Whitsun fair,
He brought me ribbons for my hair,
Wi' h other presents pretty:
Then, smiling, su'd the same I'd wear;
To eas his anxious heart from care;
I said 'twou'd be a pity.
Next morning, early, on the green,
With Kitty, toyine, he was seen;
He call'd her fair and witty;
I smil'd, tho' fit to burst with spleen,
To see him kiss the little queen,
And cry'd it was a pity.
This cunning swain the conflict ey'd,
And kindly, gazing while I figh'd,
Forsook the hand of Kitty:
Then, smiling, begg'd I'd be his bride,
I answered yes, or sure he'd dy'd,
And that had been a pity.

CEASE! cease, heart-easing tears;
... you haft sing tears,

Which seven long tedious years
Taught me to bear.
Tears are for lighter woes;
Fear no such danger knows
As Fate remorseless shews,
Endles despair!

Dear cause of all my pain,
On the wide stormy main
Thou wast preserv'd in vain,
Tho' still ador'd I
Hadst thou dy'd there unsean,
My wounded eyes had been
Sav'd from the direst scene
Maid e'er deplor'd I

368

LET me live remov'd from noise,
Remov'd from scenes of pride and strife,
And only taste those tranquil joys,
Which Heav'n beflows on rural life!
Innocence shall guide my youth,
Whil'st Nature's paths I still pursue,
Each step I take be mark'd with truth,
And Virtue ever be my view.

Adieu ye gay, adieu ye great,
I see you all without a sigh,
Contented with my happier fate,
In silence let me live and die;
Sweet Peace I'll court to follow me,
And woo the Graces to my cell,
For all the Graces love to be
Where Innocence and Virtue dwell.

369

THE ruddy morn blink'd o'er the brae,
As blythe I gang'd to milk my kine;
When near the winding bourn of tay,
Wi' bonny gait, and twa black een,
A highland lad sae kind me tent,
Saying, sonfy lais, how's a wi' you?
Shall I your pail tak o'er the bent?
'Twas yes, kind Sir, and I thank you tae
Again he met me' the een,
As I were linkan o'er the lee

dance upon the green,
blithe lass I'se gang wi' thee,
I look'd i' th' highland gear,
i plaid, and bonnet blue,
raight whisper'd in my ear,
tind Sir, and I thank you too.

until the gleaming moon
ice that 'twas time to part ;
ie reel was o'er too soon,
he lad had flaw' my heart.
hame across the plain,
i sae sweet, I vow 'tis true,
he ask'd to kiss again,
, kind Sir, and I thank you too.
ld he pres'd to stay the night,
y'd me close unto his breast;
ny mither fair wou'd flyte,
I grant wi'out the priest.
ore him, gif ye be leal,
it what I then maun do;
tiss me when you will,
yes, dear love, and I thank you too.

— 370 —

ne, ye shepherds, that live on the lee,
young virgin more virtuous than me !
ten long winters I've fairly seen o'er,
tue preferv'd, can a maiden say more !
remain, yet am no prudif Mis',
if I would, long e'er this done amifs.
, so cautious, cries, " *Kitty*, beware
and *Damon*, and *Colin* take care"
and tell her, her words l'l fulfil,
icé shall guide let me go where I will;
restrain me, I promise her this,
I fear that I might do amifs.
umer eve, as I walk'd o'er the vale,
w' o'ertook me and told a love tale;
he lov'd me the most of the mead,
ever prefer me, indeed and indeed;
e kind shepherd—he offer'd a kiss,
idly accepted, as bobbing amifs,

He told me, I look'd like the *Cyprian Queen*;
But surely more charming in manner and mien;
I curfited and thank'd; he said in the grove
" I'll shew my dear *Kitty* the hower of love";
But as I suspected some mischief in this,
I drew back my hand, and did nothing amifs.

The evening was fair and the season was mild,
And as I had heard much of ma dens beguill'd,
By heark'ning too much to the suit of a swain,
I left the fond shepherd alone on the plain,
And ran home to milking, (no harm was in this)
Since caution prevented my doing amifs.

The ladies of pleasure may laugh at my rule,
And cry—" the young wench is an innocent fool".
But let me just tell them by way of a pun,
The men I admire, but their artifice then;
I'm satisfied now in pure innocent bliss,
And when *Hymen* approves, I'll not do amifs.

— 371 —

IN Summer, when the leaves were green, and blof-
soms deck'd each tree, [to me;
Young *Teddy* then declar'd his love, his artleſt love
On *Sbannon*'s flow'ry bank: we sat, and there he told
his tale.—
Oh ! Patty, loftest of thy sex, O let fond love prevail !
Ah well-a-day, you see me pine in sorrow and despair,
Yet heed me not, then let me die, and end my grief
and care.— [my thanks,
Ah ! no, dear youth, I softly said, such love dem'nde
And here I vow eternal truth—on *Sbannon*'s flow'ry
[banks.

And here we vow'd eternal truth on *Sbannon*'s flow'ty
banks, [such artleſt pranks,
And then we gather'd sweetest flowers, and play'd
But woe is me, the presa-gang came, and forc'd my
Ned away, [wedding day.
Just when we nam'd next morning fair—to be our
My love, he cried, they force me hence, but still my
heart is thine— [in mind,
All peace be your's, my gentle Pet, while war and toll
W.

SONGS FOR LADIES.

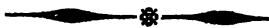
With riches I'll return to thee—I fob'd out words
of thanks—[banks.]
And when he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry
And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry
banks,[franks,
And then I saw him sail away, and join the hostile
From morn to eve, for twelve dull months he ab-
sence had I mourn'd[ne'er return'd]
The peace was made—the ship came back—but 'Tedd'
His beauteous face, his manly form, has won a nob.
fair—[pair]

My 'Tedd's false, and I forlorn, must die in sad def
Ye gentle maidens see me laid, while you stand round
in ranks[banks.]

And plant a willow o'er my head on Shannon's flow'ry
——— 372 ———
What means this loud tumult, this constant alarm?
'Tis he for to the Amazons! arm, virgins, arm;
With the helmet of virtue distinguish your brow,
And the foes to our peace we shall quickly lay low.

Vice and folly their flags now display to full
To conquer by prudence belongs now to you:
In the fair field of fame then exert ev'ry charm
And let the loud trumpets sound, arm, virgin,
Rear the standard of honour, the flag of our ra
With the trophies now won without blame or dis-
When proudly those lords of the world would co-
That charm of distinction, a woman's free sou
When we drove them inglorious away from the
Add by prudence and virtue compell'd them to
Then rouse to the battle, exert ev'ry charm,
While the trumpet loud sounding cries, arm, fe
Thus the Amazons once, as by poets we're ta
In defence of their honour and conduct were
Defined each vain coxcomb of powder and pra
And nobly determin'd to be a free state:
Ye females of Britia, adopt the same plan,
And thus prove the brightest examples to ma
To those who are worthy display ev'ry charm
But when others invade you, then arm, female

A COLLECTION of SONGS for GENTLEMEN



SONG 1.

WHEN here, *Lucinda*, first we came,
Where *Arno* rolls his silver stream,
How brisk the nymphs the swains how gay!
Content inspir'd each rural lay:
The birds in livelier concert sung,
The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail
Among the sweets of *Arno's* vale.
But since the good *Palemon* dy'd,
The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
Now Arno's sons must all give place
To northern men, an iron race:

The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
Thy notes, *Lucinda*, please no more;
The muses droop, the Goths prevail;
Adieu the sweets of *Arno's* vale!

HOW pleas'd within my native bow'r,
Ere while I past'd the day;
Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs,
Were ever flow'rs so gay!
How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round;
The river gliding down the dale,
The hill with beeches crown'd,

I urg'd by tender woes,
et my dear;
ream my zeal oppose,
fond career.
Daphne was my theme,
I charms I see;
ill, and silver stream,
we and me.

— 3 —
In love with two nymphs that are fair,
In my garden these nymphs I compare;
nor can blossom, be better than those,
y myrtle, and *Chloe's* my rose.
all her charms to display,
n her cheek, she to all would be gay;
auties she looks down with pride,
at a flow'ret to grow by her side.
how quickly these charms will expire
they first came, and with summer re-
soon over, is foolish and vain, tire;
on beauty, can't hold with a swain.
myrtle, ne'er changes her face,
ige can her features displace;
raise, nor with envy is stung,
leas'd, and is pleasing and young.
udden must make my retreat,
blooming, too short-liv'd and sweet;
myrtle is lasting and green,
is thro' thou the same still art seen.

— 4 —
y flat perfusion,
a lover's part:
some kind occasion
ithful heart.
tyrants call,
would enthrall;
g cruel kind,
ld enslave the mind;
, &c.

What is grandeur? foe to rest;
Childish mummery at best.
Happy I in humble state!
Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
Cupid, god of, &c.

— 5 —
OH! wouldst thou know what sacred charms
This destin'd heart of mine alarms,
This destin'd heart of mine alarms;
What kind of nymph the heav'n's decree,
The maid that's made for love and me,
The maid that's, &c.

Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear,
Who melts to see, &c.
From each ungen'rous passion free;
Be such the maid that's made for me,
Be such the maid, &c.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,
Who feels the blessings she bestows,
Who feels the blessings, &c.
Gentle to all, but kind to me;
Be such the maid that's made for me,
Be such the maid, &c.

Whose simple thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart,
Are all the natives, &c.
A gentle train, from falsehood free;
Be such the maid that's made for me,
Be such the maid, &c.

Avaunt! ye light coquettes, retire!
Where flatt'ring fops around admire,
Where flatt'ring, &c.
Unmov'd, your tinsel'd charms I see,
More genuine beauties are for me,
More genuine, &c.

— 6 —
A Sailor's voice, tho' coarse, can raise
A note to melodize his lays,
And quit the swelling seas to praise

The charms of Highland Nelly.

The droning bagpipe shall be mute,
Such music with such charms can't suit,
When ev'ry muse will tune her lute

In praise of *Highland Nelly*.

Ye tinkling rills, ye fertile plains,
Where blythe content for ever reigns,
Repeat abroad the honest strains

Which flow in praise of *Nelly*.

Still be the Lowland lasses fair,
Still be they proud of golden hair ;
But where's the grace, the mien, the air,
That shines in *Highland Nelly*.

Amidst her nymphs when *Venus* stood,
Fair as she left the briny flood,
Unless she mov'd no gazer cou'd

Discern the *Queen of Beauty*.

So at a lowland ball I've seen
Unmov'd this pretty *Highland Queen* ;
But when she danc'd, ye gods ! I've been
In love with *Highland Nelly*.

YE virgins of *Britain*, who wisely attend
The dictates of reason, who value a friend,
Come list to my counsel, and mark what I say,
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of *May*.

Ye, &c.

Tho' guarded by virtue's all fostering hand ;
Tho' modesty lend you her magical wand ;
Tho' innocence deck you with spotless array,
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of *May*.

When first the gay beauties of nature appear,
And *Phebus'* bright smile clears the juvenile year ;
When the birds chaunt their amorous notes from each
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of *May*. [spray,
Should *Flora* propose you the vernal delight,
Her delicate paintings exhibit to sight ;
In her meadows and fields, shoud you frolic and play,
Beware, oh ! beware of the dangers of *May*.

When the blood briskly flows, the all-elocquent eyes
Reveal ev'ry secret the heart would disguise ;

The bosom quick-panting with force farr
'Tis hard to resist all the dangers of *May*.
Should an amorous youth this soft scene see
With ardour implore the reward of his lot
If *Hymen* attend you his dictates obey,
For wedlock removes all the dangers of *May*

YES, *Delia*, 'tis at length too plain,
My boasted liberty how vain,

Tby eyes triumphant prove :
My freedom now I cease to boast,
But think that freedom nobly lost,
By serving thee and love.

I talk'd, I laugh'd, with ev'ry fair,
No jealous pang, no anxious care,
Did e'er my heart perplex ;
Till I beheld, too lovely maid !
In thee, with ev'ry grace display'd,
The charms of all thy sex.

O *Venus*, queen of soft delights,
Accept a suppliant's pray'r,
Who wishes to attend the rites
In which thy vot'ries share,
Inspire his tongue with gentlest air,
Yet void of art or skill,
Whilst he his unfeign'd love declares
For *Party* of the hill.

What strains, O goddess ! must he find
To melt her frozen heart,
Since words can ne'er express his mind,
Nor e'er his pain impart ?
Unless thy son shall aid his lays,
And love in her infill,
In vain will prove his artless praise
Of *Party* of the hill.
Her cheeks with rose and lily vice,
Her breath with sweet woodbine,
Interior f. unto her eyes
The sparkling diamonds shine ;

excels the linnet's notes,
is the thrush's stile,
ye strive to ralfe their notes
Patty's of the Hill.

I paint her tender mind,
charms I most admire)
ev'ry virtue join'd
passion can inspire.
ie Graces all refine,
ends to Reason's will;
ill the world resign
Aggy of the Hill.

iling morn, the blooming spring,
cheerful birds to sing;
e they warble on each spray,
the univeral lay;
manda, timely wife,
improve the hour that flies,
ft raptures waste the day,
Birds of Endermay.

Among, &c.
he winter of the year,
ife's winter will appear;
y living bloom will fade,
ill strip the verdant shade;
of pleasure then is o'er,
ier'd songsters are no more;
n they droop and we decay,
Birds of Endermay.

he hills and vales around,
ing herds and flocks abound;
ton kids and striking lambs
nd dance about their dams,
bees with humming noise,
he reptile kind rejoice;
e them then sing and play
Birds of Endermay.

11
ip my gentle *Jesse*
labour would seem hard;
some task how easy,
we the sweet reward!

The bee thus uncomplaining,
Estems no toil severe;
The sweet reward obtaining
Of honey all the year.

12
CONSIDER fond shepherd how fleeting the plea-
That flatters our hope in pursuit of the fair; [sure,
The joys that attend it by moments we measure,
But life is too little to measure our care.

VAINLY now ye strive to charm me,
All ye sweets of blooming *May*;
How should empty sunshine warmme,
While *Lobaria* keeps away?
Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me;
Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky;
Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
Softer sunshine fills her eye.

14
WHILE you, *Felicia*, heedless stray
Thro' woods and groves and flow'rets gay,
Exempt from ev'ry fear,
Exempt, &c.
Secure within thy rosy bow'r,
Content the sweetest influence pours,
And gilds the blooming year,
And gilds, &c.

No anxious doubts invade thy breast,
All, all, is tranquill, calm and blest,
And joys en joys abound;
Where'er thy fragrant footsteps lead,
Or in the grove, or on the mead,
The graces smile around.

Such ever be *Felicia's* fate,
Such transports ever round her wait,
Whom gods and men approve;
O may these blessings never cease,
May all her days be crown'd with peace,
And all her hours be love.

15
SINCE artists, who sue for the trophies of fame
Their wit, and their taste, and their genius proclai-

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Attend to my song, where you'll certainly find
 A secret disclos'd for the good of mankind;
 And deny it who can, sure the laurel's my due—
 I have found out a padlock to keep a wife true.
 Should the amorous goddesses preſide o'er your dame,
 With the ardour of youth all her paſſions inflame;
 Should her beauty lead captive each softer deſire,
 And languishing lovers still ſigh and admire;
 Yet fearless you'd truſt her, tho' thouſands may ſue,
 When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true.
 Tho' the husband may think that he wifely reſtrains
 With his bars and his bolts, his confinement and
 How fatally weak muſt this artifice prove! [chaine];
 Can fetters of ſteel bind like fetters of love?
 Throw jealousy hence, bid ſuspicion adieu;
 Reſtraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.
 Should her fancy invite to the park or the play,
 All-complying and kind you muſt give her her way;
 While her taste and her judgment you fondly approve,
 'Tis reaſon ſecures you the treasures of love:
 And, believe me, no coxcomb admiflion can find,
 For the fair-one is ſafe, if you padlock her mind.
 Tho' her virtues with foibles ſhould frequently blend,
 Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend;
 Let doubts and furmiffes no longer perplex,
 'Tis the charm of indulgence that bind the soft sex;
 They ne'er can prove false while this maxim's in view
 Good-humour's the padlock to keep a wife true.

16

HOW heavy the time rolls along
 Now *Julia* is out of my sight?
 How dull is the nightingale's ſong
 That formerly gave ſuch delight?
 The meadows that ſeemed ſo green,
 Now loſe all their verdure of May;
 The cowſlip and violet are ſeen
 To droop, fade, and wither away;
 Bright *Fæſtus* no longer can please,
 Gav' me eccl. no longer can charm;
 E'en muſic affords me no eafe,
 Tho' wont ev'ry paſſion to calm;

My flocks too disorderly stray,
 And bleat their complaints in my ear
 No more they leap, frolic and play,
 But ſad, like their master, appear.
 But ah! if my *Julia* were ſeen,
 My lambs they'd rebound on the plain
 Each cow-ret would ſpring on the green,
 And nightingales charm me again;
 Return then, my fair one, return,
 Your evening no longer delay;
 O leave not your ſhepherd to mourn,
 But haden, my charmer, away.

37

THE goodness of women ſometimes w
 But I ſhall their arguments fairly confu
 Undeniably prove that they do what the
 And ſay what you will, they are never ir
 You ſometimes object to their voluble t
 That they harraſs your ears, & defroy the
 Should they talk, pretty creatures! from
 From fifteen to fifty they're all in the rig
 If reſentment againſt the fair-sex you ct
 Give attention to flanders, and flanders
 Behold their sweet faces—reſentment w
 Vexation turn pleasure, and jealousy die
 The poeſts ſtrange tales tell of *Orpheus*,
 How he went for his wife to the region
 But it muſt be a falsehood, because one ſc
 So lovely and kind, was too good to go!
 No more at theſe charmers, ye unthinki
 But o'er your barbarity let 'em prevail
 Perfection to kings and to females belov
 For women, like monarchs, can never d

18

SOME love to range, ſo fond of chang
 Variety's their ſhrine;
 Each has his ſcheme, and fav'rite whim
 But woman, woman's mine.
 The ſetting bowl, the martial soul,
 The millet's decline;

, to some their joys,
woman's mine,

the charms our hearts,
this life divine;
of all the sex,
woman mine.

who what they'd have
can't define;
is form'd to please,
woman mine.

the melting sigh,
and heart conjoin;
all bliss above,
ding woman mine;

, succeed, ye great,
refine;
, to life's last hour,
woman mine.

— 19 —

by thee, matchless fair,
h ev'ry charm;
m love forbear?
passion calm?
harms in thee appear,
morning sun:
ple shepherd, here,
be undone?
design'd us harm,
ich skill employ'd;
ice, and beauteous charm,
to be enjoy'd.
autocous smiles confess
y of mind,
fire express;
re fair, be kind.
; with ev'ry grace,
ow you despise
coquettish embrace,
iguarded eyes.
with justice claim
you must deplore,

Unblemish'd manners, purest fame,
When beauty'll be no more.

SINCE ev'ry charm on earth's combin'd
In *Chloe's* face, in *Chloe's* mind,
Why was I born, ye gods, to see
What robs me of my liberty?

Until that fatal hapless day,
My heart was lively, blythe and gay,
Could sport with ev'ry nymph but she
Who robe me of my liberty.

Think then, dear *Chloe*, ere too late,
That death must be my hapless state,
If love and you do not agree
To set me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,
Reflecting on the pains of love,
And envy every clown I see
Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

We'll follow *Hymen's* happy train,
And ev'ry idle care disdain;
We'll live in sweet tranquillity,
Nor wish for greater liberty.

— 21 —
IF that man is happy, whose life is most free,
How blissful a state must a bachelor's be;
From one friend to t'other, with pleasure he roams,
Nor a bachelor's welcome wherever he comes.
If he's blest with enough, & content with his station,
The whole world he may claim for his own recreation
He's in no place a stranger from *London* to *Rome*,
For wherever he comes is a bachelor's home.

If a husband can boast greater pleasure than these,
They're obtain'd at th' expence of his freedom & ease
Whilst with liberty, pleasure, & merriment crown'd,
A bachelor's minutes pass jovially round.
Tho' his house ben't so nice, he is sure to be neat,
And the ladies are always well-pleas'd with his treat.
By the smack of their lips, at a parting, declare
How delicious a feast they think bachelor's fare.

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

O rather, far rather, good fortune, for me,
The peaceable still of a cobler decree,
Undisturb'd by the din of a termagant wife,
Than crown me a king and a cuckold for life.
To my wishes, instead of a mistress, commend
The lid delights of a bottle and friend;
Go marry, if hen peck'd and wretched you'd be,
But if blest, you'd continue still single as we.

— 22 —
FAR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
Whole fragrance sheds a rich perfume,

And all the meadows fill;
Much fairer than the lily blows,
More lovely than the blushing rose,
Is *Patty of the Mill*.

The neighbouring swains her beauty fir'd,
With wonder struck they all adm'r'd,
And prais'd her from the hill;
Each strove, with all his rustic art,
To sooth and charm the honest heart
Of *Patty of the Mill*.

But vain were all attempts to move
A fixed heart more true to love
Than turtles when they bill;
A cheerful soul, a pleasing grace,
And sweet content smiles in the face
Of *Patty of the Mill*.

The good a friend in fortune find,
Exalts the honest virtuous mind,
And guards it from all ill;
Ye fair, for ever constant prove,
Be ever kind, be true to love,
Like *Patty of the Mill*.

— 23 —
LOVELY nymph asswage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain
Prays you will not let him languish;
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad that courts you,
He not long acc'd sue in vain;

Prince of song, of dance, of sports, you
Scarce will meet his like again.

— 24 —
COME ye hours with bliss replete,
Bear me to *Lorenza's* feet,
Cheerless winter must I prove
Absent from the maid I love;
But the joys our meetings bring
Shew the glad return of spring.

— 25 —
DAME nature, in forming a creature so fair
Each beauty selected; then call'd the most fair:
Two bright constellations she caught for her
A station so blest, can they wish for their like?
The gale lends its sweets, as from *Pepys* it
The snow drops its whiteness, its blushes, i
Bright *Venus*, her hair, as from ocean the *S*
Sage *Palat*, the accents that fell from her to
Tho' nature, in forming this creature so fair
Each beauty selected, and call'd the most fair:
Yet fortune, her step dame, severe and unkind
Is unjust to her worth, to her beauty is bliss.

— 26 —
GIVE me but a wife, I expect not to find
Each virtue and grace in one female comb'd
No goddess for me; 'tis a woman I prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than
Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to
Or she claims my respect, like a mother, if
Thus either can please me, since woman I
And he that seeks more is more curious than
Like *Venus* she ogles, if squinting her eyes;
If blind like the roving of mine cannot spy;
Thus either is lovely; for woman I prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than
If rich be my bride, she brings tokens of love
If poor, then the farther from pride my ret
Thus either contents me; for woman I prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than

want converse, if tongue the possets ;
still the rarity pleases no less :
o either ; for woman I prize,
: seeks more in more curious than wife.
ye propane, on the sex to descant ;
t to discern, of charms they've no want ;
n make happy, if woman we prize ;
. seeks more in more curious than wife.

27
Ioe, whilst thus beyond measure
me with doubts and disdain,
your youth of its pleasure,
d up an old age of pain ;
n, that love is still founded
ns that will quickly decay,
to be very ill-grounded,
ce you its dictates obey.
, from beauty first drawn,
idness will vastly improve ;
and gay looks are the dawn,
s the sunshine of love :
the bright beams of your eyes
e clouded, that now are so gay,
six possets all the skies,
can forget it was day.

with Joan by his side,
sten regarded with wonder ;
al, he is sore-ey'd ;
're ever uneasy asunder :
hey totter about,
the sun at the door,
he, when old Derby's pot's out,
will not smoke a whiff more.
or wit they possets,
veral failings to smother ;
are the charms, can you guess,
s them so fond of each other ?
easing remembrance of youth,
earments that love did bestow ;
nts of past pleasure and truth,
t of all blessings below.

These traces for ever will last,
Which sickness nor time can remove ;
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship inseparably grows
By reviews of such raptures as these ;
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

28

YE fair, possets'd of ev'ry charm
To captivate the will ;
Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
Whose frowns at once can kill ;
Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
Whom flatt'ry bears no part ;
An honest verse, that flows sincere
And candid from the heart.
Great is your pow'r ; but, greater yet,
Magick it might engage,
If, as ye all can make a net,
Ye all could make a cage :
Each nymph a thousand hearts may take ;
For who's to beauty blind ?
But to what end a pris'ner make,
Unless you've strength to bind ?
Attend the counsel often told,
Too often told in vain ;
Learn that best art, the art to hold,
And lock the lover's chain.
Gamesters to little purpose win,
Who lose again as fast ;
Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
'Tis sweetnes makes it last.

29

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly thro' the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kis reflected light :
To courts be gone, heart-soothing sleep,
Where you've so seldom been,
While I May's wakeful vigil keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

...and the following year,
I was married to a man
from another state, and we have
lived here ever since. We have
had three sons, and we are very
much at home now.
I have a house of my own,
and a garden place,
and a place where I can hunt hawks,
and never worry about it.
The main reason is to gain a mate
and a home that will give me peace.

In ev'ry hour he hours kill,
Takes care to all the fee;
Wishes the arts of dear Fradile
Your innocence perplex.
Be always decent as a bride;
By virtuous roles your reason guides
For that's the way to keep him.

But when the nuptial knot is fast,
And both its blessings share,
To make those joys for ever last,
O! jealousy beware :
His love with kind compliance meets
Let constancy the work complete,
And you'll be sure to keep him.

No nymph that trips the verdant plains

With you can compare;
She wears the hearts of all the fowlers,
And drives all the fair;—
Her Name is F—est, but and then,
With you we number one.—
F—est, the Queen of the year.

1. The first step in the process of socialization is birth. At birth, the individual is born into a family and society. The family provides the primary socializing agent, while society provides the broader context for the individual's development.

umbkins skip around,
he sister fair.
strains his liquid throat,
maid rejoice,
while he swells his note,
less of her voice :
Zephyrs round her play,
she speds perfume,
w'ret seems to say,
ally bloom.
youths her charms proclaim,
a to eve their tale ;
nd unspotted fame
ul ev'ry vale ;
beand'ring thro' the mead,
I name conveys ;
ice, and ev'ry reed.
Sally's praise.
I blithsome lass and swain
ul walke resort,
ay morn on the plain
rural sport :
I gush the purling rill,
wake the grove,
ok know like on the hill,
etet to love.

32

caus to please the ladies write,
get a dinner by't,
ell-feign'd passions tell,
mble verse proclaim
er who bears the name
ming *Kitty Fell*.
Kitty, lovely *Kitty*,
ning *Kitty*, *Kitty Fell*.
beautiful and young,
danc'd, that she has sung,
know full well :
shall ever feel,
'e sharp than pointed steel,
me from *Kitty Fell*,
Kitty, &c,

Of late I hop'd, by reason's aid,
To cure the wounds which love has made,
And bade a long farewell :
But t'other day she crost'd the green ;
I saw, I wish I had not seen,
My charming *Kitty Fell*,
Charming *Kitty*, &c.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way ?
To church, she cry'd—I cannot stay :
Why, don't you hear the bell ?
To church—oh I take me with thee there,
I pray'd : she would not hear my prayer,
Ah ! cruel *Kitty Fell*.
Cruel *Kitty*, &c.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
I live to love, and to complain,
Condemn'd in chains to dwell :
For tho' the cafts a scornful eye,
In death my fault'ring tongue will cry,
Adieu ! dear *Kitty Fell*,
Charming *Kitty*, cruel *Kitty*,
Adieu, sweet *Kitty*, *Kitty Fell*.

33

THAT *Jenny*'s my friend, my delight & my pride
I always have boasted and seek not to hide,
I dwell on her praises wherever I go ;
They say, I'm in love, but I answer, No, no ;
They say, &c.

At ev'ning oft-times, with what pleasure I see
A note from her hand, " I'll be with you at tea ! "
My heart how it bounds when I hear her below,
But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ;
But say, &c.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain ;
Again, I cry *Jenny*, sweet *Jenny* again,
I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I could grow ;
But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ;
But say, &c.

She tells me her faults as she fits on my knee ;
I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me.

My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so :
Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no ;
Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit, and good humour, how I
Should'nt prudence advise, and compe me to fly :
Thy bounty, O fortune, make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No ;
And let me, &c.

SURE Sally is the loveliest lass

That e'er gave shepherd glee;
Not May-day, in its morning dres,
Is half so fair as she.
The poets pain the Paphian queen,
And fancy'd forms adore :
Ye bard, had ye my Sally seen,
You'd think on thine no more.
No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,
Where bees their honey sip,
Did ye but know the sweets that dwell
On Sally's love-taught lip :
But ah ! take heed, ye tuneful swains,
The ripe temptation shun ;
Or else like me you'll wear her chains,
Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot feare I slept,
And took like hail'd the dawn ;
More sportive than the kid I kept,
I wanton'd o'er the lawn :
To ev'ry maid love-tales I told,
And did my truth aver ;
Yet, ere the parting kiss was cold,
I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I see,
Where lone torn shepherds stray ;
There to the vines my gret I speak,
And sigh my soul awa :
Nought but despair my fancy paints,
No gauds of hope I see ;
For Sally's plies'd with my complaints,
And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,
So late my only care,
Have left their tender fleecy dams,
And stray'd I know not where :
Alas ! my ewes, in vain ye bleat :
My lambkins lost, adieu !
No more we on the plains shall meet,
For loss your shepherd too.

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,

And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient thro' the sky,
To nurse the callow brood :
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thousand harms ;
And sickens for the darling boy,
When absent from her arms.
Such fondness with impatience join'd
My faithful bosom fires ;
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my desires :
The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
All similes are vain,
To shew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The faint with fervent zeal inspir'd,
For heav'n and joy divine ;
The faint is not with rapture fir'd,
More pure, more warm than mine :
I take what liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to say more ;
Convey my longings to the fads,
The goddes I adore.

BY the dew-besprinkled rose ;

By the blackbird piping clear ;
By the western gale, that blows
Fragrance on the vernal year ;
Hear Amanda, hear thy swain,
Nor let me longer sigh in vain ;
Hear Amanda, &c.

id in gold;
's light;
ere you behold
green and white;
ar thy swain,
h I sigh again;

nbling race;
at it makes;
erted face,
eam his sky forsaker;
ar thy swain,
ert his pain;

— 37 —
to the room t'other day,
here so long could you stay?
you never regarded your hour;
wo, but—look, child! 'tis four
eds neither figures or wheels;
'tis loaded with baubles and seals:
less no mort'al can bear—
n with a resolute air;

d she, let a body but speak;
rd rose bud fall'n into my neck:
id vex'd me, to such a degree;
u never believe me, pray see,
y breath, what a mark it has made!
om the careless display'd:
ight I with wonder survey'd,
word I design'd to have said.

— 38 —
ye tuneful nine,
soft and witty;
e the linc,
humble ditty.

rover, the am'rous song;
he found along,
ag sylvan throng,

To praise my charming *Bessy*;
My lovely, charming *Bessy*.
Let others sing the cruel fair,
Who glories in undoing,
And proudly bids the wretch despair,
Rejoicing in his ruin;
And proudly, &c.
Such haughty tyrants I detest;
And let me scorn them, while I rest
Upon thy gentle-swinging breast,
My lovely, charming *Bessy*;
My lovely, &c.

The rose I'll pluck to deck her head,
The violet and the pansy;
The cowslip too shall quit the mead,
To aid my am'rous fancy;
The cowslip, &c.
Ye fragrant sisters of the spring,
Who shed your sweets on Zephyr's wing,
Around my fair your odours fling,
Around my charming *Bessy*;
Around, &c.

When ev'ning dapples o'er the skies,
The sun no longer burning,
Methinks I see before my eyes
Thy well-known form returning,
Thy well-known, &c.
On hill or dale, by wood or stream,
Thou art along my constant theme,
My waking wish, my morning dream,
Thou lovely, charming *Bessy*;
Thou lovely, &c.

— 39 — [away,
ON pleasure's smooth wing, how old time steals
And love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray?
My day, O ye swains! were a round of delight,
From the cool of the morn to the stillness of nights
No care found a place in my cottage or brest;
But health and content all the year was my guest.
'Twas then no fair Phyllis my heart could ensnare,
With voice or with feature, with ardor or with air;
So

Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan,
And I'll love her for ever—I mean, if I can.

THE world, my dear Myrra, is full of deceit,
And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
This scarce of content is so rare to be found?
O, friendship! thou balm, and rich sweetner of life;
Kind parent of ease, and comp'fer of strife;
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'rs,
But empty delusion, the joys of an hour.

How much to be pris'd and esteem'd as a friend,
On whom she may always with safety depend?
Our joys, when extended, will alway increase,
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace:
When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear
Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
No longer to court you they'll eagerly press.

WHY heaves my fond bosom, ah! what can it mean
Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?
Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is near
Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?
Or why when she's absent, &c.

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face:
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
With thy face, &c. [mind;

Untainted with folly, unfull'y'd by pride,
There native good-humour and virtue reside:
Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply
With compassion for him, who without thee must die.
With compassion, &c.

AGAINST the destruc'tive wiles of man,
Your hearts, ye fair ones, guard;
Their only study's to trepan,
And play a trickster's card:
With strange delight poor women they slight,
Assuse, exult, belie;

Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take
For men are wond'rous fly.

That Proteus, man, like him of old,
A thousand forms will take;
His venal soul is all for gold,
A crocodile, or snake.
See his dire thread! th's spider spread
To catch the female fly:
Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take
For men are wond'rous fly.

A porcupine, with rage inspir'd,
At nymphs he darts his quills;
A baffler by frenzy fir'd,
His glance by poison kills;
With fraudful arts he steals their hemp
Then throws the baubles by:
Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take
For men are wond'rous fly.

Was the whole race of men to meet
In one wide-spreading plain,
Of constancy, of faith, to treat,
And virtue's spotless train,
To find a youth renown'd for truth,
Whole ages you might try:
Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take
For men are wond'rous fly.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
My ravish'd eyes repr've,
And chide them from the only face
They can behold with love?

To ease my pain, and sooth my care,
I seek a nymph more kind,
And as I rove from fair to fair,
Sall gentle usage find.

But, oh! how weak is ev'ry joy
Where nature has no part?
Flesh beauties may my eyes employ,
But you alone my heart.

ched exiles, when they roam,
pity ev'ry where;
tho' their native home,
gh death attends them there.

— 51 —

In, ye fair-ones, assert your pretence,
eaf to language beneath common sense;
e's man call ye, and homage would pay,
lit the tale, you're as faulty as they.

and gay scenes are presented to view,
and oaths swore, but not one of them true;
ons, O heed not, unless to deride,
im you fall to an ill-grounded pride.

the dictates of virtue to sound,
inga can ne'er without goodness be found;
y and fashions, misguiders of youth,
to their opposites, freedom and truth.

— 52 —

e shall meads be deckt with flow'rs,
ness dwell in rosy bow'r's;
eft buds in branche spring,
ling birds delight to sing;
violet paint the grove,
te my Celia's love.

hall in the ocean burn,
ains sweet shall bitter turn,
ble vale no flood shall know,
ods shall highest hills o'erflow;
be shall oblivion leave,
Celia I deceive.

his bow and shaft lay by,
s doves want wings to fly;
esuse to shew his light,
e turned into night;
at night no star appear,
eave my Celia dear.

— 53 —

.IC fair, beneath yon pine,
verdure let's recline,
like the morn be gay;

See how Aurora smiles on spring,
See how the larks arise and sing,
To hail the infant day.

Music shall wake the morn—the day
Shall roll unheeded as we play
In wiles, impell'd by love:
When weary, we shall deign to rest
Alternate on each other's breast,
While Cupid guards the grove.

What prince can boast more happiness
Than I (possessing thee) posses?
All care is banish'd hence,
Say, mortals, who our deeds despise,
In what superior pleasure lies,
Than love and innocence?

— 54 —

YOU say, at your feet that I wept in despair,
And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair;
How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke?
What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indited for swearing to love,
And nothing but death should my passion remove;
I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year;
And not yet contented I have conscience my dear.

— 55 —

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To bills and dates my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
But burns for thee, my Peggy:
You, greater bards, the lyre should hit;
For say, what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorp,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy:

And when in *Tbosis'* lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He not so beauteous as, undrest,
Appears my lovely *Peggy*.

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
It does not half the sweets disclose,
As does my lovely *Peggy*.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And, (trust me) nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming *May*
Was not so sweet as *Peggy*.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten seed;
To please my lovely *Peggy*:
With her a cottage would delight;
All's happy when she's in my sight;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
All's dark without my *Peggy*.
While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the water love,
So long shall I love *Peggy*:
And when death, with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely *Peggy*.

THE winter's dreary scene is o'er,
The sun unlocks the frozen ground;
The vessels leave the verdant shore,
And woods with vocal music sound;
Warm'd by the sun's enliv'ning ray,
The feather'd songsters of the grove,
Transported, hop from spray to spray,
And feel the genial pow'r of love.
A feather of peculiar dye,
A softer note, a sweeter voice,
May teach their little breasts to sigh,
And guide them in their transient choice:

No wonder that these try
Transfix their hearts,
Their nuptial union soon
Nor can survive the cit
Far nobler gifts my fancy
Far nobler gifts must fit
I rove in quest of brightel
And seek a mate dif'rent
In *Cbloe* all those charms
That wit and virtue ca
She then shall be my *Vai*
And ever triumph o'er

WHEN, lovely maid,
In humble suit to he
Unusual comfort cheer'd
And spoke my faul
My griefs were hush'd, n
No anxious care I b
Left to my thought this e
All but my love for
Fain would I think, tha
By pitying heav'n v
To lend an erring finne
And teach him to t
Vouchsafe me still the p
O ! crown the gre
Reward my passion, cha
And fix me heav'n'

YES, these are the scen
But short was her fway
In the bloom of her you
In the bloom of her gra
I'll-grounded, no doubt,
So fatal to beauty, so ki
Yes, these are the meado
Once the scene of my ple
How many lost moment
How fair was my nymph

my heart, thine emotion give o'er;
the season of love is no more.

Now I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,
behind, and collected the flow'rs!
Left, with ardour, my fair one purf'd,
e with what favor my garland she view'd!
my fond heart, this emotion give o'er;
ft thou forget, thou must love her no more

59
life that heav'n can give,
Myra is to live,
like, and see her smile,
ng all the while:
with raptures trace
n of mind and grace;
to my glowing breast,
t tenderness opprest.
bliss, &c.
e, if once depriv'd,
ong, I shall have liv'd;
I resign my breath,
s worse than death.
bliss, &c.

60
think on your truth, I doubt you no more;
the fears I gave way to before;
heart, be at rest, and believe
n once the has chosen the never will leave.
when I think on each ravishing grace,
in the smiles of that heavenly face,
beats again; I aga'n apprehend
mate rival in every friend.
ful suspicions you cannot remove,
neither can lessen your charms nor my love
caus'd by passion, you never can blame,
re not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

61
a hopes to get the better
stubborn flame I try,

Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.

Now prepare with scorn to treat her,
Ev'y charm in thought I brave;
Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,
And confess myself her slave.

62
AS bringing home, the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The little warblers seem'd to pray
For liberty again:
Unheeded of their plaintive notes
I sung across the mead;
In vain they tun'd their pleasing throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing thro' the tufted grove
Near which my cottage stood,
I thought I saw the Queen of Love,
When *Clora*'s charms I view'd;
I gas'd, I lov'd, I pref'd her stay,
To hear my tender tale,
But all in vain—the fled away,
Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound, which love had made,
Came pity to my breast,
And thus I (as compassion bade)
The feather'd pair addres'd:
“ Ye little warblers, cheerful be,
“ Remember not ye flew;
“ For I who thought myself so free,
“ Am far more caught than you.”

63
WHEN beauty on the lover's soul
Imprints its first and fairest charms,
It soon does reason's force controul,
And ev'y passion quite disarms.
‘Tis beauty triumphs o'er the brave,
As ev'y feature blooms divine;
‘Tis beauty makes the king a slave,
When in an angel's form, like thine.

— 64 —

OF woman to tell you my mind,
And I speak from th' experience I've had,
Not two out of fifty you'll find,
Be they daughters or wives,
But are plagues of our lives,
And enough to make any man mad.

The wrong and the right
Being set in their sight,
They're sure to take hold of the wrong ;
They'll cajole and they'll whimper,
They'll whine and they'll snivel,
They'll coax and they'll sifper—
In short, they're the devil;
And so there's an end of my song.

— 65 —

LET heroes delight in the toils of the war,
In maims, blood, and bruises, and blows ;
Not a sword, but a sword-knot, rejoices the fair :
And what are rough soldiers to beau's ?
Away then with laurels ! come beauty and love,
And silence the trumpet and drum ;
Let me with soft myrtle my brows bare involve,
And tenderly combat at home.

— 66 —

HEAR me, blooming goddess, hear me !
Queen of smiles and soft desire ;
Send the beauty to endear me,
Who has lit this am'rous fire.

Oh ! how sweet the mild dominion
Of the charmer we approve !
Honour clips the wanton pinions,
And we're willing slaves to love.

— 67 —

TO heal the smart a bee had made
Upon my Chloe's face,
Honey upon her cheek she laid,
And bid me kiss the place.

*Please'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
I ambid both sweet and smart ;*

The honey on my lips I found,
The sting within my heart.

— 68 —

WHEN real joy we miss,
'Tis some degrees of bliss,
To reap ideal pleasure,
And dream of hidden tre

The soldier dreams of war,
And conquers without strife,
The sailor in his sleep
With safety ploughs the deep.
So I, through fancy's aid,
Enjoy my heav'nly maid,
And, blest with thee and love,
Am greater far than Jove.

— 69 —

THEN hey for a frolicksome I
I'll ramble where pleasures are,
Strike up with the free-hearted crew,
And never think more of a woe.
Plague on it, men are but ass's,
To run after noise and strife.

Had we been together buckled,
'Twould have prov'd a fine affl
Dogs would have bark'd at the c
And boys pointing, cry'd—Lo !

— 70 —

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now
And Calia has undone me ;
And yet, I swear, I can't tell her
The pleasing plague stole on me.
'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there the graces revel ;
'Tis not her shape, for there the
Fairies are pale ; 'tis not her form,
Have rather been uncivil,
Have rather, &c.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than c

sense is only chat,
other woman ;
her touch, might give th' alarm ;
I, perhaps, or neither ;
that provoking charm
that provoking charm
all together,
all together.

— 71 —
and complidin,
lisdain,
ny with to enjoy ;
reflect
y's neglect,
y peace for a toy.

as in war,
t a fear ;
proud enemy yield,
that remains
I her in chains,
the rich spoils of the field.

— 72 —
ould I now, my love, complain,
waits thy cheerful swain ;
ir oft a sweet bewtow,
splendor never knows ?

ngs the purple tide of health,
ian's wish, the poor man's wealth ;
those blusher o'er the face,
ne and go with native grace.

f dress, the pomp of show,
gs oft that cover woe ;
ose wishes never roam,
f real joys at home.

— 73 —
dress, as my manners, is simple & plain,
ate, and a knave I disdain ;
e are just, and my conscience is clear,
ther than those who have thousands a year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting uncouth,
I feel no remorse for the follies of youth ;
I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
And my boys think my age not a moment too long.
Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin & grimace,
Creep under, dance over, for title or places,
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of honest I prize—and that title's my own.

— 74 —
HEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph I strove in vain
My wild desires to rally ;
But now they're of themselves come home,
And, strange ! no longer seek to roam,
They gnter all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one ! damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to destroy ;
Can love with ruin tally ?
By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come, then, oh ! come, thou sweeter far
Than jessamine and roses are,
Or lilies of the valley ;
O follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in Sally.

— 75 —
THO' my features, I'm told,
Are grown wrinkled and old,
Dull wisdom I hate and detest ;
Not a wrinkle is there,
Which is furrow'd with care,
And my heart is as light as the best,

When I look on my boys,
They renew all my joys,
Myself in my children I see ;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

In the day I was young
 Oh ! I caper'd and fung,
 The lasses came flocking space ;
 But now turn'd of threescore,
 I can do so no more—
 Why then let my boy take his place.

Of our pleasures we crack ;
 For we still love the smack,
 And chuckle o'er what we have been ;
 Yet why should we repine ?
 You've had your's, I've had mine,
 And now let our children begin.

CONSTANTIA, see thy faithful slave
 Dies of the wound thy beauty gave ;
 Ah ! gentle nymph, no longer try
 From fond purfusing love to fly.
 Thy pity to my love impart,
 Pity my bleeding, aching heart ;
 Regard my sighs, and flowing tears,
 And with a smile remove my fears.
 A wedded wife if thou would'ft be,
 By sacred Hymen join'd to me,
 Ere yet the western sun decline,
 My hand and heart shall both be thine.

THY origin divine I see,
 Of mortal race thou can't not be :
 Thy lip a ruby lustre shone,
 Thy purple-cheek outshines the rose ;
 And thy bright eye is brighter far
 Than any planet, any star.
 Thy lordly way of life despise ;
 Above thy flay'ry, *Silvia*, rise :
 Display thy beauty, form, and mien,
 And grow a goddess, or a queen.

LOVELY Phyllis, when thou'rt kind,
 Nought but raptures fill my mind ;

Then I think thee so divine,
 Thou excell'st a'en mighty wine ;
 But when you insult me and laugh :
 I wash thee away in sparkling chasm
 So bravely contemn both the boy as
 And drive out one god by the pow'r.

Eyes relenting when I see,
 Friends I freely quit for thee ;
 Love persuades and charms me then,
 Freedom I'd not wish to gain :
 But when thou art cruel and heady ;
 Then straight with a bumper I banish
 So bravely contemn both the boy as
 And drive out one god by the pow'r.

WAS *Nanny* but a rural maid,
 And I her only swain,
 To tend her flocks in verdant mead
 And on the verdant plain ;
 Oh ! how I'd pipe upon my reed,
 To please my lovely maids,
 While of all sense of care we're free
 Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat
 And rain seem in the sky,
 Then to our osken, safe retreat,
 We'd both together hie !
 There I repeat my vows of love
 Unto my charming fair,
 Whilf her dear flutt'ring heart wou
 A mind like mine, sincere.

Let others fancy courtly joys,
 I'd live in rural ease ;
 Then grandeur, bustle, pride, and I
 Could ne'er my fancy please :
 In *Nanny* ev'ry joy combines,
 With grace and blooming youth,
 Sincerity and virtue shines,
 With modesty and truth.

— 80 —
 'd *Confucia*, heavenly fair,
 evant's form I wear;
 ith wealth, and nobly born,
 i wealth' and birth I scorn.
 ir maid, my constant flame
 remain the same;
 ne'er, will cease, my love
 o thy beauty prove.

— 81 —
 my sighs, my tears, my dear,
 e heart you've won:
 rows to you sincere,
 , I'm undone.
 false, and apt to change
 ice that's new;
 ris I ever saw,
 'd one but you:
 is like a flake' of ice,
 'd by your bright eyes,
 kindled in a trice,
 ast never dies.
 nd try me, you shll find
 a heart that's true:
 ris I ever saw,
 'd one like you.

— 82 —
 ye green fields and sweet groves,
Pbillis engag'd my fond heart;
 ingales warble their loves,
 re is dres'd without art;
 ye now can afford,
 can lull me to rest;
 roves false to her word,
 ben can never be blest.
 y the side of a spring,
 es and lilies appear,
 if *Syphon* would sing,
 ox was all she held dear;
 is the sound, by my eye,
 o that glow'd in my breast,

She then, to my grief and surprise,
 Prov'd all the had said was a jest.
 Too late, to my sorrow, I find,
 The beauties alone that will last,
 Are those that are fix'd in the mind.
 Which envy or time cannot blast:
 Beware, then, beware how ye trust
 Coquets, who to love make pretence;
 For *Phillis* to me had been just,
 If nature had bles'd her with sense.

— 83 —
 SURE never poor shepherd was tortur'd like me,
 From morning to night I could never be free;
 The charms of young *Phillis* so ran in my head,
 I wish'd she was mine, or I wish'd myself dead.
 Whenever I saw her and told her my case,
 She gave me a frown, or she laugh'd in my face;
 Yet still I ador'd her, and call'd her my wife,
 My passion was fix'd, nor could end but with life.
 I found all the offers I made her of love
 Produc'd no effect, nor affection could move;
 So schem'd a contrivance her passion to try,
 And boldly resolv'd, to conquer, or die.
 'Twas spread round the village I courted young *Prue*
 And *Phillis* had left her own schemes to pursue;
 This answer'd my wishes, she soon prov'd more kind,
 And vow'd to be true, if I'd not change my mind.
 I catch'd the occasion, and sent for a priest,
 For fear the shuld alter, I thought it the best;
 From hence learn, ye virgins, be blest if ye can,
 And never refuse the sincere honest man.

— 83 —
 ERE *Phaebus* shall peep on the fresh-buding flow'r,
 Or blue bells are rob'd of their dew;
 Sleep on, my *Maria*, while I deck the bow'r,
 To make it more worthy of you.
 There roses and jess'min each other shall greet,
 And mingle, to copy thy hue;
 The lily to match with thy bosom so sweet,
 How faint its resemblance of you.

With sweets of thy breath the hedge vi'let shall vie,
But weakly, and pay it its due;
The thorn shall be rob'd of the sloe for thine eye,
Yet nature paints nothing like you.

The leaves of the sensitive-plant must declare
The truth of my well-belov'd she;
Whose hand if to touch it bold the shepherds should dare,
Would shrink from all others but me.

LE^{TT} misers hug their darling store,
And kiss each guinea o'er and o'er,
I'm richer with a shilling;
It brings me out to cheerful air,
To meet my lovely, cruel fair,
Oh ! that she was but willing.

To make her such, I point to groves,
And bid her mark the heart-fick doves,
How sweetly they are billing;
But all-in vain, as yet, my art,
For, oh ! I feel across my heart,
Love's god his poison spilling.

The fountains which flow like my sad eye,
Will leave, at last, their channels dry,
Unless the springs are filling;
And softest rain, on hardest stone,
Will wear, tho' drops fall one by one,
A hole, by constant drilling.

But, oh ! my springs will ne'er again
Replenish, but with fresher pain,
Her frowns are still so killing;
Nor will my tears her marble pierce,
Though constant drops bedew my verse,
From eyes, like limbecks filling.

I sung the song, it pleas'd her too,
" How *Sue* loves I, and I loves *Sue*."
While neighbour's graft was milling;
But all was vain, if you must know,
So I resolv'd to let her go,
Because she was not willing.

THE gentle swan, with
Her glossy plumage lave
And failing down the silv'
Divides the whisp'ring
The silver tide that wand'
Sweet to the bird must
But not so sweet, blithe *C.*
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintiv'
On yonder fruit-tree su
And still the pendent nett
That held her callow y.
Tho' dear to her maternal
The genial brood must
They're not so deaf, the t.
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow f
Were natives of the da
Scarce pluck'd, and in a g
Before the hue grew pa
My vital blood would thu
If luckless torn from th
For what the root is to th
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like:
So white the beauteous
The birds to *Delia* I'll be!
They're like her bosox
May they of our connubis
A happy omen be;
Then such fond blis' as t.
Shall *Delia* share with

COME Rosalind, oh, co
What pleasures are in flo:
What pleasures are in flo:
The flow'r's in all their l
The fields their gayest be
The fields, &c.

ide, in ev'ry grove,
at their songs of love ;
sing, and roses bloom,
it invites to come.

id, and *Colin* join ;
cks and all are thine ;
osafand be near,
pleasure all the year.

ottage and a swain :
y love or gifts disdain ?
&c.
ind, no longer stay,
s, then haste away,
, &c.

— 87 —
soft, ye winds, be calm ye skies,
w'ry race, arise ;
rs, ye vernal show're,
blooming waste of flow'r's.
: rose, a beauteous guest,
on my fair one's breast,
er hand, or deck her hair,
most sweet, the nymph most fair.

— 88 —
be control'd by advice ?
self and reason agree ?
ho'd ever be wife,
s is loving t: thee ?
stend to despise
they want spirits to taste ;
: on old time as he flies,
s blessings of life while they last.
n but adds to our cares ;
e will improve ev'y joy ;
e may meet with grey hairs,
may repent being coy ;
, for what should we stay
self blood begins to run cold ?
we can have but to-day ;
always find time to grow old.

— 89 —
BEHOLD the sweet flowers around,
With all the bright beauties they wear,
With, all the bright beauties they wear ;
Yet none on the plains can be found,
So lovely, so lovely, as *Celia* is fair,
Solvore as *Celia* is fair.
Ye warblers, come raise your sweet throats,
No longer in silence remain ;
No longer in silence remain ;
Oh I lend a fond lover your notes,
'To soften, to soften my *Celia*'s disdain ?
'To soften my *Celia*'s disdain.

Oft times in yon flowery vale
, I breathe my complaints in a song,
I breathe my complaints in a song ;
Fair *Flora* attends the sad tale,
And sweetens, and sweetens the borders along,
And sweetens the borders along.
But *Celia*, whose breath might perfume
The bosom of *Flora* in May,
The bosom of *Flora* in May,
Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
Regardless, regardless of all I can say,
Regardless of all I can say.

— 90 —
GO, tuneful bird, that glads the skies,
To *Daphne*'s window speed thy way,
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display,
And if the deign thy notes to hear,
And if the praise thy matin song ;
Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,
To *Damon*'s native plaints belong.
Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from *Indian* groves may shine ;
But all the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes, compar'd to thine ?
Then bid her treat yon wileless beau,
And all his flaunting race, with scorn,

And lend an ear to *Damon's* woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

91
I Am marry'd and happy, with wonder hear this,
Ye rovers and rakes of the age;
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
And who only looſe pleasures engage:
You may laugh, but, believe me, you're all in the
When you merrily marriage deride; [wrong,
For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
And in them we can only confide.

 The joys which from lawleſt connexions arise,
Are fugitive, never sincere;
Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,
Interrupted by doubts and by fear:
But those which in legal attachments we find,
When the heart is with innocence pure,
Is from ev'ry imbitting reflection refin'd,
And to life's latest hour will endure.

 The love which ye boast of, deserves not that name,
True love is with sentiment join'd;
But your's is a paſſion, a feverish flame,
Raſe'd without the conſent of the mind.
When, dreading confinement, ye miſtreſſe hire,
With this and with that ye are cloy'd;
Ye are led, and miſled, by a flatt'ring falſe fire,
And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

 If you ask me—from whence my felicity flows?
My answer is short—From a wife,
Who for chearfulness, ſenſe, and good nature, I chose
Which are beauties that charm us for life.—
To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
Ev'ry hour each studies to ſcize;
And we find ourſelves happy from morning till night,
By our mutual endeavours to please.

92
NO T on beauty's tranſient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart;
Nor on heaps of ſordid treasure
Did I fix my youthful heart.

'Twas not *Cloe's* perfect feature
Did the fickle wand'rer bind;
Nor her form, the boast of nature;
'Twas alone her spotleſs mind.
Not on beauty's tranſient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart;
Nor on heaps of ſordid treasure
Did I fix my youthful heart.

 Take, ye swains, the real bleſſing
That will joys for life enſure;
The virtuous mind alone poſſeſſing,
Will your laſting bleſſing ſecure.

93
THO' *Cloe's* out of fashion,
Can bluſh and be sincere;
I'll toaſt her in a bumper,
If all the belles were here.
What tho' no diamonds sparkle
Around her neck and waſt,
With ev'ry ſhining virtue
The lovely maid is grac'd.

 In modēt plain apparel,
No patches, paint, nor aires,
In debt alone to nature,
An angel ſhe appears:
From gay coquets, high finiſh'd,
My Cloe takes no rules,
Nor envies them their coqueting,
The hearts of all the fools.

 Who wins her muſt have merit,
Such merit as her own;
The graces all poſſeſſing,
Yet knows not ſhe has one;
Then grant me gracious heav'n,
The gift you muſt approve,
And Cloe, charming *Cloe*,
Will bleſs me with her love.

94
FAIR is the fawn, the ermine white,
And fair the lily of the vale;

ident queen of night,
drive before the gale;
ese the rest excel,
my *Isabel*.

, sweet the rose,
morning breath of *May*;
teir sweets disclose,
winding woodbines stray;
these the rest excel,
my *Isabel*.

I call the dove,
ey the sparrow calls
rk of his love,
ather'd lovers all :
ese the rest excel,
of *Isabel*.

— 95 —
I, with vain pretence
force employs,
spite of senie,
a no real joys ;
ny heart abjures ;
mortal *Jove*,
s to your's,
rms of her I love,
v'n defires to men,
oyment free :
only then,
shall ceafe to be ?
ny heart abjures ;
mortal *Jove*,
s to your's,
rms of her I love.

— 96 —
the op'ning lilies,
he morning rose,
charms of *Pbillis* ;
oses she disclose.
Cupid's pow'r,
full'd my breast,

Till in one short fatal hour,
She depriv'd my soul of rest.

Cupid, god of pleasing anguish,
From whose shafts I bleed and burn !
Teach, O ! teach the maid to languish ;
Strike fair *Pbillis* in her turn.
From that torment in her breast,
Soon to pity she'll incline,
And, to give her bosom rest,
Kindly heal the wound in mine.

DEAR, *Cloe*, come give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave ;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do'st ask me how many I'd have ?
I'm not to be fainted in pleasure ;
Then, pr'ythee, dear *Cloe*, be kind ;
For, since I love thee beyond measure,
Ta numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on *Hybla* are playing ;
Count the flow'r's that enamel the fields ;
Count the flocks that in *Temps* are straying,
And the grain that rich *Sicily* yields ;
Count how many stars are in heaven ;
Go num'ber the fands on the shore ;
And when so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart which, dear *Cloe*, is thine ;
In my arms let me ever infold thee,
And circle thee round, like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is ?
My life on your lips shall be spent :
The wretch that can number his kisses,
Will always with few be content.

F Arewell, my *Paffora*, no longer your swain,
Quite sick of his bondage, can suffer his chain :
Nay, arm not your brow with such haughty disdain ;
My heart leaps with joy to be free once again.
Sing tol derol, &c.

I'll live like the birds, those sweet tenants of *May*.
 Who always are sportful, who always are gay ;
 How sweetly their sonnets they carol all day !
 Their love is but frolic, their courtship but play.
 Sing tol derol, &c.

If struck by a beauty they ne'er saw before,
 In chirping soft notes they her pity implore ;
 She yields to intreaty ; and when the fit's o'er,
 'Tis a hundred to ten that they never meet more.
 Sing tol derol, &c.

— 99 —
THE nymph that I love was as cheerful as day,
 And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in *May* ;
 Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,
 And her face was as fair as the Mother of Love :
 Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds
 And receives gentle odours from flowery beds ;
 Yet warm in affection as *Phœbus* at noon,
 And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unsually'd as new-fall'n snow,
 And as lively as tints from young *Iris*'s bow ;
 As clear as the stream and as deep as the flood ;
 She, tho' witty, was wife, and tho' beautiful, good :
 The sweets that each virtue or grace had in store,
 She call'd, as the bee does, the bloom of each flow'r,
 Which, treasur'd for me, O ! how happy was I !
 For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy !

— 100 —
COME, give your attention to what I unfold,
 The moral is true, tho' the matter is old,
 The moral is true, &c.
 My honest confession's intended to prove,
 How tasteless, insipid, is life without love ;
 My honest confession's, &c.

In works of old sophist my mind I employ'd ;
 My bottle and friend, too, by turns, I enjoy'd,
 My bottle, &c.
 I laugh'd at the sex, and presumptu' usly strove
 Their charms to target, and bid farewell to love :
 I laugh'd, &c.

I toil'd and I traffick'd, grew
 A patriot in politics, fond o'
 A patriot, &c.
 Each passion indulging, my
 They center'd in pleasure, a
 Each passion, &c.

How sweet my resolves, I c
 When *Pbillis*, sweet *Pbillis*,
 When *Pbillis*, &c.

I caught her, and mention'd
 Consenting she made me a c
 I caught her, &c.

Ye lovers of freedom, no lor
 We're born fellow-subjects
 We're born, &c.

My purchas'd experience thi
 That life is not life when d
 My purchas'd experience, &

— 101 —
BEHOLD, fairest *Pbae*,
 So rural as the arbour, so plea
 The trees how they're clad v
 And lovers, for pleasure, a
 See the meadows & fields, wit
 And the clear limpid stream
 See the innocent lambs how
 While their dams, on the ba

In the air hear the birds, wit
 All chanting their lays in t
 Thelark in the morning, as
 With out-stretched wings t
 The cowslips and vi'lets ade
 And pleasantly grow in irr
 Not a thing is there wantis
 But you, my dear *Pbae*, t
 Suppose, then, for pleasure,
 Around yonder green, and l
 What say you, my fair one
 What pleases your fancy, u

to be rude; my thoughts I'd employ
that which I thought would annoy,
I sincere, as a lover should be;
utter'd, and love to be free.

102.

of love sincere I felt,
'd the passion long;
y soul it dwelt,
ppres'd my tongue.
ld my dearest maid,
's fix'd upon her;
I can love, the said,
n my honour.

at once is roving caught,
t nymphs distract;
'r a youthful fault
deem'd unjust?
d, so sense decreed,
e still to shun her;
said, won't here succeed,
pon my honour.

ry'd, I've been to blame,
h confess;
o canst the rake reclaim,
rn passion blest!

nph like Celia prov'd,
have undone her;
ht maid, thou best-belov'd,
n my honour.

ymph my suit repre's'd,
cy to prove,
blush content expre's'd,
me with her love.
ed the blooming fair,
that I'd won her;
's sweetest joys we share,
on my honour.

103.

tempest of war,
so far, . . .
's and canona' alarums

Let the brave, if they will,
By their valour or skill,
Seek honour and conquest in arms.
To live safe, and retire,

Is what I desire,

Of my flocks and my Chloe possest;
For in them I obtain
True peace without pain,
And the lasting enjoyment of rest:
In some cottage or cell,
Like a shepherd to dwell,
From all interruption at ease;

In a peaceable life,
To be blest with a wife,
Who will study her husband to please,

104.

W HERE virtue incircles the fair,
Their lilies and roses are vain;
Each Blossom must drop with despair,
Where innocence takes up her reign:
No gaudy embellishing arts
The fair-one need call to her aid,
Who kindly by nature imparts
The graces that Nature has made.
The swain who has sense, must despise
Each coquettish art to ensnare;
If timely ye'd wish to be wife,
Attend to my counsel, ye fair;
Let virgins whom Nature has blest,
Her sovereign dictates obey;
For beauties by Nature express'd,
Are beauties that never decay.

105.

M Y fair, ye swains, is gone astray;
The little wand'rer lost her way
In gath'ring flow'r's the other day;
Poor Phillis, poor Phillis, poor lovely Phillis.
Ah! lead her home, ye gentle swains,
Who know an absent lover's pains;
And bring her safely o'er the plauges;
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

Concord

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Conceive what tortures rack my mind ;
And, if you'll be so just and kind.
I'll give you certain marks to find
My Phillis, &c.

Whene'er a charming form you see,
Serenely grave, sedately free,
And mildly gay, it must be she;
'Tis Phillis, &c.

Not boldly bare, not half undrest,
But under cover slightly prest,
In secret plays the little breast
Of Phillis, &c.

When such a heavenly voice you hear,
As makes you think a Dryad near,
Ah ! seize her, and bring home my dear;
'Tis Phillis, &c.

The nymph, whose person, void of art,
Has ev'ry grace, in every part,
With murd'ring eyes, yet harmless heart,
Is Phillis, &c.

Whose teeth are like an iv'ry row,
Whose skin is like the clearest snow,
Whose face like—nothing that I know,
Is Phillis, &c.

But rest, my soul, and bless your fate ;
'Tis Gods, who form'd a piece so neat,
So just, exact, and so compleat
As Phillis, &c.

Proud of their hit in such a flow'r,
Which so exemplifies their pow'r,
Will guard, in ev'ry dang'rous hour,
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis,

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n snows,
And steal its fragrance from the rose,
To dress their Fandy's Queen ;
Fain would I sing, but words are faint,
All music's powers too weak to paint
Jenny of the Green.

Beneath this elm, be side this stream,
How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,
And told my tale unseen !
While, faithful in the lover's cause,
The winds would murmur soft applause
To Jenny of the Green.

With joy my soul revives the day,
When, deck'd in all the pride of Nay,
She hail'd the sylvan scene ;
Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to please,
First strove to catch the grace and ease
Of Jenny of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,
On me she cast her partial eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble mien ;
The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
That day adorn'd the lovely hair
Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the fairy land of love,
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove,
The pride of gay fifteen ;
Tho' now she treads some distant plain,
Tho' far apart, I'll meet again
My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time, till that blest night
That brings her back with speedy flight,
Melt down the hours between ;
And when we meet, the lost repay,
On loit'ring wing prolong my stay
With Jenny of the Green.

107
SOFT pleasing pains, unknown before,
My beating bosom feels,
When I behold the blisful bow'r
Where dearest Delia dwells,
That way I daily drive my flock ;
Ah ! happy, happy vale !
There look, and wish ; and while I look,
My flocks increase the green,
My flocks increase the gale.

it midnight I do stray
th' inclement skies,
my true devotion pay
a sleep-seal'd eyes :
yours nighly roam,
ious travel faint,
ie the clay-cold tomb
lov'd fav'rite saint;
&c.

ades, that fold my fair,
y bliss contain,
ould ye those blessings share,
I sigh in vain ?
ot at fate regne,
my grief impart ;
ur tenant ;—the lamme ;
on is my heart,
on is my heart.

— 108 —
a giddy wand'ring youth,
to fair I rov'd ;
nok I vow'd my truth,
ike I lov'd ;
be joy I wish'd was past,
appear'd a jest ;
t, I'm convinc'd at last
ancy is best,
ancy is best.

qds, at female wiles
delight to rail ;
their vows, their tears, their smiles,
I thought, and frail ;
tion's bright'ning pow'r,
worth confess ;
not enough adore,
mcy is best,
ancy is best,
part at heathy's fight
with fond desire ;
tiffon yield delight,
e lawless fires;

But love's celestial faithful flames
Still catch from breast to breast ;
While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaim's
That constancy is best,
That constancy is best.
No solid bliss from change results,
No real raptures flow ;
But, fix'd to one, the soul exults,
And tastes of heav'n below.
With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,
Is truth's fair form imprest ;
And reason dictates to mankind,
That constancy is best,
That constancy is best.

CUPID, god of love and joy,
Wanton rosy winged boy,
Guard her heart from all alarms,
Bring her deck'd in all her charms,
Blushing, panting, to my arms.

All the heaven I ask below,
Is to use thy darts and bow,
Could I have them in my pow'r,
One sweet smiling happy hour,
One sweet woman I'd secure.
She's the first which Venus made,
With her graces full array'd ;
When she treads the velvet ground,
We feel the zone with which she's bound,
All is paradise around.

I N perfuit of the fox and the hare
What joys and what comforts abounds !
But I am alone in dispair,
Since Silvia's not there to be found.
When I join with my friends round the bowl !
What raptures I view in each face !
But Sylvia possesses my soul,
And no pleasures her form can erase.
I have told her a tale of soft love,
As we sat in the cool myrtle shade's

But nothing I said could remove
Her idea of being betray'd.

O ! could I but make her my wife,
I'd bid ev'ry folly adieu !
And resolve for the rest of my life
To center my wishes with You.

III
O Betsey ! wilt thou gang with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown.
Nae longer drest in silken sheen,
Nae longer deckt wi' jewels rare ;
Say, can't thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair ?

O Betsey ! when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
Say, can't thou face the flakey snaw,
Nor shrink beneath the northern wind ?
Say, can that soft and gentlest mien,
Severest hardships learn to bear ?
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

O Betsey ! can't thou love sa true,
Thro' perils keen wi' me to go ?
Or when mishap the swain should rue,
To share with him the pang of woe ?
Or when invading pain beset,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care ?
Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert Fairest of the Fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?
And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear ?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

112
IN pity, Celia, to my pain,
No more my heart reprove,
Nor let the blasts of cold disdain
Destroy ray rising love.
My love, as yet, but newly blown,
Must die for want of care ;
'Tis your's (as you the seeds have sown)
To save the flow'res they bare.
When first the springing flow'r appears,
And shews its rising head.
Each gentlest wind is shiv'ring fear.
And counts the gardener's aid.
In pity then, no longer strive
To grieve my faithful mind ;
Since love and faith, and justice too,
Expect you to be kind.

113
SAY, why must the poet's soft lays
To beauty be always confin'd ?
Or why not the tribute of praise
Be paid to the charms of the mind ?
Why need we observe what we know,
That beauty will quickly decay,
Like flow'rs, which as soon as they blow,
Droop, wither, and then fade away ?

Tho' not with that ravishing form,
Which blooming *Lucinda* can boast,
Shall *Celia* be treated with scorn,
Or slighted, because she's no toast ?
No, surely, for all must rever
The charms of her temper and mind ;
Her judgement so solid and clear,
Her taste so correct and refin'd.

Then why not the tribute of praise
Be paid to the charms of the mind ?
Or why must the poet's soft lays
To beauty be always confin'd ?
Ye swains, then be prudent and wise,
Nor listen to beauty's false voice ;
A happiness pure li' ya voice,
Let merit alone claim your choice.

114.
thy dear bosom lying,
an tell my blis?
is I'm enjoying,
my lips I kiss?
love inspires me;
my bosom warms;
anx'gry fires me;
thine arms
that sweetly languish,
wth raptures beat;
turns to anguish,
nsport is so great,
nely on me;
die with bliss;
hose eyes upon me;
a death like this?

115.
Lily of the Vale,
ur,
fome the fanning gale,
spare;
earth it lowly grows,
head to hide;
out-vies the rose,
with so much pride.
owes its hue
ddy stain;
the virgin white
remain;
ious florist's hand
mble head;
the charming flower,
to his bed.
eds its sweets around,
ich modc & grace;
its owner stands,
vely face;
sce, now observe
of my tale;
be—and thou
be Vale.

116.
HEN once I with Phyllida stray'd,
Where rivers ran murmuring by,
I heard the soft vows that she made,
What swain was so happy as I?
My breast was a stranger to care,
For my wealth by her kisses I told;
I thought myself richer, by far,
Than he that had mountains of Gold;
But now I am poor and undone,
Her vows have prov'd empty and vain;
The kisses, I once thought my own,
Are bestow'd on a happier swain;
But cease, gentle shepherd, to deem
Her vows shall be constant and true;
They're as false as a Midsummer-dream,
As fickle as Midsummer dew,
O Phyllis, so fickle and fair,
Why did you my love then approve?
Had you frown'd on my fuk, throu' despair,
I soon had forgotten to love;
You smil'd, and your smiles were so sweet,
You spoke, and your words were so kind,
I could not suspect the deceit,
But gave my loose sails to the wind
When tempests the ocean deform.
And billows so mountainous roar,
The Pilot, secure from the storm,
Ne'er ventured his bark from the shore;
As soon as soft breezes arise,
And smiles the faire face of the sea,
His art he too credulous tries,
And sailing is shipwreck'd like me.

117.
HARK! 'tis I, your own true lover;
After walking three long miles,
One kind look, at least, discover,
Come and speak a word to Giles,
You alone my heart I fix on,
Ah, you littleunning vixen!
I can see your roguish smiles.

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Addleids ! my mind is so posseid'd,
Till we're sped I shan't have rest ;
Only say the thing's a bargain,
Here, an you like it, ready to strike it,
There's at once an end of arguing :
I am her's, she is mine ;
Thus we seal, and thus we sign,

THE smiling plain, profusely gay,
Are deckt in all the pride of May,
The birds around in every vale,
Breathes rapture on the vagat gale.
But ah ! *Miranda*, without thee,
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me !
All lonely in the secret shade,
I mourn thy absence, charming maid,
O 'soft as love ! as honour fair !
More gently sweet than vernal air,
Come to my arms; for you alone
Can all my anguish stoptone !
O come ! and to my bleeding heart,
Th' ambrosial balm of love impart !
Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
And give the year eternal spring,

HOW sweet are the roses of June,
The pink and the jessamine gay ;
But strip'd of their blossoms, how soon,
How sudden those sweets will decay !
Just such is the maid in her prime,
Adorn'd with the bloom of fifteen ;
But robb'd of her beauty by time,
No traces of youth can be seen.
Then *Phillis*, be wise whilst you may,
To *Damon*'s addresses prove kind,
Relent, or, believe what I say,
Too late you will alar: your mind,
When next the fond youth shall declare,
The passion which glows in his breast,
With him to the altar repair,
'onger refuse to be blest,

120
YE gods, ye gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her.
But if your providence divine
For greater bliss design her ;
To obey your will at any time,
I'm ready to resign her.

121
ADIEU, dear maid, whose charms inf:
A never-fading love ;
Once more to rural scenes retire,
And range the thoughtful grove ;
Where peace shall all thy steps attend,
And Nature's various beauties blend,
And Nature's various, &c.
There no eortsoing cares intrude,
Which haunt th' ambitious throng ;
Th' embow'ring shades of solitude
To humble minds belong ;
To those whose virtue is too great
To live in regions of deceit.
Though new ill-nature throws her dart
And wounds our social joy,
Blest friendship still unites our hearts
With her endearing tie,
While thus supported, we can brave
Each cruel storm and threat'ning wave.
Vice shall try all her arts in vain
Our union to divide ;
For purest love's eternal chain
Our spirits has ally'd :
Then let not parting give us pain,
We parted but to meet again.

122
SAY, oh ! too lovely creature,
Thou cause of all my smart,
What means this palpitation,
Without a feeling heart ?
There's conjuration in it,
It ceaseth—Then, in a minute,

pping,
ping,
I would rest;
o, I vow,
tell how,
rest my breast.

— 123 —
y my Heart hath enchain'd,
among Beauties so free;
e Fates had ordain'd
should enslave it but she.
r, is Lucy forgot,
thou didst Constance swear ?
at sweetn'd thy Lot
, Vexation, and Care !
the Thought ? She was mine,
I could ask from above;
ye Hearts that combine
of conjugal Love,
e-insatiable Foe
nor Entreaties will hear,
is murderous Blow,
me of all that was dear.
, my lyre I would string,
ns of Death would explore,
m thence would I bring,
I can see her no more
then haste to my Arms,
ght can reverse the Decree;
to taste of thy Charms,
fond Lucy in these.

— 124 —
g Shepherd, the pride of the plain ;
strive my affection to gain ;
young Phillis, young Bridget and Sue ;
old you have such a young shepherd do
afly wherever I go,
the reason they follow me so ;
am sure you will readily own,
refuse, they won't let me alone.

Last night at the wake, when I danc'd on the green,
Such numbers came round me as never were seen ;
To be teaz'd in this manner no mortal could bear,
So I fix'd upon one who is lovely and fair.

Her ease and good-nature, I vow and protest,
Have gain'd my affection beyond all the rest ;
She has wit, youth and beauty, the passions to move,
And at last, I must own, I am smitten with love.

— 125 —
T HE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride ;
For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness hide ;
The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
In a bachelor's bed, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads
In settling of jointures, or making of deeds ;
But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course,
E'en took one another, for better, for worse.

Then pr'ythee, dear Celia, ne'er aim to be great ;
Let love be thy jointure, ne'er mind an estate ;
You can never be poor, who have all those charms ;
And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

— 126 —
D ECLARE, my pretty maid,
Must my fond suit miscarry ?
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play ;
But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry ;
With you I'll toy, &c.

Then speak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry ;
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play ;
But hang me if I marry ;
With you, &c.

Tho' charms and wit assail,
The stroke I well can parry ;
I love to kiss, to toy and play ;
But do not choose to marry ;
I love, &c.

Young Molly of the Dale
Makes a mere slave of Harry ;

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along :
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
 The winds to blow, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Nor balmy sleep to lab'lers spent with pain,
 Nor show'rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
 Are half so pleasing as thy sight to me.

I Love thee, by heavens I cannot say more ;
 Then set not my passion a cooling :
 If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee o'er,
 For I am but a novice at fooling. [deeds;
 What my love wants in words it shall make up in
 Then why should we waste time in stuff, child ?
 A performance, you wot well, a promise exceeds ;
 A word to the wife is enough, child.
 I know how to love, and to make that love known ;
 But I hate all protesting and arguing :
 Had a goddesa my heart, sifg should e'en lie alone,
 If she made many words to a bargain.
 I'm a quaker in love, and but barely affirm
 Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying ;
 Pr'ythee be thou so too ; seek for no better term,
 But e'en throw thy yes, or thy nay, in.
 I cannot bear love like a Chancery suit,
 The age of a patriarch depending ;
 Then pluck up a spirit, no longer be mute ;
 Give it, one way or other, an ending.
 Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
 Like the grace of fanatical sinners ; [cool,
 Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow
 Before men sit down to their dinners.

BRIGHT was the morning, cool was the air,
 Serene was all the sky,
 When on the waves I left my dear,
 The center of my joy ;
Happier and nature smiling were,
And nothing find but I.

Each rosey field did odours spread,
 All fragrant was the shore ;
 Each river-god rose from his bed,
 And sing'd, and own'd her pow'rs ;
 Curling their waves, they deck'd their bds.
 As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair Egyptian queen
 Her hero went to see,
Cindus swell'd o'er her banks with pride,
 As much in love as he.

Glide on, ye waters, bear these lines,
 And tell her how disres'd :
 Bear all my sighs, ye gentle winds,
 And waft e'm to her breast :
 Tell her, if e'er she proven unkind,
 I never shall have rest.

W^HAT beauties dogs *Flegy* disclose !
 How sweet are her smiles upon *Tweed* !
 Yet *Moggy*'s, still sweeter than thos'e,
 Both nature and fancy exceed :
 Nor dairy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor *Tweed*, gliding gently thro' thos'e,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove.
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush ;
 The black-bird, and sweet cooling doves
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on *Tweed*,
 And love while the feather'd folke sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does *Moggy* not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While, happily, the lass aleep ?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pangs of my breast
 I'd steal an amorous kiss.

untemly pow'r
oming spring ;
, from blasts secure,
ribute bring.

131 ——————
ip-swell with pride,
auties to the sun,
born tints of Iris's bow ;
let springs beside,
le it strives to shun
some rapacious foe.

ie, small the store
tulip can arise,
rom its glowing bed ;
i'll let charms the more,
in its native skies,
to grace the virgin head.
air ones, how these flow'r's
nature's various robe ;
declines, and merit thrives,
ity o'er-pow'r's
the conquer'd globe :
pliance makes ye wives.

132 ——————
gins, have ye seen
pats the green,
mine bow'r ?
seek the woodbine shade ;
the blooming maid,
day-blown flow'r.

ike the maiden rose,
ily as it blows,
sweetness vie ;
ift'ning in the morn,
ds the flow'ring thorn,
s in her eye.

the linnet's lay,
arful on the spray,
ad bower !

Her heart is blither than her song,
Her passions gently move along,
Like the smooth gliding stream.

ADIEU, —————— 133 ——————
Ye streams, that smoothly flow ;
Ye vernal airs, that softly blow ;
Ye plains, by blooming spring array'd ;
Ye birds, that warble thro' the glade,
Ye birds, &c.

Unhurt from you, my soul could fly,
Nor drop one tear, nor hear one sigh ;
But, forc'd from *Celia's* smiles to part,
All joy deserts my drooping heart,
All joy, &c.

O ! fairer than the rosy morn,
When flow'res the dewy field adorn ;
Unusu'd as the genial ray,
That warms the gentle breeze of May,
That warms, &c.

Thy charms divinely sweet appear,
And add new splendor to the year ;
Improve the day with fresh delight,
And gild with joy the dreary night,
And gild, &c.

134 ——————
T HE glitt'ring sun begins to rise
On yonder hill, and paints the skies ;
The lark his warbling matin flings ;
Each flow'r in all its beauty springs ;
The village up, the shepherd tries
His pipe, and to the woodland hies.

Oh ! that on th' enamell'd green
My *Celia*, lovely maid, were seen,
Fresher than the roses bloom,
Sweeter than the meads perfume.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away,
To *Celia's* ear the tender notes convey :
A some lone turtle his lost love deplores,
And with shrill echoes fills the sounding boughs.
So I, like him, abandon'd and forlorn,
With ceaseless plaints my absent *Celia* mourn.

The fair, the smart, the witty,
 'The fair, the smart, the witty.
 In Cupid's fetters, most severe,
 I languish out a long, long year,
 The slave of wanton *Kitty*,
 The slave of wanton *Kitty*.
 At length I broke the galling chain,
 And swore that love was endless pain,
 One constant scene of folly,
 One constant, &c.
 I vow'd no more to wear the yoke;
 But soon I felt a second stroke,
 And figh'd for blue-ey'd *Molly*,
 And figh'd, &c.
 With tresses next of flaxen hue,
 Young *Jenny* did my soul subdue,
 That lives in yonder valley,
 That lives, &c.
 Then Cupid threw another snare,
 And caught me in the curling hair
 Of little tempting *Sally*,
 Of little, &c.
 Adorn'd with charms, tho' blithe and young,
 My roving heart from bondage sprung,
 This heart of yeilding mettle,
 This heart, &c.
 And now it wanders here and there,
 By turns the prize of brown and fair,
 But never more will settle,

HASTE, haste, *Amelia*, gentle fair,
 To soft *Elysian* gales;
 From smoke to smiling skies repair,
 And sun-illumin'd vales:
 No sighs, no murmurs, haunt the grove,
 But blessings crown the plains;
 Here calm Contentment, heav'n-born maid,
 And Peace, the cherub, reigns.
O come! for thee the roses bloom,
 The deep carnation grows,
 For thee sweet violets breathe perfume,
 The white-robd lily blows;

For thee their streams the Naiads roll,
 The daised hills are gay,
 Where (emblems of *Amelia*'s soul)
 The spotless lambkins play.
 From vale to vale the *Zephyrs* rove,
 To rob th' unfolding flow'res;
 And music melts in ev'ry grove,
 To charm thy rural hours;
 The warbling lark, high-poiz'd in air,
 Exerting all his pride,
 Will strive to please *Amelia* fair,
 Who pleases all beside.

THE morning fresh, the sun is east
 New gilds the fruiling day;
 The morning fresh, &c.
 The lark forsakes his dewy nest,
 The fields all round are gaily drest;
 Arise, my love, and play, and play;
 Arise, my love, and play.
 Come forth, my fair, come forth, bright!
 And blest thy Shepherd's flight;
 Come forth, &c.
 Lend ev'ry folded flow'r thy aid,
 Unveil the rose's blushing shade,
 And give them sweet delight,
 And give, &c.
 Thy presence makes all nature smile,
 Those smiles your charms improve;
 Thy presence, &c.
 Thy strains the list'ning birds beguile,
 And, as invite, reward their toil,
 And tune their voices to love,
 And tune, &c.,
 Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,
 The flow'r in wreaths I'll twine;
 Beneath, &c.
 E'er other eyes ye beauties see,
 Then on my brows adorn'd shall be;
 Thy happy fate be mine, be mine,
 Thy happy tea be wine.

— 145 —
with blooming charms,
arms,
'thing;
wo'd her wit
off fit,
i, Spring.

af'd away ;
midian day,
become hers
and the wife,
ll the life.
Summer.

career,
t an ear,
v she taught 'em ;
fing round,
gin found
f Autumn.

faded quite ;—
v it right,
ise to fain her ;
well employs,
n's solid joys,
of Winter.

— 146 —

shepherds that join in this throng,
id attend to my song :
t, is true that I tell ;
u all wonderful well.

o a wake on the green,
air as beauty's gay queen ;
the damsel cry'd no ;
wn'd, and said, pray let me go.
s, don't be a prude ;
I'll cry out if you're rude :
'd her, the more she cry'd no,
vn'd, and said, pray let me go,
would make her comply ;
r 'twas fye, Collin, fye :

So I sent for a parson, and made her my wife,
And now I am welcome to kiss her for life.
Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this,
Take care how too freely you part with a kiss ;
Conceal for a time all the favours you can, [man.
For that's the best way to make sure of your

P HILIRA's charms poor Damon took ;
How eager he for billing !
When lo ! the nymph the swain forsook,
To shew her pow'r of killing ;
In either eye she sheath'd a dart,
He felt it never doubt him :
Ozooks ! a man were thro' the heart,
Ere he could look about him.
But mark the end—with scythe so sharp
Time o'er the forehead struck her ;
And all her charms began to warp—
Then she was in a pucker :
She then began to rave and curse,
Her time she pass'd no better ;
Yet still bad hopes, ere bad grew worse,
Some comely swain might get her.
Philira, ev'ry lad the meets,
Now makes an am'rous trial ;
But each with scorn her warmest treats ;
Each frowns in cold denial.
Coquetts, take warning ; change your tune ;
Tis woeful case remember :
The bed-fellow you slight in June,
You'll wish for in December.

C OME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets ply ;
Behold the winter storms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the sky.
The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
Each spreads a verdant couch for thee ;
'Tis joy and music all we hear,
"Tis love and beauty all we see.

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Come 'e us mark the gradual spring,
How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
Till *Philomel* begins to sing,
And perfect May to spread the rose.

Let us secure the short delight,
And wisely crop the blooming day;
For soon, too soon, it will be night;
Arise, my love, and come away.

— 149 —

ATTEND all ye shepherds and nymphs to my lay
You may learn from my tale, and go wiser away:
A damsel once dwelt at the foot of the hill,
Well known by the name of the Maid of the Mill.
In her all the graces had jointly combin'd
Her face to improve, and embellish her mind;
Nor pride or deceit e'er her bosom did fill;
'Twas nature alone in the Maid of the Mill.

The lord of the village beheld the sweet maid;
Each art to subdue her was presently laid;
With gold he endavour'd to tempt her to ill,
But nought could prevail with the Maid of the Mill.

Her virtue she priz'd beyond splendor and state;
Tho' poor, yet he never repin'd at her fare;
His proffers she slighted—in vain all his skill
To ruin the fame of the Maid of the Mill.

Young *Colin* address'd her with hope and with fear,
His heart was right honest, his love was sincere;
With rapture his bosom each moment would thrill,
When'er he beheld his dear Maid of the Mill.

His passion was founded in honour and truth—
The girl read his heart, & of course lov'd the youth;
At church little Party soon answer'd, “I will.”
His lordship was but k'd of the Maid of the Mill.

What happiness waits on the chaste nuptial pair!
Content, they are strangers to sorrow and care!
The flame they fit rais'd in each other, burns still,
And *Colin* is blest'd with the Maid of the Mill.

— 150 —

YOUNG *Molly*, who lives at the foot of the hill,
Whose same ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,

Of beauty is blest'd with so ample a share
That men call her the lass with the delicate air
One ev'ning last May when I travers'd th^t
In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming
I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declar
And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, by a green mead
A chapter composing, the fair one was I
Surpris'd and transported, I could not forbear
With raptures to gaze on her delicate air
That moment young *Cupid* selected a dam
And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent
And from thence, how to win the dear maid
For a captive I tell to her delicate air.

As the faw me, she blush'd, & complain'd
And beg'd of all things that I would not
I answer'd, I could not tell how I came
But laid all the blame on her delicate air
Said her heart was the prize which I sought
And hop'd she wold grant it to ease my smart
She neither rejected, nor granted my pret
But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air
A thousand times o'er I've repeated my
But till the tormenter affects to be mote
Then tell me, ye swains, who have co
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air

— 151 —
WHILE servile scriblers take the pen
To flatter some great ruling men,

In hopes to get a dinner;
Not so the bard who now invokes
The nine, and such celestial folks,
In praise of *Betsy Skinner*.

Before my tongue should frame a lie,
For wealth, or fame, I'd sooner die,
An unforgiven sinner;
If truth direct me on my way,
Do thou approve my feeble lay,
On charming *Betsy Skinner*,

oats a sparkling eye,
eek a crimson dye,
ir, *Corinna* ;
ading charms shall shine
once compar'd with thine,
ify Skinner.
nly form we find,
ife, and wisdom join'd,
dwell with a her;
ugh the fairest she,
ek her native sea,
ify Skinner.
be express'd
v supremely blefs'd
it's doom'd to win her;
y king, who wear
win an care,
ify Skinner.

152

nymph approve the flame
t'd within my breast ;
thought proclaim
love, and how distress'd ;
nselves want energy to prove
ters by capricious love.
n the pleading thought,
ft nature must advance ;
the contest caught,
nds have fell by chance.
linda, generous and kind,
ance on the humble mind.

153

here *Thames* glides so softly along,
my heart, the deargirl of my song ;
e day I with rapture repeat,
'n the shepherds but talk of my *Kate*.
ne is by, the whole village is gay,
the sun, that enlivens the day ;
appy when round her they wait,
avn beauty by watching my *Kate*.
ose lily or blushpainted rose / pose
sweet wooddizes a garland com-

More lovely to sight are her looks, and more sweet
is the fragrance that dwells on the lips of my *Kate*.

Hush hush ye vain warblers no more croud the spray
Nor think to delight with your love, liven'd lay ;
With success each may tune a shrill note to his mate,
But your notes are all harsh to the voice of my *Kate*.

As she sits on the banks by the side of the stream,
The fish, without fear, feed & play by the b. im ;
And why shoud they not ? they can think no deceit,
Such truth is confess in the looks of my *Kate*.

The shepherds bring posies of flow'r's : but the maid
Cries, these are but emblems that I too must fade :
But myrtle I'll bring, and in their happy date,
Shew the untaking charms of the mind of my *Kate*.

154

DEAREST *Kitty*, kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where,
Tell thy fond and faithful swain
When we thus shall meet again ?
When shall *Strephon* fondly see
Beauties only found in thee ?
Kifs thee, preis thee, toy and play,
All the happy live long day ?
Dearest *Kitty* ! kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where ?
All the happy day, 'tis true,
Blefs'd, but only when with you ;
Nightly *Strephon* sings alone,
Sighs till *Hymen* makes us one.
Tell me then, and ease my pain,
Tell thy fond and faithful swain,
When the priest shall kindly join
Kitty's trembling hand to mine ?
Dearest *Kitty* ! kind and fair,
Tell me when—I care not where.

155

IN vain, dear *Chloe*, you suggest,
That I, unconstant, have possess'd,
Or lov'd a fairer she.
If that at once, you would be cur'd,
Of all the pains you've long endur'd,
Consult your glass and me.

In gardens did you never see
The little, wanton, curious bee,
Where ev'ry blossom blows,
Fly gently o'er each flower he meets,
And, for the quintessence of sweets,
He ravishes the rose.

So I, my fancy to employ,
On each variety of joy,
From fair ro fair I roam,
Perchance, to thousands in a day ?
Those are but visits that I pay—
My Chloe, you're my home.

GRANT me, ye pow'rs, a calm repose,
Exempt from noise, and strife, and pride,
Where I may pity human woes,
And taste the pleasures you provide,
Unenvy'd by the proud and great,
My hours shall sweetly glide away ;
While conscious of my still retreat,
Chearful I hail the opening day.

And if I may select the maid
From all the softer sex below,
May Stella be alone convey'd,
Whose beauties bid my bosom glow,
At length, when life is in decline,
Celestial mansions let me view ;
Without a groan my breath resign,
And peaceful bid the world adieu.

FAIR *Kitty*, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd ;
Inflam'd with rage and sad restraint,
Which wise mama ordain'd,
Ard sorely vex'd to play the saint,
While wit and beauty reign'd,
While wit and beauty reign'd,
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
While wit and beauty reign'd.

Much lady *Jenny* frisk about
And visit with her cousins ?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens ?
What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
While I am scarce a toast ?
While I am scarce a toast ?
That all mankind for her should die,
While I am scarce a toast ?

Dear, dear mama for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try ;
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.
Fond love prevail'd, mama gave way ;
Kitty, has heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a' day,
And set the world on fire,
And set the world on fire.
Obtain'd the chariot for a' day,
And set the world on fire.

THE woodlark whistles through the grov
Tuning the sweetest notes of love
To please his female on the spray ;
Perch'd by his side, her little breast
Swells with a lover's joy confess'd,
To hear, and to reward the lay.

Come then, my fair-one, let us prove
From their example how to love :
For thee the early pipe I'll breathe ;
And when my flock returns to fold,
Their shepherd to thy bosom hold,
And crown him with the nuptial wreath

THINK, oh ! think, within my breast
While contending passions reign,
How my heart is robb'd of rest ;
And, in pity, sake my pain.

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

161

a dñe'red'd,
loubts, and hopes, and fears,
, till he's bles'd,
d, thousand years.

160

a young thing
in her teens;
e day, and sweet as *May*,
e day, and always gay :
a young thing,
t very old;
e to meet her
king of the fold,
aks sae sweatly,
e meet alone;
e mair to lay my care,
e more of a' that's rare :
iks so sweetly,
ve I'm cauld ;
my spiri's glow,
g of the fold.
les sae kindly
whisper love,
ok down on a' the town,
ok down upon a crown :
les kindly,
e blyth and bauld,
given me sic delight
g of the fold.
;sae fastly,
y pipe I play ;
rest it is contest,
rest, that the sings best :
;sae fastly,
angs are tauld,
ce the vale of sense,
g of the fold.

161

ns of bright beauties, & fond to explore
of such charms as I'd ne'er seen before,
visions, and wak'd from my dreams,
no nymphs were like those of the

On the banks of the *Seine* I was pleas'd to survey
Such crowds of fair nymphs all so merry and gay ;
But then they were snerry and gay to extremes,
And no nymphs could I find like the nymphs of the
Tbames.

Then I traver'd each mountain, each river & plain,
But my labour alas was all labour in vain,
O *Tyber*, O *Po*, why so fam'd are your streams,
Since no nymphs can you boast like the nymphs of
the *Tbames*.

But of *Italy*'s merit and fame, to say true,
And give as 'tis fit ev'ry nation its due,
Each fair like a *Syren* with music inflames,
But what is a song to the nymphs of the *Tbames* ?

As for *Germany*, there I was struck with surprize,
What the belles want in beauty, they make up in size
And 'tis just with their girls as it is with their streme
You've a ton on the *Rhine* for a quart on the *Tbames*

Then ye youths of *Great Britain* on wandering so keen
To feed your fond fancy with beauties unfeen,
Go, enquire of the fun, and he'll tell you his beams
Ne'er shone on such nymphs as the nymphs of the
Tbames.

162

THE sun, just glancing thro' the trees,
Gave life and joy to tilka grove,
And pleasure in each southern breeze
Awaken'd hope and slumb'ring love :
When *Jeany* sung with hearty glee,
To charm her winsome marrow,
My bonny laddie gang wi me
Will o'er the braes of *Tarrow*.

Young *Sandy* was the blithe swain,
That ever pip'd on broomy brae ;
No lass cou'd ken him free fra' pain,
So graceful, kind, so fair and gay.
And *Jeany* sung, &c.

He kils'd and lov'd the bonny maid,
Her sparkling eyas had won his heart ;
No lass the youth had e'er betray'd,
No fears had she, the lad nocht.
A - A will the fung, &c.

P 3

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

SHALL I wait in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in *May*?
Yet if she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her worthy merits known
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
As may merit name the best,
Yet if she be not such to me
What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair
I will never more despair;
If she love me, th's believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn and let her go;
So if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

O! How to bid my love adieu,
The painful task reveal!
No more the conscious blush to view,
The tender glance to steal.

Alas! how sharp will be my woe,
For ever torn from thee!
Shall that fond breast one joy forego,
Or yield one sigh for me?

Though destin'd every anxious pain,
Each tender fear to prove,
My constant heart shall still remain
Unchang'd to thee and love!

FROM College I came,
Full of spirits and flame,
'tis d I ne'er would despair;

163
I'll search the town through,
For the lass I've in view,
She must have a delicate air.
I'll search the town through,
For the lass I've in view,
She must have a delicate air.

There's you miss, and you,
Ay, and you madam too,
Who look so confoundedly fly;
You think I'll declare,
Now the name of the fair,
If I can, I wish I may die.

I've search'd the town round,
She is not to be found,
I find myself quite in despair;
There's this thing and that,
Sets my heart pit a pat,
Whenever I speak to the fair.

Resolv'd then I am,
And blame me if you can,
If one of your hearts to enthrall,
In wedlock's soft chains,
I'll forget all my pains,
Live constant and blest'd with my

166
AH! sure a pair was never seen
So justly form'd to meet by nature!
The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in every grace of feature
O how happy are such lovers,
When kindled beauties each dis^c
For surely she
Was made for thee,
And thou to bless this lovely great:
So mild your looks, your children
Will early learn the task of duty,
The boys with all their father's sen
The girls with all their mother's
O how happy to inherit
At once such graces and such
Thus while you live
May fortune give
Each blessing, equal to your own

167
art for falsehood fram'd,
d injure you ;
ur tongue no promise claim'd,
is would make me true,
I shall bear deceit,
offer wrong :
all the ag'd you'll meet,
in the young.

y learn that you have b'eft
ith your heart,
spring passion rest,
rother's part.
read not here deceit,
suffer wrong :
n all the ag'd you'll meet,
in the young.

168
ling *Kitty's* to my mind,
ay can please me,
r'd, faithful, fond and kind,
tries to tease me ;
oad, by night or day,
engaging creature,
ever haye my way ;
always meet her,
rm a girl so good,
a shame and pity,
injure if I cou'd
miling *Kitty* ;
ed from fair to fair,
is my passion,
re, is now my care,
e is all the fashion.
illion has the shewn,
child of nature,
r shape, is all her own,
other feature ;
spite, and cunning free,
y, gay, and witty,
or expect to see,
die with *Kitty*.

169
HOW oft *Louisa* hast thou said,
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
Thou wouldest not lose *Antonio's* love,
To reign the partner of a throne.
And by those lips that spoke so kind !
And by this hand I press to mine !
To gain a subject nation's love,
I swear I would not part with thine.
Then how, my soul, can we be poor
Who own what kingdoms could not buy ?
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
And, serving thee, a monarch I.
Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss,
And rich in love's exhaustless mine ;
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

170
I ASK not beauty quite compleat,
Give me a girl who simply neat,
Rich golden tissue can despise,
And wear no brilliants but her eyes ;
While blended in those eyes there fit,
The laughing lover and sparkling wit.
O give me *Hymen* such a wife,
With joy I'll quit the single life,
With joy I'll quit the single life.
As paues find in music place,
Her speech let proper silence grace,
And in her dimpled smiles be seen,
A modest yet a cheerful mien :
Her conversation ever free,
From censure as from levity,
O give me *Hymen* such a wife,
With joy I'll quit the single life.
Not fond of compliment, nor rude,
Not a coquette nor yet a prude,
Averse to grandeur and parade,
Nor pleas'd with midnight masquerades.
The virtues that her sex adora,
By honor guarded not by scorn,
To such a virgin, such a wife,
I give my love, I give my life.

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing,
My *Winifrida*, move thy tear;
Let nought delay the heav'nly blessing,
Nor I queamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles g'ace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble, we'll be good.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance p'enty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name, whilst virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound whe'er'tis spoke;
And all the great ones much shall wonder,
How they admire such little folk.

Thro' youth and age, in love excelleng,
We'll hand in hand together treat;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babe, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung;
To see 'em look their mother's features,
To hear 'em lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transpored
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I go a-roving in my boys.

AH, dear *Marcella*! maid divine,
No more will I at fate repine,
If I this day behold thee mine,
For dearly do I love thee.

shall be my sweet employ,

— 171 —

May then no chance my hopes destroy,
For dearly do I love thee.

Sweet is the woodbine to the bee,
The rising sun to ev'ry tree,
But sweeter far art thou to me,
For dearly do I love thee.

And let me but behold thee mine,
No more will I at fate repine,
But while I live, thou maid divine,
With rapture will I love thee.

— 173 —

AS down on *Banna's* banks I stray'd,
One evening in *May*,
The little birds, in blithe notes,
Made vocal ev'ry spray:
They sung their little tales of love,
They sung them o'er and o'er.
Ah! gramachree, ma cholicenouge,
Ma *Molly* astore!

The daisy py'd, and all the sweets,
The dawn of nature yields,
The primrose pale, and vi'let blue,
Lay scatter'd o'er the fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies,
Of her whom I adore.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
And cruel *Molly's* hate;
How can she break the honest heart,
That wears her in its core?
Ah! gracachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, *Molly* dear;
Ah! why did I believe?
Yet who could think such tender wretches
Were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I set'd on earth,
Nay, Heav'n could give no better.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

the flock'd that grace
yellow hill;
ie thenum'rous herds
een pasture fill;
re, I'd gladly share,
d fleecy store.
ree, &c.
ves, above my head,
; on a bough,
their happiness,
; bill and con;
once for me he shew'd,
las! 'tis o'er,
ree, &c.
e well, my *Molly* dear,
e'er shall mourn;
nains in *Strephon's* heart,
for thee alone;
t false, may Heav'n on thee
t blessings pour.
ree, &c.

174
e grove I chanc'd to stray,
Phillis on her way;
ghtning to her arms,
rapture on her charms;
eal'd a modest flame,
ry'd, O fye for shame.
ast I stole a kifs,
ing *Phillis* took sniffs;
e from her with a frown,
e bold presuming clown;
'fes'd myself to blame,
ry'd, O fye for shame.
as I told my love,
y faith on things above;
all her sex, was coy,
vore, would not comply;
'd she met my flame,
ry'd, O fye for shame.
aw, I quickly cry'd,
hill be my bride;

For bark, I hear the tinkling-bell;
To church let's go? It pleas'd her well;
And soon a kind compliance came,
But still the cry'd, O fye for shame.
Now *Hymen's* bands have made us one,
The joys we taste to few are known.
No jealous fears our bosoms move;
For constant each, we truly love.
She now declares I'm not to blame,
Nor longer cries, O fye for shame.

175

AS I went to the wake that is held on the green,
I met with young *Phebe*, as blithe as a queen;
A form so divine might an anchorit move,
And I found (tho' a clown) I was smitten with loves;
So I ask'd for a kifs, but she, blushing, reply'd,
Indeed, gentle shepherd, you must be deny'd.
Lovely *Phebe*, I cry'd, don't affect to be shy.
I vow I will kifs you—here's nobody by;
No matter for that, she reply'd, 'tis the same;
For know, silly sheepherd, I value my fame;
So pray let me go, I shall surely be mis'd;
Besides, I'm resolv'd that I will not be kifs'd.
Lord bles me! I cry'd, I'm surpriz'd you refuse;
A few harmless kisses but serve to amuse;
The month it is *May*, and the season for love,
So come my dear girl, to the wake let us rove.
No, *Damon*, she cry'd, I must fit be your wife,
You then shall be welcome to kifs me for life.
Well, come then, I cry'd, to the church let us go,
But after dear *Phebe* must never say no.
Do you prove but true, (she reply'd) you shall find
I'll ever be constant, good humour'd and kind.
So I kifs when I p'ease, for she ne'er says she won't,
And I kifs her so much, that I wonder she don't.

176

AWAKE, thou blithsome god of day,
Invite each songster round,
Let ev'ry heart be blithe and gay,
The world with mirth abound;
Betty's sweet seraphic charms
In raptures now I sing,

186

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Soon let her prison be my arms,
And I'll thy tribute bring,
Ye regents, who the realms above
With godlike sweetness guard;
Fair *Betsy's* heart invade with love,
Her faithful swain reward;
If not, avaunt ! ye gods divine,
Contented let me die,
My Betsy's eyes much brighter shine
Than all your spangled sky.
No longer boast your lilles fair,
Now ruffet seems your snow,
With *Betsy's* skin their white compare,
Where new born roses grow;
Yess sun that gilds the realms above,
A distant heat may give,
But Betsy's eyes will always prove
How sweet it is to live.

AS flows the cool and purling rill,
In silver masses down the hill,
It chears the myrtle, and the vine,
That in each other's foliage twine:
So streams from the maternal heart,
What tender nature can impart;
Thus happy, in my arms to hold,
And to my heart *Almea* hold.

AH, happy hours, how fleeting
Ye danc'd on down away;
When, my soft vows repeating,
At *Daphne's* feet I lay !
But from her charms when funder'd,
As *Midas* frowns preface;
Each hour will seem an hundred,
Each day appear an age.

BRIGHT *Cynthia's* pow'r, divinely great,
What heart is no. obeying ?
A thousand Cupids on her wait,
And in her eyes are playing.

She seems the queen of love to reign ;
For she alone dispenses
Such sweets as best can entertain
The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings ;
Her breath gives balmy blisses ;
I hear an angel when she sings,
And taste of heav'n in kisses.
Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
From nature's richest treasure :
Let me the other sense employ,
And I shall die with pleasure.

BELINDA, with affected mien,
Tries ev'ry power of art ;
Yet finds her efforts all in vain,
To gain a single heart :
Whilst *Chloe*, in a different way,
Aims but herself to please,
And makes new conquests every day,
Without one borrow'd grace.

Belinda's haughty air destroys
What native charms inspire ;
While *Chloe's* artless, shining eyes,
Set all the world on fire.
Belinda may our pity move,
But *Chloe* gives us pain ;
And while she smiles us into love,
Her sister frowns in vain.

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,
I met with young *Phebe* who lives at the hill.
My heart leapt with joy at so pleasing a sight,
For *Phebe*, I vow, is my only delight.
I told her my love, and sat down by her side
And swore the next moraing I'd make hers mine.
In anger she said, Get out of my sight,
And go to your *Phillis*; you met her last
Surpriz'd, I reply'd Play, explain what you never, I vow, with young *Phillis* was fit

s what my *Phebe* is at.
I cry'd; well, I love you for that.

neet her last night on this spot ?
you can't have forgot ;
I stoty this morning from *Mat*,
y it; I love you for that.

I, dearest *Phebe* believe,
r, and means to deceive ;
ove he has ruin'd young *Pat*,
armer must hate him for that.

the cry'd, if you mean to be kind
know the true state of your mind :
I'd her; she gave me a pat,
ife, and loves me for that.

— 182 —
orn's empurpleing light
nre shades of night,
ts to *Nancy* rove,
the maid I love.
hambers of the East,
glories drest,
ing sun I see,
less fair than she.
re of the fields,
rich *India* yields,
ul to my eye
earliest maid is nigh.
A crimson dyes,
of her eyes ;
ts of flow'rs treads,
arms, and droop their heads.
ous, and ye vain,
ies, and you pain ;
es I resign,
only mine.
ve, I wold defy
and envy fly ;
e without care,
or's fear.

— 183 —
BY a cool fountain's flow'ry side,
The bright *Celinda* lay ;
Her looks increas'd the sunther's pride ;
Her eyes the bloom of day.
The roses blush'd with deeper red,
To see their charms out-done ;
The lilies sunk beneath their bed,
To see such rival's shwon.
Quick through the air, to his retreat,
A bee industrions flew ;
Prepar'd to rife ev'ry sweet,
And sip the balmy dew.
Drawn by the fragrance of her breath,
Her rosy lips he found ;
Where he in transports met his death,
And dropt upon the ground.
Enjoy, blest bee ! enjoy thy fate,
Nor at thy fall repine ;
Each god wou'd quit his blissful state,
To share a joy like thine.

— 184 —
BEAUTY and musick charm the soul,
Tho' separate in the fair ;
What mortal can their pow'r controul,
When heav'n has join'd them there ?
What needed, then, my *Carla*'s art,
To sing or touch the lyre ?
Your charms before had won my heart,
Twas adding flame to fire.

— 185 —
CAN the shepherds and nymphs of the grove
Condemn me for dropping a tear ;
Or lamenting loud as I rove,
Since *Susan* no longer i- here?
My flocks, if at random they stray,
What wonder, since she's from the plain ?
Her hand they were wnt to obey,
She rul'd both the sheep and the swain.

186

IN pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that have
One morning I rang'd o'er the plain; [stray'd,
But, alas! after all my researches were made,
I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeless my lambs to restore,
I resolv'd to return back again;
It was useless. I hought, to seek after them more,
Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty *Phaëbe* I saw,
And to love her I could not refrain;
To solicit a kiss approach'd her with awe,
But she told me my labour was vain.

But, *Phæbe* I cry'd, to my suit lend an ear,
And let me no longer complain:
She reply'd with a frown, and an aspect severe,
Young *Collins*, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly clasp'd her quite close to my breast,
And kiss'd her, and kiss'd her again;
O *Collins*, she cry'd, if you're rude, I protest
That your labour shall still be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kisses and vows,
Compassion she took on my pain;
She now has consented to make me her spouse,
So no longer I labour in vain.

187

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of *Celia* to sing,
For emblems of beauty I search'd thro' the spring;
To flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet maid,
But flowers, tho' blowing, at ev'ning may fade.
Of sunshine and breezes I next thought to write,
Of breezes so calm, and of sunshine so bright;
But these with my fair no resemblance will hold,
For sun sets at night, and breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild evening array'd in pale blue,
And the funbeams behind 'em peep'd glittering thro'
Tho' to rival her charms they can never arise,
Yer methought they look'd something like Celia's
sweet eyes;

These beauties are transient; but Celia's will last
When spring, & when summer, & autumn, are past;

For sense and good-humour
And the soul of my *Celia* ex-

At length, on a fruit-tree
Which beauty display'd, an-
I then thought the muse had
This blossom, I cry'd, wil-
These colours, so gay, and
This delicate texture, and
Be her person's dear emblem
In nature, a beauty that eac-

This blossom, now pleasin';
Must languish at first, and
But behind it the fruit, its
By nature disrob'd of its be-
So *Celia*, when youth, that
By her virtues improv'd, sh-
Shall recall ev'ry beauty tha-
When her merit is ripen'd

188

THO' women, 'tis true,
Yet nature does their sex
Their will is too strong to -
They're obstinate still till

In vain you attack 'em wit-
Your sorrows you only F
Disputing is always high tr-
No woman was e'er in th-

Relief must be in resignatio-
For if you appear once co-
Perhaps the dear fair in co-
May then condescend to :

SYLVIA, ————— 188
Wilt thou waff
Stranger to the joys of lo-
Thou hast youth, and that's
Ev'ry minute to improv-
Round thee wilt thou never
Little wanton girls and t-
Sweetly sounding in thy ear
Sweetly sounding in thy ear
Infant pate and moun-

Songs for GENTLEMEN.

269

t little dove,
g to his mate ;
oo of love,
his kisles wait.
arming nightingale,
from spray to spray,
an am'rous tale,
&c.

e, he strives to say,
soul reveal
, the thousandth part
are lovers feel
change of heart ;
g, would'ft thou say,
from hence remove ;
thrown away,
thrown away,
not spend in love.

190 ——————
se, were you my wife,
ould I be ;
e, in peace and war,
leasure thee.
own, from town to town,
ers rove,
queen, in chaise marine,
ke queen of love.
se, beyond the skies,
pois of war,
gree to follow me,
ggage car ;
ho' in distress,
ves in seen ;
sch, has more reproach,
chaise marine.
d your love in gold,
heart on gain ;
, with all their state,
e care and pain :
, I pay no rent,
trouble see,
I got my pay,
nearly.

Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,
Who lead ignoble lives,
Nor deign to smile on men so vile,
Who fight none-but their wives;
For Britain's right, and you we fight,
And ev'ry ill defy,
Should but the fair reward our care,
With love and constancy.
If sighs nor groans, nor tender moans,
Can't win your harden'd heart,
Let love in arms, with all his charms,
Then take a soldier's part ;
With fife and drum, the soldier's come,
And all the pomp of war,
Then don't think mean of chaise marine,
'Tis love's triumphant car.

200 ——————
DEAR Sally, thy charms have undone me,
They've robb'd me of freedom and joy ;
Then dearest, sweet Sally, smile on me,
For death is my fate if thou'rt coy ;
Be cautious, dear charmer, in slaying,
Since murder's so hateful, comply ;
And torture me not with delaying
What ev'ry crost chit can deay.

Consider, my angel, why nature
In forming you took such delight ?
Don't think you were made that fair creature
For nought but to dazzle the sight :

No ; Jove, when he gave you those graces,
Intended you wholly for love ;
And gave you the fairest of faces,
The kindest of females to prove.

Besides, pretty maiden, remember,
The flower that's blooming in May
Is wither'd and shrunk in December,
And cast unregarded away ;
So it fares with each scornful young charmer,
Who takes at her lover distaste ;
She trifles till thirty, disarm her,
And then dies forsaken at last.

Q

NOTE

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

NO'T long ago how blythe was I !
My heart was then at rest ;
I knew not what it was to sigh,
Of love I made a jest.
But soon I found 'twas all in vain
To thwart the wretched's will ;
For now I'm fore'd to drag the chair
For Fanny of the hill.

When walking out upon the green,
We chance to toy and kiss,
The lads and lasses vent their spleen,
In envy of the bliss.
By turns they censure ev'ry part,
Her face, her shape, and air ;
But let 'em rail, with all my heart,
If I but think her fair.

With golden locks her head is graced,
That fan each dimpled cheek ;
With lips might tempt e'er Jove to taste,
And eyes which seem to speak.
If then such beauties she displays,
Yet partly critics hence ;
For such a form was made for praise,
And not to give offence.

Great gods ! who made mankind your care,
And judge us here above ;
For once be greatest to my pray'r,
Give me the girl I love :
That when possest'd of Fanny's charms,
The world I may defy ;
And when you snatch her from my arms,
With pleasure then I'll die.

THE topsails shives in the wind,
The ship the casts to sea,
But yet on sole, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee ;
For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landsmen flatter, when we're fail'd,
O doubt their artful tales,

No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales ;
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.
These are our castes ; but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
Till we return again.
Now England's giddy tosse with you,
Our sails are full, sweet girls, adieu.

WHENCE comes my love ? oh where did
It comes from cheeks that shame the rose,
From lips above the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blass.
Whence then, alas ! my cause of meane ?
Ah me ! 'tis from a heart of stone.

Her blussh bespeaks a modest mind,
Her lips all words of gentlest kind ;
Her eyes provokes to soft desire,
And seems to promise mutual fire :
Yet all these charms but cable my meane,
For, ah ! her heart is made of stone.

Ah ! why are lover's doom'd to find,
In forms so fair, so cold a'mind ?
O Venus ! take your gifts again ;
Since all your gifts occasion pain ;
Charms are but lovely source of woe,
When charms are join'd with heart of stone.

ATwelvemonth & more I had courted you,
And offer'd to wed her and make her my
But the silly damsel was froward and coy,
And always declar'd she a maiden would
" You know, my dear *Kitty*, one evening,
" What danger awaits if you die now !"
" The sentence is cruel, then prophesy,
Yet still she declar'd, she a maiden would
But for an old gypsey, I vow and declare,
Kate had dy'd an old maid, and I dy'd what
But she, by me tutor'd, soon made her come,
And *Kitty* now fears that a widow she'll

Songs for GENTLEMEN.

296

and marriage by destiny went,
Flur'd her, which made her relent ;
next day, and with looks very shy,
lecreed the no maiden should die.
charm'd me, I made her my wife,
I shall be happy for life ;
find like the conjugal tie,
I wished a maiden to die.

205
weigh'd it, and find it but just,
Likes a man either blessed or curs'd ;
smartly, ah ! can I but find,
ve young lasses, the maid to my mind.
the miss, who advice will despise,
it's so foolish to think her self wise ;
all men alike would prove kind,
he three is the maid to my mind.
who in public will never be free,
for ever a toying will be ;
't too forward, nor ill that'sunkind,
he three is the maid to my mind.

pleasure her husband will flight,
dame who thinks always she's right
loue to the fashion's inclin'd ;
he three is a maid to my mind.

ith good-nature and carriage genteel,
and can love, and no secrets reveal ;
I may virtue with modesty find ;
this only's the maid to my mind.

206
bewitching tricks of love
your heart secure,
aths of sense you rove,
mature,
mature.
is thro' wisdom's glass,
naked eye :
, look sharp, take care,
t many a fly,
many a fly.

Not only on their hands and necks

The borow'd white you'll find ;
Some bells, when intrest direets,

Can ever paint the mind, &c.
Joy in distress they can express,

Their very tears can lye :
Gallants beware, &c.

There's not a spintifer in the realm.

But all masking can cheat,
Down to the portage from the helm
The learn'd, the brave, the great, &c.
With lovely looks, and golden hooks,
T'entangle us they try :

Gallants beware, &c.

Could we wish ink the ocean fill,

Was earth of parchment made ?

Was ev'ry single stick a quill ;

Each man a scribe by trade, &c.

To write the tricks of half the fox.

Would suck that ocean dry ;

Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,

The blind eat many a fly, &c.

207

YE swains that are courting a maid,
Be war'l and instructed by me :

Tho' small experience I've had,

I'll give you good counsel and free.

For women are changeable things,

And seldom a moment the same,

As time a variety brings,

Their looks new humours proclaim,

Their looks new humours proclaim.

But he who in love would succeed,

And his mistress's favour obtain,

Must mind it as sure as his creed,

To make hay while the sun is scorch.

There's a season to conquer the fair,

And that's when they're merry and gay;

To catch the occasion take care,

When 'tis gone in vain you'll say, &c.

— 208 —

I Tell with equal truth and grief,
That *Cloe* is an ariant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more, that whiteneſſ to adorn,
She stole the blusher of the morn.

She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath;
The cherry, steep'd in morning-dew,
Gave malſtice to her lipſe hue;
These were her infant-spoile, a store,
To which in time she added more.

At twelve the stole from *Cypris'* queea
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole *Juno*'s dignitie, and stole
From *Pallas* tenfe to charm the soul.
Apollo's wit was next her prey;
Her next the beam that lights the day.

There's no repeating all her wiles;
She stole the graces winning smiles;
She fung, amaz'd the *Syrens* heard,
And to affert their voice appear'd;
She play'd, the muses from their hill
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill.

Great *Jove* approv'd her crimes and art,
And t'other day he stole my heart.
If lovers, *Cupid*, are thy care,
Exert thy vengeance on the fair;
To trial bring her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

— 209 —

MISTAKEN fair, lay *Sherlock* by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon without a master;
Then let us only study now
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bleſſ, be bleſſed
With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your-breath,
And kindly meet my paſſion.

But if thus bleſſ'd I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me at leaſt your *Sherlock* give,
'Tis I muſt learn to die.

— 210 —

WHEN first I fought fair *Celia*'s love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I swore by all the gods above,
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and sigh'd in vain;
She still protefted, vow'd and swore
She ne'er would caſe my pain.

At laſt, o'ercame, she made me bleſſ'd
And yielded all her charms;
And I forſook her when poſſeſſ'd,
And fled to others arms.

But let not this, dear *Celia*, now
Thy breast to rage incline;
For why, ſince you forgot your vow,
Should I remember mine?

— 211 —

MY time, O ye muses, was happily!
When *Phebe* went with me whenever
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my
Sure never fond ſhepherd like *Celio* waſe
But now ſhe is gone and has left me beſide
What a marvellous change on a ſudden!
When things were as fine as could beſide
I thought it was ſpring, but alaſt it waſe

The fountain that we'd to run sweetly;
And dance to soft murmur the pebbles
Thou knowſt, little *Cupid*, if *Phebe* were
'Twas pleaſure to look at, 'twas music
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its ſide
And fill up its murmur with nothing but

so cheerful whilst I go in pain ? [plain.
With your bubbling, and bear me com-
to ever well pleased to see
ng his tail to my fair one and me ;
was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
poor fellow, and patted his head :
as he's frowning I with a sour look
and give him a blow with my crook ;
him another, for why should not *Troy*
his master when *Poebey's* away ?
went with us both all the wood thro'
roe, throstle, and nightingale too ;
as whisper'd, flocks by us did hear,
sat the grasshopper under our feet :
is absent, tho' still they sing on,
re but lonely, the melody's gone ;
the concert, as now I have found,
sing else an agreeable sound,
ing power, that hears me complain,
disquiet, or soften my pain ?
thou must, *Caius*, thy passion remove ;
ain is so fitly to live without love ?
id the dear nymph to return,
a poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
all I do ? I shall die with despair :
dil ye swains, how you love one so fair.

212

he man kind, & keep true to the bed,
choice of your destiny, brings you to well
rom a friend that experience has taught
ace you know never fails, when 'tis
you practis'd at first to infuse [bought
little arts, as in battles are fair;) ;
treis, or prudence, or wit were the bait,
full be cover'd, and still play the cheat,
ney another, upbraid not his flame ;
him is never the way to reclaim :
recover than conquer the heart,
I nature, but that is all art.

to them what a face is to you ; [due to
us, like us, they'll but think against

And he'll give you perfections at present unknown,
Doubt the strength of your judgment compar'd to his
own

Tho' you learn that your rival his bounty partakes,
And your meriting favour ungrateful forsakes ;
Still, still dehonair, kind, engaging, and free,
Be deaf tho' you hear, and be blind tho' you see !

213

Come all you young lovers, who wan with despair
Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair ;
Who puff up their pride by enhancing their charms,
And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in their arms :
Be wise by example, take pattern by me,
For let what will happen, by *Jove* I'll be free,
By *Jove* I'll be free,
For let what will happen, by *Jove* I'll be free.
Young *Daphne* I saw, in the net I was caught,
I ly'd and I flatter'd as custom had taught ;
I presi'd her to bliss, which the granted full soon,
But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon :
She, vow'd she was ruin'd, I said it might be ;
I'm sorry, my dear, but by *Jove* I'll be free, &c.
The goat was young *Phillis* as bright as the morn,
The love that I proffer'd she treated with scorn ;
I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
That none could be handsome but such as were kind
Her pride and ill-nature were lost upon me.
In spite of fair faces, by *Jove* I'll be free, &c.

Let others call marriage the labour of joys,
Calm peace, I delight in, and fly from all noise ;
Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange rage,
Like birds they sing best when they're put in a cage :
Confinement's the devil, 'twas ne'er made for me ;
Let who will be bondslaves, by *Jove* I'll be free, &c.
Then let the brisk bumper run over the glass,
In a toast to the young and the beautiful last,
Who, yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule,
Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool :
I'll bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee,
For inspite of grave old men, by *Jove* I'll be free.

Q. 2

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

214

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
The sky was clear, the winds were still,
The flocks were pent within the fold;
When from the silence of the grove
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love,

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the bare rock or cozy beach,
Who from each barren weed that grows
Expects the grape or blushing peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No pastures green, nor garden fair,
A damsel's venal heart to gain:
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
For I, alas! have nought but love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and sold!
They ask not vows of sacred truth;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold:
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove.
But I, alas! have nought but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast,
What wealth, what treasure can suffice?
Not all their sire can ever boast
The living lustre of her eyes:

For these the world to cheap would prove,
But I, alas! have nought but love.

Oh Sylvia! since nor gems nor ore,
Can with your brighter charms compare,
Consider that I proffer more,

More seldom found—a heart sincere:
Let treasure meáner beauties move;
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

215

No glory I covet, do riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;

The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square:
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings, which providence freely has,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
While sweet meditation and cheerful contest
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possession,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and ill
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a
With my fair one as blooming as May, [un]
Undisturbed by all but the sighs of the bairn,
Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward
For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance as inverted he shane,
On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I on the verge as we
(For 'tis she that must still be my theme);
Our shadows may view in the watery gash,
While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, & the lambkin's
When she sings me some amorous strain;
All be silent and hush'd, unless echo repeat,
The kind words and sweet sounds beckon.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
Let the moon's silverbeams thro' the leaves
Just direct us and chear you, we say.

Q. 3

hingale warble its note in our walk,
gently and slowly we move;
gle thought be express'd in our walk,
dship improv'd into love.
ited each day with these rural delights,
re from ambition's alarms,
id repose shall divide all our nights,
smoking shall rise with new charms.

217

wing damsel, whose defence
ne innocence,
guardian to attend
for modesty's her friend.
ir arms are weak to wield
ng spear, and massy shield;
m force and fraud combin'd,
brazzen in mind.
rtillery she goes
long; the harmless beaux,
hurt undismay'd,
ong sword and firee cockade,
yren as the talks,
oddes as the walks,
each motion guides,
a o'er her tongue presides.
i *Russia's* show'y plains,
rpetual winter reigns;
ts may rave and range,
d mind will never change.
mbition, in thy tow'rs,
more dangerous golden show'rs;
she'd spurn the venal tribe,
r arms against the bribe.
efenceless and alone,
n the torrid zone,
e there might vainly vie
ight lustre of her eye;
self, with all his fire,
one unchaste thought inspire;
path he'd still pursue,
tis, would copy you.

W Hene'er I meet my *Celia's* eyes,
Sweet raptures in my bosom rise,
My feet forgot to move;
She too declines her lovely head,
Soft blushes o'er her cheeks are spread;
Sure this is mutual love!

My beating heart is wrapt in bliss,
Whene'er I steal a tender kiss
Beneath the silent grove;
She strives to frown, and puts me by,
Yet anger dwells not in her eye;
Sure this is mutual love!

And once, oh! once, the dearest maid,
As on her breast my head was laid,
Some secret impulse drove;
Me, me, her gentle arms caref'd,
And to her bosom closely press'd;
Sure this was mutual love.

Transported with her blooming charms,
A soft desire my bosom warms

Forbiden joys to prove:
Trembling for fear she should comply,
She from my arms prepares to fly,
Tho' warm'd with mutual love.

Oh! stay, I cry'd—let *Hymen's* bands
This moment join our willing hands,
And all thy fears remove:
She blush'd content, her fears suppress'd,
And now we live, supremely blest'd,
A life of mutual love.

219

T HO' cruel you seem to my pain,
And hate me because I am true;
Yet, *Pbillis*, you love a false swain,
Who has other nymphs in his views
Enjoyment's a trifle to him;
To me what a heaven 'twoul'd be!
To him but a woman you seem,
But ah! you're an angel to me.

Those lips which he touches in haste,
To them I for ever could grow;
Still clinging around that dear waist,
Which he spans as beside him you go.
That arm, like a lily so white,
Which over his shoulders you lay,
My bosom could warm it all night,
My lips they would pierce it all day.
Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my subjects to be,
I'd leave 'em and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.
But if I must feel thy disdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
Oh ! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

COME, take your glass, the northern lake,
So prettily adv'dn'd ;
I drank her health, and really was
Agreeably surpris'd.
Her shape so neat, her voice so sweet,
Her air and mien so free ;
The Syren charm'd me from my meat,
But take your drink, said she.
If from the north such beauty came,
How is it that I feel
Within my'breast that glowing flame,
No tongue can e'er reveal ?
Tho' cold and raw the north wind blow,
All summer on her breast ;
Her skin was like the driven snow,
But sun-shine all the rest.
Her heart may southern climates melt,
Tho' frozen now it seems ;
That joy with pain be equal felt,
And balanc'd in extremes.
Then like our genial wine she'll charm,
With love my panting breast ;
Me, like our sun, her heart shall warm ;
Delice to all the rest.

F ANN Y, fairer than a flow'r,
But uncertain as the wind,
Ever trifling with her pow'r,
Meant alone to bless mankind ;
Now with faulks her face adorning,
She to love my heart invites ;
But if love I offer, scorning,
She with frowns my passion flight.
Oh ! thou god of pleasing anguish,
If indeed a god you be,
Teach the tyrant how to languish,
Make her heart and eyes agree ;
But it wilful she refus'd
To obey the pow'r divine ;
Make the man whom first she chuse,
Treat her heart as she deserv'd mine.

F AREWEL to *Lochaber*, and farewell
Where he resum'de with thee I've seen ;
For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more
I'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more
These tears that I shed they are a' for
And nae for the dangers attending o'
Tho' bore on rough seas to a far clime
May be to return to *Lochaber* no more
Tho' hurricanes rife, and rife ev'ry
They'll ne'er make a tempest likeliest
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder
That's naething like leaving my le
To leave thee behind my heart is
By ease that's inglorious no fame
And beauty and love's the reward
And I must deserve it before I ca
Then glory, my *Jenny*, maw p!
Since honour commands me ho
Without it I ne'er can have me
And, without thy favour, I'd b
I use then, my lass, to win ho
And if I should luck to come
I'll bring a heart to thee with
And then I'll have thee w

223

the bustle, care, and strife,
variegated life,
spend my days
t'wixt a friend,
t'wixt I may unbend.
A head or praise.

cares—I ask not wealth;
but peace and health,
the great.
we can make me blest'd;
like of East and West,
t' these or state.

extravagant nor near,
the well-spent chequer'd year,
ough to live;
xtle with a friend,
distress; ne'er lend,
freely give;
wishes to sweeten life,
nd, good-hatur'd wife,
sible, and fair;
old love but me alone,
t to e'er a throe,
my ev'ry care.

with my wife and friend,
earfully would spend,
n thoughts opprest'd.
s bliss for me in store,
this, I ask no more,
truly blest'd.

224

on my truth relying,
o your cares applying,
abt and sorrow flying,
peace, and love your breast.
y the pow'rs that hear us,
ind protectors near us,
troubles safely, clear us
of joy and strife.

225

FAIR Iris I love, and I hourly lie,
But nor for a lip, nor a languishing eye,
She's fickle and fesse, and there we agree,
For I am as false and as fickle as she,
We neither believe what either can say,
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to hear, and to say things of couple,
We mean not the taking for better for worse,
When present we love, when absent agree,
I think-not of Iris, nor Iris of me,
The legend of love no couple can find,
So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

226

HENCE with caution, hence with fear,
Beauty prompts, and naught shall stop me;
Boldly for that prize I steer;
Rocks, nor winds, nor waves dismay me.
Yet, rash lover, look behind,
Think what evils may beside you;
Love and fortune both are blind,
And you have none else to guide you.

227

HOW can you, lovely *Nancy*, thus cruelly slight
A lover, who's wretched when banish'd your sight?
Who for your sake alone thinks life worth his care,
Whom once if you frowned on, must die in despair.

If you meant thus to torture, ah why did your eyes
Once express so much softness, and sweetly surprised?
By their lustre inflam'd, I could hardly believe
A language so artless was meant to deceive.

But, alas! like the pilgrim bewilderd in night,
Who sees a falde splendor at a distance invite,
O'erjoy'd hastens on, pursues it and dies;
A like fate attends me when away *Nancy* flies.
Then fairest, but cruel, consider that love,
Will, like sickness neglected, more desperate prove?
That your heart may relent, I implore the kind power
Since I'm constant as your sex, be not fickle an o'er-

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

228

I AM a poor shepherd, undone,
And cannot be cured by art;
For a nymph, as bright as the sun,
Has stole away my heart;
And how to get it again
There's none but she can tell,
To cure me of my pain,
By saying the lover we'll.
And alas, poor shepherd! & alack, & a well-a-day!
Before I was in love, oh! every month was May.

If to love she should not incline,
I told her I'd die in an hour.
To die, says she, 'tis in thine;
But to love, 'tis not in my power.
I ask'd her the reason why
She could not of me approve;
She said 'twas a task too hard,
To give any reason for love.
And alas, &c.

She ask'd me of my estate;
I told her a flock of sheep;
The grass whereon they graze,
Where she and I might sleep;
Besides a good ten pound,
In old king Harry's gratsu,
With hooks and crooks abound,
And birds of sundry notes.
And alas, &c.

229

M Y Betty is the blitheſt maid
That e'er young ſhepherd woo'd,
She has at length my heart betray'd,
Alas! do all I could.
For ſhape, for air, and manners too,
None can with her compare:
O would the but be kind and true,
I'd ſoon my love declare,
Whene'er I ſee her beauteous face,
My heart with joy does burn;
Whene'er ſhe's abſent from the place,
I long for her return.

If the all others would forſake,
And fly to me alone,
What pleasure I with her should take,
While they their loss bemoan!
I'd bleſs the day that firſt I knew
My charming Betty fair;
And all my life ſhould be to ſhow
She was my only care.
I'd vow to wed next Whiſtunday,
And make her bleſſ'd for life;
Should the refuſe then, maidsens, ſay,
To be young Johnny's wife?

230

MY Fanny was as fair a maid
As any in the town,
And I as stout and lively lad
As e'er mow'd clover down;
When ſhe agreed to tie the knot,
I thought of nothing else,
I thought of nothing else:
The knot was tied,
Fay was my bride,
Nor did I grudge the king his lot,
When ding-dong went the bells,
When, &c.

Our sugar kisses, honey words,
We never thought too much;
I dare be ſworn no knights or lords
E'er gave their ladies such.
To plow went I, to ſpin went she,
And all the parish tells,
How Ralph and Fay,
Their loves began,
With joys that none can greater be,
When ding-dong went the bells.
Rare times were theſe—but ah! how ſoon
Do wedlock's comforts fail?
The days that were the honey moon
Are wormwood now and gall.
Whate'er of furie they invent
Broke out from dancing cells,

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

679

now may see
as and me,
cold, and both repent,
ong went the bells.

— 231 —

unbounded risounds o'er the plains,
the smiles of the damsels; & swaying,
the last team of harvest along;
sir toils with a dance and a song;
plenty that blest the year,
approach they behold without fear,
pegs rattle, and hurricanes roar,
y have, & ne'er languish for more.
m them let us learn to be wise,
moment of life as it flies;
e spring-time, which all must im-
ripen a harvest of love: [prove,
a provident care should engage,
ip in flore for the winter of age,
shall disarm ev'n Chloë's bright eye,
take place then of youth's fiercer joy.

— 232 —

mind of womankind,
it is this,
're design'd
to amiss.
, be they wives,
gue our lives;
strong, cunning, vain,
and give men pain.
ay and night,
eir delight;
ld prevent
e intent,
turn about,
ter out.

— 233 —

R I'm going, and all the day long,
sime, or alone in a strong,

I find that my passion's so lively and strong, [song
That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in my
Sing *Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,*
A kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose;
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes:
So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,
By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my clothes,
Sing *Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,*
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave,
Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will have
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your slave,
Sing *Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,*
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut & I'll stride
in a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side,
Sing *Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,*
Your little white fist for me.

— 234 —

WITH *Delia* ever could I stay;
Admire, adore her all the day;
In the same field our flocks we'll feed,
To the same spring our heifers lead.
What joy where peace and love combine,
To make our days unclouded shine!

Teach me, ye snauses, ev'ry art,
More deeply to engage her heart;
I strive not to resist my flame;
I glory in a captive's name;
Nor would I if I could be free,
But boast my loss of liberty.

— 235 —

WITH doubts and fears, for her I love,
My heart is still distract'd;
Afflicted as the plaintive dove,
When plunder'd of her nest,

Where-

Whence sad and meaning, all the day,
She pines in solitude away.
Fly, fly, oh ! fly, ye minnows, fly,
On time's expanded wings,
Till my *Amen* stops the flight
That for her safety springs;
Guard her sweet innocence and charms,
And safe conduct her to these arms.

— 236 —

YOU say what charm in *Nancy's* face
This foolish heart has got ;
Or can I name one striking grace—
Not I upon my soul :
But sure a certain something's there
This bosom must adore ;
A something not exactly fair,
But yet extremely more.
A finer face, perhaps, may try
A greater share of art ;
But that can only strike the eye,
And never touch the heart ;
Less native force, experience sees,
Attends a fairer form ;
For that can only hope to please,
But never think to charm.
Yet say my passion is misplac'd,
I live for her alone :
Pray which should I consult—your taste,
Or gratify my own ?
Our friendship, if you kindly cease,
Your silence best secures ;
Nor think I can destroy my peace,
To please a whim of yours.

— 237 —

ASK not the cause why fallen spring
So long delays her flowers to bear ;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms invert the year :
Cloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it spring where she resides.

Cloris is gone, the cruel fair ;
She can't back her pity.
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to groan,
Ah ! how can those fair eyes e
To give the wounds they will

Great god of love, why haft thou
A face that can all hearts move ?
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of ev'ry land ?
Where thou hadst plac'd such beauty,
Thou shouldst have made her good.
When *Cloris* to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her bow,
She can restore the dead from death,
And ev'ry life but mine rec
I only am by love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

— 237 —

AS I saw fair *Clare* walk alo
The feather'd snow came soft
Like *Frost* descending from the sky,
To court her in a silver show.
The wanton flakes flew to her hair,
As little birds into their nest,
But being overcome with wet
For grief dissolv'd into a tear,
Thence flowing down her gait,
To deck her, froze into a garment.

— 238 —

ADVISE your friend, grav
I find a strange, unusual smart,
'Tis here—fierce symptoms

'Tis pleasure, pain, a mix'd
My pulse examine, here's your smart,
What think you can my friend
A lover !—'tis my case, too
O ease me straight—I'll not
Prescribe, I'll follow close.

of speech or pen)
Else with other men,
What expedient then?

A rope.

— 240 —
A rural fair,
So beauties there,
Red, and green, and blue,
The motley crew!

Slaughter baulk'd her cows,
Bread a spouse;
Talkin' pinn'd her hood,
Ark of flesh and blood.
dy cheapen'd toys,
Her strain'd her voice;
Join nymphs of birth,
W'r's enam'd earth.

Dies seem'd to me
Timic quality;
S charms, and awkward ways,
Sicer fancy please.

N'd, and look'd again,
Nny in the train,
With and beauty gay,
Queen of May.

Sn, and high-born race,
The village last;
T which crowns the feast,
Ends for all the rest.

He saunt'ring youth
It with gaping mouth,
Apple meets his taste,
Ts with sputt'ring haste.

Caws the Cath'rine pear,
Rm, and colour rare;
It to reach her skips,
We it at his lips.

— 241 —
Elinda, hither fly,
Ight discover,
At sun supply,
Drooping lover,

Arise, my day, with speed arise,
And all my sorrows banish;
Before the sun of thy bright eyes
All gloomy terrors vanish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,
And curse the hoarded treasure;
Why should you love to give us pain,
When you were made for pleasure?

The petty pow'rs of hell destroy,
To save's the pride of heaven;
To you the first, if you prove coy,
If kind, the last is given.

The choice then sure's not hard to make
Betwix the good and evil;
Which title had you rather take,
My goddes, or my devil?

— 242 —

ASSIT me ev'ry tuneful bard,
Oh, lend me all your skill,
In choicest lays that I may praise,
Dear Nanny of the hill:
Sweet Nanny, dear Nanny,
Sweet Nanny of the hill.

How gay the glitt'ring beam of morn,
That gilds the crystal rill!
But far more bright than morning light
Shines Nanny of the hill:
Dear Nanny, shines Nanny, &c.

The gayest flow'r, so fair of late,
The ev'ning damps will kill;
But ev'ry day, more fresh and gay,
Blooms Nanny of the hill;
Sweet Nanny, blooms Nanny, &c.

Old time arresth his rapid flight,
And keeps his motion still,
Resolv'd to spare a face so fair
As Nanny's of the hill: &c.

To form my charmer, nature has
Exerted all her skill,
Wit, beauty, truth, and resy youth,
Deek Nanny of the hill: &c.

R

And now around the festive board
The jovial bumpers fill ;
Each take his glass to my dear lace,
Sweet *Nanny* of the hill ;
Dear *Nanny*, sweet *Nancy*, &c.

243

DEAR madam, when ladies are willing,
A man must needs look like a fool ;
For me, I would not give a shilling
For one that can love out of rules.
At least you should wait for our offers,
Nor snatch like old maids in despair ;
If you've liv'd till these years without proffers,
Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at your blushing;
And not speak the matter too plain ;
'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
And yours to affect a disdain.
That you're in a terrible taking,
By all your fond ogling I see ;
But the fruit that will fall without shaking,
Indeed, is too mellow for me.

244

LOVE's a dream of mighty treasure,
Which in fancy we possest ;
In the folly lies the pleasure,
Wisdom always makes it left.

When we think, by passion heated,
We a goddess have in chafe,
Like *Ixion* we are cheated.
And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover,
Whom his mistress well deceives ;
Seeking nothing to discover,
He contented lives at ease.

But the wretch, that would be knowing
What the fair-one would disguise,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wife.

245

OU may say what you will, but *Belinda*'s too tall,
Sisilia's all bone, and her shape is too small ;

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Dear *Chloe*'s my wish, tho' extensive her
Tho' the front of her stays is too wide so
'Tis certain Miss *Fanny*'s a sweet little
And *Zephyr* bring odours when *Zephyr* is
But *Chloe*'s all sweetness by nature deligh
We might call her a hoghead of double-

When she dances then leaps my fond heart
When with rapture I press her, I'm lost ;
I beg for a kiss, while my vows I resev
And imbibe half a pint of ambrofia del
She frequently mentions young *Strephon*
But why should I reckon my rival a foe
E'en let him proceed, it will ne'er give me
We both shall find more than our arms wi
I've oft over-heard the ill-natur'd exprest
That beauty so bulky must pall in posset
In his notion the critic is surely misled,
Love's flame by her fat will be constantly

Some nymphs have angelical sweetasce a
But *Chloe* has rather a cherubim's face ;
She's always good-humour'd, facetious, a
And only gives pain when she sits on my
I start not, as timorous fribbles have done
At the subfance of three or four females
First balance her weight with his majesty
Then let the dear ponderous charmer be

246

GODDESS of ease, leave *Leto*'s brial
Obsequious to the muse and me ;
For once endure the pain to think,
O sweet Insensibility !
Sister of peace and indolence,
Bring, muse, bring numbers soft and
Elaborately void of sense,
And sweetly thoughtless let them flow,
And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near to some cowslip-painted mead,
There let me dose away dull hours ;
And under me let Flora spread
A sofa of her softest flowers,

Songs for GENTLEMEN.

me, your notes you breathe
behind the neighb'ring pine
irs of the stream beneath
unison with thine, &c.
dienest, the woes
patiently endure ;
ource whence labour flows,
ee but to make thee sure ;
I bear war's toil and waste,
thund'ring of the sea,
at the last,
pleasing end in thee ?
G.

— 247 —

rees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
adorn their beauty have lost ;
distract'd of her mantle of green,
sams are fast bound by the frost.

sent inactive stands shiv'ring with
e winds northerly blow, [cold,
ent flock run for ease to the fold,
leeces besprinkled with snow.

en the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
nd forth their breath like a steam ;
oking dairy-maid sees the mist thaw
e that the finds in the cream.

et country maiden as fresh as a rose,
stly trips, often slides,
a laugh loud, if by falling she shews
ms that her modesty hides.

and the lasses for company join'd,
nd the embry are met,
and witches that ride on the wind,
till they're all in a sweat.

a thin season it may be my lot,
mph whom I love and admire,
es hang from the eaves of my cot,
er in safety retire !

closed quiet, & ^{w. much musing}
red no b-
to gare,

Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure.

— 248 —

THE new-flow'n birds, the shepherd sing,
And welcome in the May ;
Come, *Pafoella*, now the spring
Makes ev'ry landscape gay ;
Wide-spreading trees their leafy shade
O'er half the plain extend,
Or in reflecting fountains play'd
Their quiv'ring branches bend,
Their quiv'ring branches bend.
Come, taste the season in its prime,
And blest the rising year !
Oh ! how my soul grows sick of time,
Till thou, my love, appear,
Then shall I pass the gladsome day,
Warm in thy beauty's shine,
When thy dear flocks shall feed and play,
And intermix with mine, &c.
For thee, of doves a milk-white pair
In filken band I hold ;
For thee a firstling lambkin fair
I keep within the fold ;
If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
Or tender lambkins please,
My spotless heart without deceit
Be offer'd up with these,
Be offer'd up with these.

— 249 —

WHERE is pleasure, tell me where,
What can touch my breast with joy ?
All around the spacious sphere,
Let my muse her search employ.
Wealth, thy shining store produce,
Heap'd in golden mountains rise ;
Thee let fenceless misers chuse,
Thou can't ne'er allure my eyes.
Honour, let thy chariot roll,
Deck'd with titles, pageants, arms ;
Thou mayst charm th' ambitious fool,
But for me thou hast no charms.

SONGS for GENTLEMEN.

Ruddy Bacchus, try thy pow'r,
Gaily laugh aside thy tun';
Thee let frantic bands adore,
Pleasure thou for me haft none.

Only Delia, gentle fair,
Can the precious boon bestow :
Give, ye pow'rs, O give me her!
She's the all I ask below.

GO plaintive sounds ! and to the fair,

My secret wounds impart,
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
Each motion in my heart :
But she, methinks, is lift'ning now
To some enchanting strain ;
The smile that triumphs o'er her brow
Seems not to heed my pain.
Yes, plaintive sounds ! yet, yet delay,
Howe'er my love repine ;
Let that gay minute pass away,
The next perhaps is thine.

Yes, plaintive sounds ! no longer crost,
Your grief shall soon be o'er ;
Her cheek, undimpled now, has lost
The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds ! the now is yours,
'Tis now your time to move ;
Essay to soften all her powers,
And be that softness, love.

Cease, plaintive sounds ! your task is done ;
That anxious tender air
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won ;
I see you melting there.

Return ye smiles, return again,
Return each frightly grace ;
I yield up to your charming reign
All that enchanting face.

I take no outward shew amiss,
Rove where you will, her eyes;
Still let her smiles each shepherd blest,
So sue but hear my sighs.

250

THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
And bring my *Orra* to my eyes.

Oh ! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb the pine-tree's topmost bough,
Alot in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My *Orra* Moor, where art thou laid ?
What woods conceal my sleeping maid ?
Up by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh ! could I ride on clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise !
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way.

My bliss too long my pride denies,
Apace the wasting summer flies ;
Nor yet the wintery blasts I fear,
Not storms or nights shall keep me here
What may for strength with steel comp
Oh ! love has stronger fetters far :
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love inchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast ;
When thoughts perplex, the first are
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay ;
Away to *Orra*, haste away.

252

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
Who poorly satisfy our eyes,
More with your number than yoer lig
Like common people of the skies ;
What are you when the moon doth

Your violets, that first appear,
By your fine purple mantles known
Lijnd under the leaves of the rose,
A sofa of her bower all your w
A sofa of her bower all your w

chanters of the wood,
ur ears with nature's lays,
ur passion's underfoot
accents : what's your praise,
lame! her voice doth raise?
trifles of the east,
nation fancies raise,
i., sapphires, and the rest
ng gems ; what is your praise,
bright di'mond shews his rays ?
princess shall be seen
of her face and mind,
, then choice, a queen ;
f she were not design'd
and glory of her kind ?
vi'let, the whole spring,
reath for sweetness run ;
a darken'd in the ring ;
are, the moon's undone,
raffine of the sun.

— 253. —
the bright god of day
nward each ray,
ng was charming and clear;
we attain,
m o'er the plain,
we like giants appear.
ine bow'r,
ean was in flow'r,
reath'd odours around ;
is was sat,
ig and spinnet,
the grove with the sound.
ver" the fung,
harmony rung,
they all fluttering strive ;
ious bees,
owers and trees,
with the sweets to their hives,
of love,
o'er the grove,

By zephyr conducted along ;
As the touch'd o'er the fringe,
He beat time with his wings,
And echo repeated the song.

O ye rovers beware,
How you venture too near,
Love doubly is arm'd for to wound ;
Your fate you can't shun,
And you're surely undone,
If you rashly approach near the bound.

— 254 —
I'M in love with twenty,
I'm in love with twenty,
And could adore
As many more,
For nothing's like a plenty,
Variety is charming,
Variety is charming,
For constancy
Is not for me,
So ladies you have warning.

He that has but one love,
Looks as poor
As any boor,
Or like a man with one glove. Variety, 6*c.*

Not the fine regalia
Of eastern kings,
The poet sings,
But oh ! the fine seraglio. Variety, 6*c.*

Girls grow old and ugly,
And can't inspire
The same desire,
As when they're young and smugly. Variety, 6*c.*

Why has Cupid pinions,
If not to fly
Through all the sky,
An see his favourite minions. Variety, 6*c.*

Love was born of beauty,
And when she goes,
The urchin knows,
To follow in his duty.

255

By love too long depriv'd of rest,
Fell tyrant of the human breast ;
His vaifal long, and worn with pain,
Indignant, late I spurn'd the chain :
In verse, in profl I sung, and swore
No charms shoud e'er enslave me more ;
Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,
Again should force one tender sigh.

Then freedom's praise inspir'd my tongue,
With freedom's praise the vallies rung ;
And ev'ry night, and ev'ry day,
My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay :
My cares are gone, my sorrows cease,
My breast regains its wonted peace ;
And joy and hope returning, prove
That reason is too strong for love.

Such was my boast, but ah ! how vain,
How short was reason's vaunted reign !
The firm resolute I form'd ere while,
How weak ! oppo'st'd to *Clara's* smile :
Chang'd is the stain ; the vallies round
With freedom's praise no more resound ;
But ev'ry night and ev'ry day
My full heart pours the alter'd lay.

256

SOME sing in prais of a friend or a glass,
The theme of my song is my favourite lass :
For her I relinquish my friend and the bowl,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.
In friendship, 'tis true, many pleasures we prove ;
But what are all these to the raptures of love ?
For *Chloe* I leave both the friend and the bowl,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

The bottle I love, and a friend I admire ;
But *Chloe* enjoys ev'ry wish and desire :
Her wit, youth, and beauty, my passions controul,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

Then *Chloe*, dear *Chloe*, shall bless me for life,
I'll yield ev'ry joy to a virtuous wife ;
For her I relinquish my friends and the bowl,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

257

'T IS a maxim I hold, whilst I live to perd
Not a thing to defer, which to-day I can't
This piece of good council attend to, I prefe
For while the sun shines is the time to me
Attend the dear nymph to an arbour or ga
In her ear gently pour the soft poison of b
With kisses and preffes your rapture coust
For while the sun shines is the time to me
If *Chloe* is kind and gives ear to your plain
Declare your whole sentimens free from
Enforce your petition, and make no delay
For while the sun shines is the time to me
But should you the present occasion let p
The world may with justice proclaim yet
Then briskly attack her, if longer you fee
The sun may not shine, and you cannot m

258

A Choir of bright beauties in spring did
To chuse a may-lady to govern the year :
All the nymphs were in white, and the she
The garland was giv'n, and *Phyllis* will ;
But *Phyllis* refus'd it, and fighting did beg
I'll wear not a garland while *Pan* is awa
While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* are fled from
The graces are banish'd, and love is no :
The soft god of pleasure, that warld'd on
Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his
And vows that himself and his mother w
Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* in triumph retur
Forbear your addresses, and court us no
For we will perform what the deity wou
But if you dare think of deserving our c
Away with your sheep-hooks and talk of ;
The laurels and myrtles your brows shall
When *Pan*, and his son, and fair *Syrinx*,

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Debt mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty ?

him to thine eyes,
once deliver;
angry fair one prize
ho flights the giver?
I, watch, or toy,
ive—and let 'em :
old, impart a joy,
m—when I get 'em.
not the full-blown rose,
more in fashion ;
d offerings but d close
passion :
omething yet unpaid,
cere, than civil :
-ah ! too charming maid,
e—to the devil.

— 260 —

mble through the night,
t approaching day,
en darknes yields to light,
are away :
glorious sun doth rise,
all nature round,
f pleasure in me dies,
> still abound.
nd uneafy mind
e of my rest ;
re to all pleasure blind,
'm still opprest :
within my breast
me so much pain,
ul would be at rest,
joys regain.
ne god of war,
fair *Venus'* charms,
und'ring *Jupiter*,
Venus' arms :
Jen's beauty blest,
est to me ;
I were possibl,
I would be,

But since the gods do o'erain
Such happy fate for me,
I dare not 'gainst their will repine,
Who rule my destiny,
With sprightly wine I'll drown my care,
And cherish still my soul ;
Whene'r I think of my lost fair,
I'll drown her in the bowl.

— 261 —

WHEN youth mature to manhood grew,
Soon beauty touch'd my heart ;
From vein to vein love's light'ning flew,
With pleasing, painful smart :
My bosom dear content forsook,
And sooth'd the soft dejection ;
The melting eye, the speaking look,
Prov'd love and sweet affection.
Unus'd to arts which win the fair,
What could a shepherd do ?
And to submit to sad despair,
Was not the way to woo.
At length I told the lovely maid,
I hop'd we'd no objection
To talk (while round her lambkins play'd)
Of love and sweet affection.

A blush my *Chloe'* cheek bedeck'd,
A blush devoid of guile,
“ And what from me can you expect ? ”
She answer'd with a smile.
“ How many nymphs have been betray'd,
“ Through want of calm reflexion !
“ Then don't my peace of mind invade
“ With love and sweet affection.”

Dear maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not,
In wedlock's bands let's join ;
My kids, my kine, my herds, my cot,
My soul itself is thine.
To church I led the charming fair,
To Hymen's kind protection ;
And now life's dearest joys we share,
With love and sweet affection.

FAREWELL

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

262

FAREWEL, *Lambe*, faithless maid,
Source of my grief and pain;
Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd,
And fan'd love's kindling flame;
Yet gave from me thy hand, this morn,
To *Corydon*'s rich heir,
Who with gay vespments did adorn
Thee, false, yet beauteous fair.

Adieu, my native soil; ye vales,
High woods, and tufted hills:
Adieu, ye groves and flow'ry dales,
Clear streams and crystal rills:
Adieu; ye bring into my mind
Those past, those happy days,
When *Ipolis* found *Lambe* kind,
And pleasure strew'd his ways.

 Ere down my homely steps I'll bend,
Where distant mountains rise,
In hopes that reason there may find
That aid she here denies;
That time and absence may efface
Her image from my breast,
Which, while she there maintains a place,
Can never tan^t of asfr.

263

[the mill,

WHOM has e're been at *Baldock* must needs know
At the sign of the *Horse*, at the foot of the hill,
Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the
Without all distinction promiscuously go. [beau,
Where the grave, &c.

This man of the mill has a daughter so fair,
With so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air,
That once on the ever-green bank as I stood,
I d^d swor^e the was *Venus* just sprung from the flood.
That once, &c.

But looking again, I percrev'd my mistake;
For *Venus*, though fair, has the looks of a rake,
While nothing but virtue and modesty fill
The more beautiful looks of the maid of the mill.
While nothing, &c.

Prometheus stole fire, as the poet
To enliven that maids which he
Had *Polly* been with him, the b
Had sav'd him the trouble of ro
Had *Polly*, &c.

Sinc first I beheld the deer lais
I can never be quiet; but do w
All day and all night I sigh, and
I shall die if I have not the lais

264 —

NO more o' my *Harriet*, of i
Nor all the bright beauties that i
Myself for a slave to gay *Venus*
And have barter'd my freedom
I throw down my pipe, and neg
And will sing of my lais with t
Tho' o'er her white forehead th
Like the rays of the sun on a l
Such, painters of old, drew the
'Tis the taste of the antients, 't
And tho' witlings may scoff, and
Yet I'll sing of my lais with the
Than the swain, in the brook, i
Her men is more stately, her b
Her lips are like rubies, all rul
Which are fit for the labour or
At the Park in the Mall, at th
My lais bears the belle with t
Her beautiful eyes, as they ro
Shall be glad for my joy, or sh
She shall ease my fond heart,
While thousands of rivals are i
Let them rail at the fruit the
While I have the lais with the

HAD I but the wings of a
Enraptur'd I'd hasten away
And quickly repair to my lo
Whose beauties enliven th
Bring soon from the hamlet
Ye gods, her I^{ll} ask for w
Without her I'm ever in
And relish no pleasure

if hard fate,
ong from my fair;
olate state,
oughts of despair.
hat scenes I enjoy
od-humour all day :
ever will cloy,
r soul leave the clay.

— 266 —

treasure, thou joy of my breast
thee I'm a stranger to rest :
here to languish and mourn,
charmer, and long to return :
nd me are smiling and gay ;
n vain, for *Chloe's* away :
groves can afford me no ease,
Chloe, a desert will please,
Chloe, &c.

at my bosom alarms,
rest, tho' glowing with charms;
& me, and sparkle the eye,
oeks of my *Chloe*, I cry : [thron'd,
bright love, like the sun, fits en-
fies his influence round :
ew'd thee, my charmer amaz'd ;
ith wonder & lov'd while I gaz'd,
&c.

ar fair one was still in my sight,
day, it was rapture all night :
fortune, remov' from my fair,
, a prey to despair :
ment abate not my flame,
irning, my passion the same ;
erve me a place in her breast,
ld please me, for I should be blest,
ld please me, &c

— 267 —

know what sacred charms,
t of mine alarms,
t, &c.
aph the heav'n's decree,
ide for love and me,
de, &c.

Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear,
Who melts, &c.
From each ungentle passion free,
O be the maid that's made for me,
O be the maid, &c.
Whole heart with gen'rous friendship glows,
Who feels the blessings the bairns,
Who feels, &c.
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Be such the maid that's made for me,
Be such the maid, &c.
Whole simple thoughts devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart,
Are all, &c.
A gentle train from falsehood free,
Be such the maid that's made for me,
Be such the maid, &c.
Avant, ye light coquets, retire
Where flatt'ring fops around admire,
Where flatt'ring, &c.
Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,
More genuine beauties are for me,
More genuinc, &c.

— 268 —

SPRING renewing all things gay,
Nature's dictates all obey :
In each creature we may see
The effect of love's decree :
Thus their state, such the fate ;
Do not, *Polly*, stay too late,
Do not, *Polly*, stay too late,
Look around, and see them play ;
All are wanton while they may :
Why should precious time be lost ?
After summer comes a frost :
All pursue nature's due ;
Let us, *Polly*, do so too,
Let us, *Polly*, do so too.

Flowers all around us blowing,
Herbs on ev'ry meadow lowing :

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Birds on ev'ry branch are wooing ;
 Turtles all around are cooing :
 Hark ! they coo ; see, they woo ;
 Let us, *Polly*, do so too,
 Let us, *Polly*, do so too.

Hark ! how kind that swain and lass,
 Yonder sitting on the grass ;
 See, how earnestly he sees,
 While she, blushing, can't refuse ;
 See yon two, how they woo ;
 Let us, *Polly*, do so too,
 Let us, *Polly*, do so too.

Mark that cloud above the plain ;
 See, it seems to threaten rain :
 Herds and flocks do run together,
 Seeking shelter from the weather.
 Fear not you, I'll be true,
 Let us, therefore, do so too. Let us, &c.

269

FOR ever fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love ?
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part ;
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish, the soul away,
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the pride of life is gone ?
 But busy, busy, still art thou,
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow ;
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 To join the gentle to be rude.
 For once, O fortune, hear my pray'r
 And I absolve thy future care ;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.

270

ATTEND, ye ever-tuneful swains,
That in melodious, soothing strains,
Of Clio sing, or Phillis ;
Tho' weak my skill, tho' rude my verse,
braid me not, while I rehearse
charms of Polly Willis.

Tho' languid I, and poor in thought,
 No simile shall here be brought.

From roses, pinks, or lilies :
 Some meaner beauties they may hit ;
 But sure no simile can fit

The charms of *Polly Willis*.

A simile to match her hair,
 Her lovely forehead, high and fair,
 Beyond my greatest skill is ;
 How then, ye gods ! can be express'd
 The eyes, the lips, the heaving breast,
 Of charming *Polly Willis*.

She's not like *Venus* on the flood,
 Or as the ones on *Ida* flood,
 Nor mortal *Amaryllis* ;
 Frame all that's lovely, bright, and fair,
 Of pleasing shape, and killing air,
 And that is *Polly Willis*.

Tho' time her charms may wear away,
 (All beauty must in time decay)

Yet in her pow'r there fail is
 A charm which shall her life endure ;
 I mean, the spotless mind and pure
 Of charming *Polly Willis*.

271

As May in all her youthful dreas,
 So gay my love did once appear ;
 A spring of charms adorn'd her face,
 The rose and lily flourish'd there :
 Thus, while th' enjoyment was but young,
 Each night new pleasures did create ;
 Ambrosial words dropp'd from her tongue
 And am'rous Cupids round her wait.

But, as the sun to west declines,
 The eastern sky does colder grow,
 And all his radiant looks resigns
 To the pale moon that rules below ;
 So love, while in her blooming hour,
 My Clio was all kind and gay ;
 But when possession nipp'd that flow'r,
 Her charms, like autumn, droop'd away.

— 272 —
 's banks I wander'd in search of my fair,
 I was the stream ! and how fast was the
 but thee such a scene I compare ; [air]
 it resembles, dear *Jenny*.

vital wave was a type of thy face,
 t so clear it might serve for thy glass,))
 is, if there were, for thy dimples might
 as the picture of *Jenny*. [pass.]

it took in all the charms of thy mind,
 o love, and to pity inclin'd,
 soft passions that feel no rude wind ;
 is the bosom of *Jenny*.

ith the prospect, I wish'd the bright maid
 'een her dear self in this mirror display'd ;
 her when last the deafer girl I survey'd :
 e it cou'd be but my *Jenny*.

a tempest, I ne'er saw before,
 llows arise, and the sea foam and roar ;
 at I scarcely was safe on the shore :
 en then it was *Jenny*. [clap'd,

readful fight, when to spleen you're in
 you are crois, and to others are kind :
 ear girl, raise this storm in your mind
 ll me, believe me deary *Jenny*.

— 273 —

I saw *Clarinda's* face
 was blithe and gay,
 wind, or feather'd race
 from spray to spray.

ected I appear,
 roves unkind,
 op the silent tear,
 lief can find.

notes my tale rehearse,
 he fair have found ;
 & appears my verse
 er praise resounds.

weak thaws my sight,
'love didstains ;

My vows and tears her scorn excite,
 Another happy reigns.

Ah, *Thy sis*, though my looks betray
 I envy your success ;
 Yet love to friendship shall give way,
 I cannot wish it less.

— 274 —

BANISH'D by your severe command,
 I make an awful, sad retreat,
 To some more hospitable land ;
 But shall I then my fair forget ?
 No, there I'll charm the lift'ning throng,
 With repetitions of your name ;
 My passion tell in plaintive song,
 And sadly pensive soothe my flame.
 With inbred sighs, the grateful swaine
 My tale will beg me to renew ;
 Sweetly appeas'd, beguile their pains,
 Transported when I speak of you.
 But shoud some curious youth demand,
 Why from my beauteous theme I stray ?
 With what confusion should I stand !
 What wou'd my charmer have me say ?

— 275 —

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
 The youth that fondly sits by thee ;
 And sees, and hears thee, all the while,
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
 For while I gaz'd, in transport lost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd, a subtle flame
 Ran quick thro' all my vital frame ;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs where chill'd,
 My blood with gentle horrows thrill'd,
 My feeble pulse forgot to play,
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

276

THY fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar love;
I feel the soft, relentless flame
Glide swift thro' all my vital frame.
For while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood to tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transport whirlm my soul.
My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
In sooth'ing numbers to complain;
My tongue some secret magic tries,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.
Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unloving die.

277

YES, fairest proof of beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart;
Nature points this my fatal houer;
And I have liv'd; and we must part.
While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear,
Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.
From jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed;
That nothing may disturb thy life
Content I hasten to the dead.
Yet when some better fated youth
Shall with his amorous party move thee,
Reflect one moment on his truth,
Who dying thus perfests to love thee.

278

IN vain you tell your parting lover
With fair winds may waft him over,
Alas! what winds can happy prove
That hast me far from what I love?

Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those which I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle; and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose;
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart wade,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

279

WHEN *Delia* on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me my heart if this be love?
Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear;
No other wit but her's approve;
Tell me my heart if this be love?
If she some o'the swain command,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;
Tell me my heart if this be love?
When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;
Tell me my heart if this be love?
When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spreads for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
Tell me my heart if this be love?

280

IF ever thou didst joy to bind
Two hearts in equal passion join'd,
O son of *Venus*! hear me now,
And bid *Florella* bless my vow.

If any bliss reserv'd for me
Thou in the leaves of fate shouldst say,
If any white propitious hour,
Pregnant with boundless joy,

Ye mighty treasure give,
Iom alone I live;
Ye pay all the sum,
Ive the fates to come.
Ye of full-blown charms
Teating, to my arms;
Such with soft desires,
Feel what she inspires.
If thine aid be vain
Urgent maid to gain,
Cold averted eyes
Hopes, and scorn my sighs;
Is all I ask of thee)
One may change than she;
A dutiful seal love on,
Gleam of hope is gone.
I'm alone to languish,
Me can heal my anguish,
Which I endure,
Never grant a cure.

281

I fix thy wav'ring heart,
I urge his claim,
Passion void of art,
The constant flame.
Swains their torments tell,
Foul love contemn;
Rize the beauteous shell,
The inward gem.
Res the wounded heart,
Be transient fire;
The mind receives the dart,
It whets desire.
Beauty will decay,
Improves with years;
The blossoms fade away,
The fruit appears.
And *Sylvia* grant my suit,
The future hour,
Who can taste the fruit,
Or ov'r flow's!

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
Ah me, what meant my throbbing breast?
Say, soft confusion, art thou love?
If love thou art, then farewell rest!

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,
Tho' hopeless of a warm return,
Yet kill me not with cold despair,
But let me live, and let me burn.
With gentle smiles assuage the pain
Those gentle smiles did first create;
And, tho' you cannot love again,
In pity, oh! forbear to hate.

282

'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes,
That swim with pleasure and delight;
Nor thole fair heavenly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light;
'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face;
Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind
Retiring with insidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white
As new shorn sheep, equal and fair;
Nor even that gentle smile, the heart's delight,
With which no smile could e'er compare;
'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,
Those breasts that swell to meet my love;
That easy sloping waist, that form divine,
Nor ought below, nor ought above.

'Tis not the living colours over each,
By nature's finest pencil wrought,
To theme the fresh blown rose, and blooming peach,
And mock the happiest painter's thought:
But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
So kindly answering my desire;
That grace with which you look, & speak, & move,
That thus have set my soul on fire.

284

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain
The ligh'ning wretch forgot his pain;

With art divine the lyre she strung,
Like thee the play'd, like thee the sung.
For while she struck the quiv'ring wire
The eager breast was all on fire;
And when she join'd the vocal lay
The captive soul was charm'd away.
But had she added still to these
Thy softer, chafter, power to please;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;
She ne'er had pin'd beneath disdain,
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;
Despair had ne'er her soul possest
To dash on rocks the tender breast.

— 285 —

WHEN charming Teraminta sings,
Each new sit new passion brings;
Now I resolve, and now I fear;
Now I triumph, now despair;
Frolic now, now faint I grow;
Now I freeze, and now I glow.
The panting Zephyrs round us play,
And trembling on her lips would stay;
Now would listen, now would kiss,
Trembling with divided bliss;
Till, by her breath repul'd, they fly,
And in low pleasing murmurs die.
Nor do I ask that she would give
By some new note, the pow'r to live;
I would, expiring with the sound,
Die on the lips that gave the wound.

— 286 —

MY dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me:
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her moves,
Wounding pleasure, killing blifes,
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses;
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

— 287 —

LE^T the ambitious favour find
In courts and empty noise,
Whilst greater love does fill my mind
With silent real joys.

Let fools and knaves grow rich and great,
And the world think 'em wise,
Whilst I lie dying at her feet,
And all that world despise.
Let conquering kings new trophies raise,
And melt in court delights,
Her eyes can give me brighter days,
Her arms much softer nights.

— 288 —

FROM all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
Contented, I had been too blest
If love and you had let me rest;
Yet that dull life I now despise;
Safe from your eyes
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys
Amidst a thousand kind desires
Which beauty moves, and love inspires,
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear.
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms,
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

— 289 —

COME all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bl
By cruel beauty's pride;
Bring each a garland on his head,
Let none his sorrows hide;

nd around me move,
soft tales of love;
your complaints ye join,
ngs can equal mine.
ortal once was I,
famous knew;
ith which I die,
vhence it grew:
ng fair you find,
ly, very kind,
heaven whose stamp she bears,
ste, and shun her snares.

290

ft, and gay, and young,
phy'd, she danc'd, she sung,
ay to 'scape the dart,
ard the lover's heart.
I, and dropt a tear,
despairing e'er
myself alone)
rectness made for one?
der, in her ear
rs told my care;
ais'd me from her feet,
low with equal heat.
oo mighty to express,
ut be known by guest!
I, what have I done,
made for more than one?
ot been in view,
heir beams withdrew;
i'd half her charms
other's arms.
 could faithless be,
o more than me;
himself undone,
not made for one:

291

our beauty appears
and airs,
n angel new dropt from the sky;
te, and atm sw'd by my fear,
dass'd my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes thro every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your
Then I know you're a woman again. [heart,

There's a passion and pride
In our sex the reply'd,
And thus, might I gratify both, would I do;
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But yet be a woman to you.

292

ON Be'videra's bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, fighting, dying;
The cold regardless maid to move
With unavailing prayers I sue;
You first have taught me how to love,
Ah! teach me to be happy too.
But she, alas! unkindly wife,
To all my sighs and tears replies,
'Tis every prudent maid's concern
Her lover's fondness to improve;
If to be happy you should learn,
You quickly would forget to love.

293

IT is not, Celia, in our power
To say how long our love will last;
It may be we with'n this hour
May lose the joys we now do taste:
The blessed that immortal be
From change of love are only free.
Then since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past:
Were it not madness to deny
To live, because we're sure to die?

294

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move;
Which can be just and kind?

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?
Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

— 295 —
YE little loves that round her wait
To bring me tidings of my fate,
As Celia on her pillow lies,
Ah! gently whisper—*Strephon* dies.
If this will not her pity move,
And the proud fair desists to love,
Smile and say 'tis all a lie,
And haughty *Strephon* scorns to die.

— 296 —
TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
That *Chloe's* false and common;
I always knew (at least believ'd)
She was a very woman:
As such I lik'd, as such caref'd,
She still was constant when possesf'd,
She could do more for no man.
But oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing?
Perhaps she fancied you the man;
And what care I one farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

— 297 —
CHLOE's the wonder of her sex,
'Tis well her heart is tender;
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!
But nature graciously inclin'd
With liberal hand to please us,
Has to her boundless beauty join'd
A boundless bent to ease us.

— 298 —
VAIN are the charms of white and red,
Which paint the blooming fair;
Give me the nymph whose snow is spread
Not o'er her face, but hair,
Of smoother cheeks the winning grace
With open force defies;
But in the wrinkles of her face
Cupid in ambush lies.
If naked eyes set hearts on blaze,
And am'rous warmth inspire;
Thro' glas; who darts her painted rays,
Lights up a fiercer fire.
Nor rival, nor the train of years,
My peace or bliss destroy;
Alive, she gives no jealous fears,
And dead, she crowns my joy.

— 299 —
ASPASTA rolls her sparkling eye,
And every bosom feels her power;
The Indians thus view *Phebus* rise,
And gaze in rapture, and adore.
Quick to the soul the piercing splendo's due,
Fire every vein, and melt the coldest heart.
Alpsia speaks; the listening crowd
Drink in the sound with greedy ear;
Mute are the giddy and the loud,
And self-admiring folly hears.
Her wit secures the conquests of her face;
Points every charm, and brightens every eye.
Alpsia moves; her well-tun'd limbs
Glide fitly with harmonious ease;
Now thro' the mazy dance she swims,
Like a tall bark o'er summer seas;
'Twas thus *Alpsia* knew the queen of love,
Majestic moving thro' the golden grove.
But ah! how cruel is my lot,
To doat on one so heavenly fair;
For in my humble state forgot,
Each charm and grace in my despair.

I swain thus faintly warbling lies,
is mate, and while he sings, he dies.

— 300 —

lov'd, a winning fair,
If her Strepion's care,
ul'de her doubts display,
m' should her heart betray.

urge my suit, and found
likely to be crown'd,
care were far away,
ot *Delia* could betray.

the maid had seen,
with her upon the green,
ole her heart away,
ot he cou'd e'er betray.

ace, my joys are fled,
er all my days is spread,
ymphs, so fair and gay,
mile bgt to betray.

y crook, my pipe alone
ill the woods my moan,
hilft I sigh and say,
Delia could betray!

— 301 —

tart that is bursting with grief,
by relating its woe,
som e'er hope for relief,
y sorrows continue to flow.
igh no succour be near,
hing I cannot refrain,
still enforcing a tear,
ids incessantly strain.

I these torments now quit,
chase but her form from my mind,
ould I wish to forget,
e she was gentle and kind :
t the play-day of youth,
ionage should be so severe,
e to love her with truth,
ne, also, to despise.

Oh ! whence are the moments of bliss,
We spent where the eglantines grew,
Or where the sweet innocent kifs,
She then was so kind to bestow.
Gone, gone, I shall prove them no more,
With my blossoms of hope are they fled,
That hope I was fond to adore,
Now blasted, now wither'd, and dead.

— 302 —

WHILE you my fair one, sure to please,
Smile with a grace and talk with ease,
Each look has charms, each word has art,
To fire my eyes, and melt my heart ;
That heart which now by turns must prove,
The hopes and fears that wait on love.

In vain to check the flame I try,
Or stop a sigh when you are by ;
My books, which once were all my joy.
I read no more, for now they cloy ;
The pains, the griefs, which now I feel,
No herb can cure, no balm can heal.

From field to field, from grove to grove,
To vent my sighs and griefs I rove,
Thus lost in thought like birds I stray,
Who knows not to their nests the way ;
So deep the wounds of love are made,
No herb nor balm can give me aid.

— 303 —

No more the gay scenes of delight,
No more the soft transports of ease,
Give pleasure to *Damon*'s fond sight,
Nor aught that is charming can please.
His flocks let them wander astray,
And traverse the dangerous shores ;
Nor *Damon* will drive them away,
He's absent from her he adores.

Dire absence how great are thy fears,
They pierce the soft bosoms that part ;
Of him who's in love, and reveres
The nymph that has stolen his heart.

But hence all ye doubts now retire,
Retreat to the darkest recess;
Let me burn with love's hottest fire,
And taste all the pleasures of bliss.

Fair Phyllis again once return,
My cottage as usual adorn;
Ah ! how will my passion then burn,
When Damon is not left forlorn;

Then all the soft pleasures of love,
The pleasures most grateful to me,
Within my fond bosom will rove,
None else can a mortal e'er be.

304

WHEN gentle Celia first I knew,
A breast so good, so kind, so true,
Reason and taste approv'd;
Pleas'd to indulge so pure a dame;
I call'd it by too soft a name,
And fondly thought I lov'd,

Till Chloris came, with sad surprise
I felt the lightning of her eyes
"Thro' all my senses rung
All glowing with resistless charms,
She fill'd my breast with new alarms,
I saw, and was undone.

O Celia ! dear unhappy maid,
Forbear the weakness to upbraid
Which ought your scorn to move :
I know this beauty false and vain,
I know the triumphs in my pain,
Yet still I feel I love.

Thy gentle smiles no more can please,
Nor can thy softest friendship ease
The torments I endure;
Think what that wounded breast must feel
Which truth and kindness cannot heal,
Nor e'en thy pity cure.

Oft shall I curse my iron chain,
And with again thy milder reign
With long and vain regret;

All that I can, to thee I give,
And could I still to reason live,
I were thy captive yet.

But passion's wild impetuous sea
Hurries me far from peace and thee.
'Twere vain to struggle more :
Thus the poor sailor slumbering lies,
While swelling tides around him rise,
And push his bark from shore.

In vain he spreads his helpless arms,
His pitying friends with fond alarms
In vain deplore his fate ;
Still far and farther from the coast,
On the high surge his bark is toss'd,
And foundering yields to fate.

305

AT Cynthia's feet I sigh'd, I pray'd,
And wept; yet all the while
The cruel unrelenting maid
Scarce paid me with a smile.

Such foolish timorous acts as these
Wanted the power to charm ;
They were too innocent to please,
They were too cold to warm.

Resolv'd, I rose, and softly prest
The lilies of her neck;
With longing eager lips I kiss'd
The roses of her cheek.

Charm'd with this boldness, she relents,
And burns with equal fire ;
To all my wishes she consents,
And crowns my fierce desire.

With heat like this Pygmalion mov'd
His statue's icy charms ;
Thus warm'd the marble virgin lov'd,
And melted to his arms.

AS the Thames' silent stream crept pensiv
And the wind murmur'd o'er the willow
On a green turf complaining, a swain lay
And wept to the river, and sigh'd to the w

ry'd, nature has waken'd the spring,
ns the vi'let, the nightingales sing :
ll of sorrow no beauties appear,
's a sigh, and each dew-drop's a tear.
Selinda has graces to move
o envy, the wifest to love;
no more gives delight to the eye,
ther to live, is more pain than to die.
thus his pinions wou'd over me spread,
t her image in dreams in her stead ;
l vision wou'd soften my pain :
relief I solicit in vain. [care,
thus, like me, his heart loaden with
y hope, and undone by despair;
r waking, denies him repose.
ents but vary to vary his woes.

— 307 —

is, could I now but fit
ern'd as when
beauty could beget
less nor pain !
drawing did admire,
d the coming day,
ht that rising fire
e my rest away.
in harmless childhood lay
in a mine ;
face takes more away
h conceal'd in thine :
barms insensibly
mfection prest,
nperciv'd, did fly,
d in my breast.
ith your beauty grew,
id, at my heart,
other favour'd you,
ew flaming dart :
in their wanton part ;
beauty, she
utmost of her art ;
lover, he.

ALL my past life is mine, no more,
The flying hours are gone ;
Like transitory dreams giv'n o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.
The time that is to come is not ;
How, then, can it be mine ?
The present moment's all my lot,
And that as fast as it is got,
Present, is only thine.
Then talk not of infidelity,
False hearts, and broken vows ;
If I, by miracle, c.n be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

— 308 —

As *Celia* in her garden stray'd,
Secure, nor dream'd of harm ;
A bee approach'd the lovely maid,
And rested on her arm.
The curious insect thither flew,
To taste the tempting bloom ;
But with a thousand sweets in view,
It found a sudden doom.
Her nimble hand of life bereav'd
The darling little thing ;
But first her snowy arm receiv'd,
And felt the painful sting.
Once only could that sting surprize,
Once be injurious found ;
Not so the darts of *Celia's* eyes,
They never cease to wound.

Oh ! would the short-liv'd burning smart
The nymph to pity move,
And teach her to regard the heart
She fires with endless love !

— 309 —

BY the side of a grove at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd a
the rill ;

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,
Since nothing could win me the smiles of my fair.
Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I
 sung, tongue!
And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my
But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I shoud wish, unaware, that my Delia might hear.
With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd !
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.
So long as of nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew :
The graces have yielded with *Delia* to rove;
And the muses are all in alliance with love.

311

BRING, *Phæbus*, from *Parnassian* bow'r,
A chaplet of poetic flow'r's
That far out bloom the *May* ;
Bring verse so smooth, and thought so free,
And all the muses heraldry,
To blazon *Jenny Grey*.

Observe yon almond's rich perfume,
Preventing spring with early bloom,
In ruddy tints how gay !
Thus foremost of the blushing fair,
With such a blithesome, buxom air,
Blooms lovely *Jenny Grey*.
The merry, chirping, plumy throng,
The bushes and the twigs among,
That pipe the sylvan lay,
All hush'd at her delightful voice,
In silent ecstasy rejoice,
And study *Jenny Grey*.

Ye balmy odour-breathing gales,
Ther lightly sweep the green-robd vales,
And in each rote bush play,
I know you all, you're errant cheats,
And steal your more than nat'ral sweets
 to lovely *Jenny Grey*,

Pomona, and that goddess bright,
The florists and the maids delight,
In vain their charms display ;
The luscious nectarine, juicy peach,
In richness nor in sweetnesse reach
 The lips of *Jenny Grey*.

To the sweet knot of graces three,
Th' immortal bonds of bards agree
A tuneful tax to pay ;
There yet remains a matchless worth,
There yet remains a lovelier fourth,
 And she is *Jenny Grey*,

312

CAN, then, a look create a thought
Which time can ne'er remove ?
Yes, foolish heart, again thou'rt caught,
Again thou bleed'st for love.
She sees the conquest of her eyes,
Nor heal's the wound she gave ;
She smiles, whene're his blushes rise,
And, fighting, thuns her slave.
Then swain, be bold, and still adore her,
Sill her flying charms pursue ;
Love and int'rest both implore her,
Pleading night and day for you !

313

COME, *Laura*, and meet your fond seis,
Ere *Phæbus* declines to the west,
Nor let me still languish in pain ;
Your presence alone makes me blest.
When absent no pleasure I feel,
My passions but ficken and die,
No power my tortures, my tortures can hold,
Unless my dear *Laura* is by.
Then haste to yon jessamine grove,
Enjoy what no language can tell,
Tis the seat of contentment and love,
Where peace and tranquility dwell ;
There Cupid our hearts shall unite,
There Hymen his altar shall raise,
The muler twet long shall indine,
And charm the whole world wide.

ch pleasures as these,
I'll glide swiftly away,
e other to please,
all smile as the May ;
her will taste,
both jointly approve ;
ur charmer, O haste,
and swain with your love.

314

come, and with thee bring
an downy wing !
the realms above ;
sing of love.
the am'rous theme,
o'er the verdant clod,
ter loving dame;
hief making god;
come the graces three,
f comic glee,
to clost the rear,
on-robd, appear.
, beauty's queen ;
Cupid, hail !
thy arrows keen,
inty breast affil.
y charm posset
feeling breast,
art elate with pride,
atchless power deride.
golden pointed dart
nregarded flies,
ot ob'urate heart,
ove from both her eyes.
light thy tender fire,
I with love inspire ;
born passion drives
m—but burn alive.

315
my Phyllis, hasten away
rdant grove,
g sweetly on each spray
of love.

Where frisky lambkins sport and play
Around the flow'ry green ;
Dres'd in dame nature's bright array,
Which yields a lovely scene.

Where the clear murmur ring rivers run,
In soft and cooling streams,
Secluded from the scorching sun,
And Colin writes his themes.

O ! there my fair-one, let us rove,
And taste the sweets of life ;
Like turtle-doves let's alway love,
And banish care and strife.

316

CELIA, hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the miser's treasure ;
Still the vain puffed-for's poor,
What are riches without pleasure ?
Endless pains the miser takes
To increase his heaps of money ;
Lab'ring bees his pattern-makes,
Yet he fears to taste his honey.
Views with aching eyes his store,
Trembling, left he chance to lose it ;
Pining still for want of more ;
Tho' the wretch wants pow'r to use it,
Celia thus, with endless arts,
Spends her days, her charms improving,
Lab'ring still to conquer hearts,
Yet ne'er tastes the sweets of loving.

Views with pride her shape and face,
Fancying still she's under twenty ;
Age brings wrinkles on apace,
While she starves with all her plenty.
Soon or late they both will find,
Time, their 'dol, from them sever ;
He must leave his gold behind,
Lock'd within his grave for ever.
Celia's fate will still be worse,
When her fading charms deceive her ;
Vain desire will be her curse,
When no mortal will relieve her.

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Celia, hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the miser's treasure,
Taste a little of thy store;
What is beauty without pleasure?

— 317 —

DEAR *Nancy* fir'd my artless breast,
 I ne'er saw girl so clever ;
 I sometimes thought she'd make me blest,
 And sometimes fancy'd never :
 Whene'er I told my am'rous tale,
 With sighs oft intervening,
 Your suit, she'd cry, won't, here prevail,
 I cannot tell your meaning.
 The wife remark, a man in love
 Looks wond'rous soft and silly :
 The truth coy *Nancy* made me prove,
 For, oh ! her heart was chilly :
 To balls and plays she us'd to range,
 Her company still seen in ;
 But still 'twas strange, 'twas mighty strange,
 She could not not tell my meaning.
 I love you *Nancy*, oft I'd cry,
 Without you, can't be eas'y ;
 Oh ! shall I live, or shall I die,
 Pray tell me which will please you ?
 By all means live ! the fair replied,
 This passion wants no weaning ;
 Declare yourself without disguise,
 I cannot tell your meaning.
 Oh ! now, I thought's the lucky time ;
 Although so long I've tarry'd,
 I hope, I answer'd, 'tis no crime,
 To say, I'd fain be marry'd.
 She gave her hand, nor seem'd to flght
 The love there was no screening ;
 And now we live in sweet delight,
 Vera'd in each other's meaning.

— 318 —

DRINK to me only with thine eya,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll look not for wine :

The thirst that from my soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of *Jove's* nectar sip,
 I wou'd not change for thine.
 I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much hon'ring thee ;
 As giving it a hope that there
 It would not wither'd be :
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent it back to me ;
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear
 Not of itself, but thee.

— 319 —

FAIR *Semira*, lovely maid,
 Cease in pity to upbraid
 My oppres'd but constant heart ;
 Full sufficient are the woes,
 Which my cruel stars oppose ;
 Heav'n, alas ! has done it's part.

— 320 —

EV'R Y nymph and shepherd, bring
 Tribute to the queen of *May* ;
 Rifle for her brows the spring,
 Make her as the season gay ;
 Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,
 How to use the fleeting hour.

Now the fair *Narcissus* blows
 With his sweetness now delights ;
 By his side the maiden rose
 With her artless blush invites :
 Such, so fragrant and so gay,
 Is the blooming queen of *May*.
 Soon the fair *Narcissus* dies,
 Soon he drops his languid head ;
 From the rose her purple flies,
 None inviting to her bed :
 Such, the now so sweet and gay,
 Soon shall be the queen of *May*.

Tho' thou art a rural queen,
 By the suffrage of the swains,
 Beauty, like the vernal green,
 In thy bower not long remains.

ckly bless the youth,
y love and truth.

— 321 —

m, tho' her day is done,
will imbibe,
a little fun,
tite bribe.
ept by locks and keys
lovesick tribe ;
in a little ease,
tite bribe.

then my Lord thinks fit,
do to jest and gibe,
gh at little wit,
tite bribe.
our ways and means
olks subscribe,
way their virtue leans,
le bribe.

— 322 —

pretty feet, for dancing intended,
her who always was commended,
est drefs attentive to merit,
ise who can jig about with spirit.

I so glad am, that I'll cut a caper;
make no scruple, strike upthers
it;

about, that's right depend on't,
k again, & now there's an end on't.
ought that we should encore it,
you lemonade before it,
you hot, and wine is unsteady,
cool us both, speak when you're
Take me, &c.

— 323 —

w, in ev'ry state,
art is true,
osp'rous fate,
ew.
y, watching late,
g and country's cause,

In hopes to be when come from sea,
Cheer'd with applause.

At home when sports his welcome crown,
His wife's the liveliest of the throng ;
Or when care sinks his spirits down,
Her endearing smile rewards his toil, and greet
So when the nuptial knot is tied [his fav'rite song.
Our friendship closer will cement ;
Each morn you'll hail my bl'oming bride,
And gladly share my heart's content.
I'll grasp the hand which made her mine,
To social scenes my hours resign,
While all the wonted strain shall join.

— 324 —

FOR me, my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flow'r's in union meet ;
As oft she kiss'd this gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

Her breath, &c.

A bee within a damask rose,
Had crept the nectar'd dew to sip,
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip.

There tasting all the bloom of spring,
Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey fled away.

— 325 —

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a lass,
Learn how th' affair's to be done ;
For, if you stand fooling and shy, like an ass,
You'll loofer her as sure as a gun.

With whining, and fighting, and vows, and all that
As far as you please you may run ;
She'll harr you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine !
But, mark you the consequence, mam ;
The baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

THE

Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and stout,
And no opportunity shun:
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry
But mum—she's as sure as a gun. [ou;]

— 326 —

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises our spirits, and charms the ear;
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those,
Press her,
Cares her,
With blisses,
And kisses,
Dissolves us in pleasure, and soft repose.

— 327 —

NEVER till now I knew love's smart,
Guess who it was that stole my heart,
'Twas only you, if you'll believe me.
'Twas only you, &c.
Since that I've felt love's fatal pow'r,
Heavy has pass'd each anxious hour,
If not with you, if you'll believe me.
If not with you, &c.
Honor and wealth no joys can bring,
Nor I be happy, tho' a king,
If not with you, if you'll believe me,
If not with you, &c.
When from this world I'm call'd away,
For you alone I'd wish to stay,
For you alone, if you'll believe me,
For you alone, &c.
Grave on my tomb, where'er I am laid,
Here lies one who lov'd but one maid,
That's only you, if you'll believe me,
That's only you, &c.

— 328 —

FORGIVE, fair creature, form'd to please,
Forgive a wond'ring youth's offence:

Those charms, those virtues, when he sees
How can he see, and not admire!
While each the other still improves;
The fairest face, the noblest mind;
Not with the proverb, he that loves,
But he that loves you not, is blind.

— 329 —

GRAVE foes my envy now begit,
Who did my pity move;
They, by the right of wanting wit,
Are free from cares of love.
Turk honour fools; because they are
By their defect secure
From slavery and toil of war,
Which all the rest endure.
So I, who suffer cold neglect
And wounds from Celia's eyes,
Begin extremely to respect
These fools that seem so wise.
'Tis true, they fondly set their hearts
On things of no delight;
To pass all day for men of parts,
These pass alone at night.
But Celia never breaks their rest;
Such ie: wants she despairs;
And so the tops are fully blest,
While I endure the chains.

— 330 —

GREAT Love! I own thy pow'r super
My mind has felt the dart;
No more the transitory flame
Plays lambent round my heart.
Bright Nancy's charms the bosom fit,
That erst was wont to rove;
And sense and beauty now conspire
To light an ardent love.
Then wonder not to hear me vow
That I can change no more;
Since the bus all Heart's a can below,
Or fighting fancies above.

for to flat'ry's strain,
a busy bee
produce of the plain,
arub and tree;
in the bloomy rose,
sweet essence joipe,
warmest with the bhowd,
re beauty shines.

— 332 —

a lover's life passes,
ty returns sigh for sigh !
all men as asses,
not some girl in their eye.
ll as light as a feather,
the terr's or parks;
croud impatient together,
is look out for their sparks.

alpitation arises,
appears full in view ;
more value he prizes,
the mines of Peru.

nged time, as they're walking,
them, alas ! by his flight ;
ie still hears her talking,
he keeps her in sight.

od he regales him,
calls out for his last ;
is Cbœs ne'er fails him,
ives a zest to his glass.

sements he prizes,
that from Cbœs arise,
us thoughts when he rises,
hen he closes his eyes.

ambition distract us,
a fantastical chace ;
th Cbœs can blets us,
ll we want to embrace.

— 332 —

ye nymphs, and evry swain,
Peggy grieves me,

The' thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas ! the ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her ;
At the bonny bush aboon Tragair,
'Twas there I first did love her.
That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender ;
If more there paf'd, I'm not to blame,
I ment not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented ;
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
It's sweets I'll ay remember ;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hears my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn dispair,
My passion no more tender,
I'll leave the bush aboon Tragair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

— 333 —

HOW sweetly smells the summer green !
Sweet taste the peach and cherry :
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry :
But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
Lo'st a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with those of Cbriby.

T

WED

SONGS for GENTLEMEN.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'r'l beauty wanting,
How lightsome it's to hear the lark,
And birds in confor' chas'ting;
But if my *Chrif'y* tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration;
My thoughts with exultaes rejoice,
And drap the halo creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And often mind to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman;
But, dubious of any sin-desert,
My sentiments I smother;
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear the love another.

Thus sang blate *Edie* by a born,
His *Chrif'y* did o'er-hear him;
She daughtna let her lover mourn,
But e'er he wif drew near him;
She spake her favour with a look
Which left nae room to doubt her:
He wifely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My *Chrif'y!*—witness, bonny stream,
Sic joys was tear-arising,
I wish this may na-be a dream;
O love the maid surprising!
Time was too precious now for taik;
This point of a' his wishes
He wadna with set speeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on kisses.

334

HOW happy was I,
When *Delia* was by;
Her prelence rejoiced my heart;
No trouble I knew,
My cares were but few,
Till the time I from Delia did part.

When how sad the reverse!
With pain I rehearse

The disquiet my mind undergoes;
Time moves slowly oh,
Content I have none;
Oh! feel for, and pity my woes.

My fair will be jist,
I can't het mistrust,
Her promise is bindig I'm sure;
Then why so falment?
For theme, be content
For the present, her absence endure.
The time shortly will be,
When I *Delia* shall see,
And with her in wedlock be join'd;
Then how happy my state,
I'll not envy the great,
But enjoy, with my fair, peace of mi
I covet not wealth,
But a good share of health,
For myself and the girl I adore:
We'll live at our pafe,
And do as we please;
Ye gods! what can mortals wish mor

335

HOW fair is my love,
As kind as the dove;
Her temper both lively and gay:
The lily, and rose,
Upon her cheeks blows,
To give her the splendor of *May*.

Her shape, and her mien,
Proclaim her the queen
Of beauty, of virtue, and truth;
Her eyes are like jet,
Her teeth neatly set;
Ye gods! in the prime of her youth,
Her voice, like the thrush,
That sings on the bush
When meadows look blooming and g
Each nymph and each swain,
That dance on the plain,
Are charm'd with my *Edie*.

eate my sand bosom of strife,
In pleasure's sweet baw's
We'll pass ev'ry hour,
The nature supplies us with life.

336
How sweet a tyrant 'tis to love!
And oh! how pleasant is the pain!
Would not, if I could, remove,
And now put off the amorous chain.
Clio's eyes do give me laws,
And me of liberty beguile,
Was a martyr, love my cause,
And on my fair tormentor smile!

337
Mythe send me back my heart,
Else I cannot have things;
From yours you will not part,
Then shou'dst thou have mine?
Now I think on't, let it lie;
Had it wren in vain;
It's a thief in ev'ry eye
I'd steal it back again;
Hold two hearts in one breast lie,
But not lodge together;
Where is thy sympathy,
Our breasts thou sever?
Such a mystery,
Find it out;
I think I'm best reford,
In most doubt,
El care, and farewell woe,
Longer pine;
We I have her heart,
As she as mine.

338
What now I sing,
Hand display'd;
Ac'd a diamond ring
(sparrow play'd.

The feather'd plaything she caref'd,
And strok'd his head and wings;
And while it nestled on her breast,
She lipp'd the dearest things.

With chizzel bill a spark ill-set
He loosen'd from the rest,
And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
The easier to digest.

She seis'd his bill with wild affright,
Her diamond'd to deftry;
Twis gone! she sick'd at the sight,
Moaning her bird wond'rous.

The tongue-tyld knocker noise might use,
The curtains none might draw;
The footmen went without their shoes,
The streets were laid with straw.
The doctor us'd his oily art,
Of strong emetic kind;
Th' apothecary play'd his part,
And engineer'd behind.

When physiq ceard to spend it's force
To bring away the stone,
Dicky, like people given o'er,
Picks up, when let alone,
His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,
He peck'd behind his wing;
Lucia recov'rung at the news,
Relapses for the ring.

Meanwhile, within her beautous breast,
Two diff'rent passions grov'd;
When av'rice ended the contest,
And triumph'd over love,
Poor little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,
Thy pains the sex display!
Who, only to repair a ring,
Could take thy life away.

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,
Monster of foulest mien;
Ye would not let it harbour there,
Could but it's form be seen,

It made a virgin put on guile,
Truth's image break her word;
A Lucia's face forbear to smile,
A Venus kill her bird.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields we're small, My flocks were few;
While faltering accents spoke my fear,
That *Flavia* might not prove sincere.
Of crops destroy'd by veraal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold:
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not *Flavia* then sincere?
How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind;
She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear;
And is not *Flavia* then sincere?
How, if the deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress:
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.
Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoil'd of all which you revere
I know my *Flavia*'s love sincere.

IN vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny:
Give me your smiles, your wishes give
To him who must without you die.
Shrunk from the sun's enliv'ning beam,
Bid flow'r's retain their scent and hue;
It's source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,
Or me exist depriv'd of you.

IRambled about for a twelvemonth, I vow,
In search of a damsel for life?
For roving per'lx'd me, I could not tell how,
So ventur'd at last on wife.

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

The girls of the town, each rake must well
Imbibers the pleasures of life,
For evils on evils will constantly flow,
And make us all wifh for a wife.

A mistress, 'tis true, who's youthful and
May sweeten the troubles of life.
And while she is constant, drive sorrow &
But what is all this to a wife?

In wedlock, alone, true pleasure we find
To glide the rough passage thro' life,
Then chuse out a lass with a delicate mis
And make the dear charmer a wife
And you, O ye fair, be kind to the man
Who offers to blesse you for life;
Be constant and true, and as fond as you
For these are the charms of a wife.

LOVE never more shall give me pain;
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
Thy love so true to me:
Without thee I shall never live,
My dear, if thou die.
If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray;
In dreary dreams the nights I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see;
Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
My Peggy after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my breast
With Cupid's raving rage;
But thine, which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.

'Twas this that, like the morning sun,
Gave joy to life and me;
And when it's set, and eve is done,
With Peggy let me die.

all on virtuous love,
pleasures share;
ithful flames approve,
v the fair.
's wonted charms,
so dear to me;
tem from these arms,
gy die.

— 343 —

ne alarm,
ying;
e prize,
ars dying?
treasure
h vein;
deasure,
tin.

— 344 —

rave, and the gay,
ow they may,
r pleasures surpass;
d well or ill,
e with me still,
friend and my glass.
ay fight,
t may lye,
reasure amast;
are but vain,
nded with pain;
y friend and my glass.
ne inspires,
new desires,
lover his last,
ge prepares
he nymph's airs;
ny friend and my glass.
seks the rain,
ws the main,
re are all in a clast;
in the clay,
while we may,
my friend and my glass.

"Tis friendship and wine,
Only, life can refine:
We care not whate'er combs to pass
With courtiers, or great-men,
There's none of us statesmen:
Come, here's to our friend and our girls.

— 345 —

LONG at thy altar, god of love,
I paid a double duty;
A slave to Celia's voice and wit,
To Cleo's taste and beauty;
Fain would I fix my restless heart,
While they, with awkward feature,
Disguis'd, in affection's mask,
The genuine gifts of nature.

— 346 —

MY love was fickle once, and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my heart,
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In every face I found a dart.
'Twas first a charming shape enslave'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal stroke;
Till by her wit *Corinne* sav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.
But now a long and lasting anguish
For *Brianda* I endure;
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure:
For here the false, inconstant lover,
After a thousand beauties shown,
Does new surprising charms discover,
And finds variety in one.

— 347 —

MY goddess, *Lydia*, heavenly fair,
As lilly sweet, as soft as air,
Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
And to my love give fresh alarms.
O! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
Th' sacred lightning from them fier;

Shew me that soft, that modest grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambrosia in a kiss,
That I may rival *Yore* in bliss;
That I may mix my soul with thine,
And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide thy bosom's killing white,
(The milky way so hot so bright)
Left you my ravish'd soul opprest
With beauties pomp and sweet excess.
Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart the vital blood?
Thou art allover endless charms:
O take me dying to thy arms.

MAY the ambitious ever find
Success in crowds and noise,
While gentle joys does fill my mind
With silent, ~~dark~~ joys.

May knives and fools grow rich and great,
The world without them wise,
While I lie at ~~my~~ Nanny's feet,
And all the world despise.

Let conquering ~~King~~ ^{King} new triumphs smile,
And melt insipid delights;
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
Her arms much softer nights.

AS Celia to the crystal tray'd,
The blushing ~~go~~ withdrew,
And hasted down as if afraid
To see thy brighter charms display'd,
And be outshone in you.

His sister *Faerie* at the sight,
With blithes spread the sphere;
As if to ~~shine~~ with double light,
And gild the star-bemangled night,
He'd borrow'd rays from her.

The glimmering stars which dar'd to peer,
We're lost in gazing on;
And look'd like stars that seem'd to weep,

'Twixt half awake and half asleep,
Or twinkling at the sun.

The god of silence as she sung,
Stood list'ning at her feet:
The loit'ring streams attentive hung,
And mimic echo held her tongue,
Unable to repeat.

Says love, approach.—I fool obey'd
Too sure to be undone;
For 'twere as rash for me t' invade,
Those beauteous beams which round
As *Phaeton* the son.

HITHER, *Venus* with your doves,
Hither all ye little loves;
Round me light, your wings display,
And bear a lover on his way.
Oh, could I but, like *Yore* of old,
Transform myself to show'ry gold;
Or in a swan my passion shroud,
Or wrap it in an orient cloud;
What looks, what bars should them imp,
Or keep me from my charming maid!

IMade love to *Kate*, long I sigh'd for i
Till I heard of late, she'd a mind to me
I met her on the green, in her best array
So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart
Oh then we kiss'd & press'd, were we muc
Had you been in my place, you'd have done

As I fonder grew, she began to praise,
Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will me
But then I laugh'd, & swore I lov'd her me
For ty'd each to a rope's end, 'tis tugging
Again we kiss'd & press'd, were we mock
Had you been in my place, you'd have done

Then she sigh'd, and said, she was won
Dicky Kat led, *Katy* the led *Dick*.
Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder
Katy lost the game, tho' she play'd so well
For there we did, ~~sigh~~ what I dare not
Had you begin to play, you'd have done

353

I'v'y art effay;
te venom'd shaft awy
flies in my heart:
centre fix'd, and bound,
but enlarge the wound,
er make the smart.

353

lost, I rave with pain,
afors't in my mind;
could be a happier swain,
Sylvia less unkind.
as long her chains I've worn)
relief from smart,
ves me looks of scorn;
'twill break my heart.

ich is worldly store,
ffer heaps of gold;
I a heaven adore,
tious to be sold.
such a coxcomb prize
alth, and not desert,
or sighs and tears despise?
'twill break my heart.

some panting hov'ring dove,
oy blifs contend,
the cause of eager love,
idly calls me friend.
, thus in vain you strive
a healer's part;
but ling'ring pain alive,
— and break my heart.

, when this, conquer'd a won,
am dead and cold,
the cruel deed yon've done,
lory when 'tis told.
evely gen'rous maid,
ake my injur'd part,
tbee, *Sylvia*; I'm afraid,
aking my poor heart.

354

My blifs too long my bride denies;
Apace the wasting summer flies;
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear;
Nor storms, nor night, shall keep me here,

What may for strength, with steel compare
Oh! love has fetters stronger far;
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer, then, perplex thy breast;
When thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay;
Away, my *Jessy*, haste away.

355

HOW pleasingly glided the day,
When *Phillis* vouchsaf'd to confess,
Whatever young *Damon* could say,
At once gave her pleasure and bliss;
But now how revers'd is the scene,
No more the sweet maiden complains,
Your bosom by far's too serene,
And ne'er to the lover attains.

No more the soft transports are mine,
When *Phillis* from *Hymer* was free,
When she'd on my bosom recline,
And vow that she lov'd only me;
Those galloping moments of blifs,
Distraction! no more can be prov'd,
No more can I steal a sweet kiss
From her I so ardently lov'd.

When *Phillis* a damsel so fair,
Was all that I wish'd her to be,
How void was my mind of all care,
My bosom from tortures how free,
But oh! how inconstant are they,
Whom nature has form'd to be fair,
How charming, how lovely and gay,
More safely to live't the saucy.

DEAR

DEAR *Sally*, whilst poetic dreams,
To flowery vales and purling streams,
Confine a happy mind;
While some in their dear selves possest,
Of all that's good cry to be blest,
Reire and quit mankind.

May no such false ideal bliss,
No solitary joy like this,
My social mind deceive;
But may the world and I agree,
In short let others live for me,
Let me for others live.
So shall I see, well pleas'd at last,
My life not wholly useless past,
Or to mankind or me;
Then shall such comforts crown my end,
As those, and those alone attend,
Who love society.

WHEN lovely *Pbillis* tunes the lyre,
I stand with raptu e and admire
The nymph, who can such joy impart,
To cheer the dull and gloomy heart.
Like *Orpheus* who invites our ears,
And lulls to rest our anxious fears,
She gently strikes the trembling wires,
And ev'ry breast with joy inspires.
A thousand joys my bosom feels,
A thousand raptures strain reveals,
Melodious sounds invi e my ears,
And all a scene of mirth appears.

TELL not me of your roses and lillies,
Which tinge the fair cheeks of your *Pbillis*,
Tell not me of the dimples and eyes,
For wh ch silly *Corydon* diea,
Let all silly Lovers go hang,
My heart would you hit,
Tip your arrow with wit,
And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,
And it comes, &c.

I am rock to the handsome and pretty,
Can only be touch'd by the witty,
And beauty may ogle in vain,
The way to my heart's thro' my brain,
Let all whining lovers go hang.
We wits you must know,
Have two strings to our bow,
To return 'em their darts with a twang,
And return 'em, &c.

BLYTHE, blythe, as reather'd song,
More free than kings, and happier far,
As fancy leads I rove,
As beauty strikes I beauties woo,
What more can mortal wish to do,
Than lead a life of love,
Than lead a life of love,
For each sweet nymph fresh tales I fit
My heart as air still unconfin'd,
From joy to joy I rove,
The charms which daily me delight,
Renew'd in pleasing dreams by night,
Makes life a life of love.

Should I be blest a fair to find,
To love like me, for life inclin'd,
By all ye powers above,
With honour strictly I'll pursue,
And do what mortal man can do,
To make a life of love.

Affit me, all my pow'r divine,
To forward this my grand design,
And grant, O, mighty Jove,
That I may wed some heav'nly fair,
And shew the world (what's very rar
A married life of love.

COULD I each fault remember,
Forgetting ev'ry charm,
Soon wou'd impartial reason,
The spirit love disarm.

wrag'd I number;
go of her mind,
goffs her beauty,
while reason's blind.

361
I never lustre see,
at wou'd not look on me,
w nectar on a lip,
my own did hope to sif,
said who feeks my heart,
f rose untouch'd by art,
n the colour true,
ilding blushes aid their hue.
yielding blushes, &c.

nd so soft and pure,
ads it, to be sure,
I be certain then,
tiful pres again,
ith attentive eye
r heaving bosom sigh.
so—when I see
ring bosom sigh for me.

362
HIP is the bond of reason,
uty disapprove,
ives all other treason,
art that's true ro love.
which to my friend I swore,
l oath I view,
charms which I adore,
ion to be true,
ship, &c.

one I false must be,
ubt which to prefer,
f social faith to thee,
ege to love and her
ship, &c.

363
cause for suspicion appears,
oofs of her love are too strong,
etech if I'm right in my fears,
zworthy of blis if I'm wrong,

What heart breathing torments from jealousy flow,
Ahl none but the jealous, the jealous can know.

When blest with the smiles of my fair,

I know not how much I adore

Those smiles let another but share,

And I wonder I priz'd them no more.

Then whence can I hope a relief froin my woes,
When the falser she seems, still the fonder I grow.

364
GENTLE maid, ah! why suspect me.

Let me serve thee, then reject me,

Gentle maid, &c.

Canst thou trust and I deceive thee,

Art thou sad and shall I grieve thee,

Canst thou, &c.

365
GIVE Ifaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,

But health and good humour to make her a tank,
If strait I don't mind whether slender or fat,
Or six foot or four we'll ne'er quarrel for that.
What'er her complexion I vow I don't care,
If brown it is lasting; more pleasing if fair.
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples shou'd see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

A dimple to me. Let her smile, &c.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be—fairest any colour but green;
For in eyes tho' so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice only let her have two,

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own are genteeler than black,
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire—she may'nt have a beard.

366
O HAD my love ne'er smil'd on me,

I ne'er had known such anguish,

But think how false, how cruel she,

To bid me cease to languish.

To bid me hope her hand to gain,

Breathe on a flame half perish'd,

And then with cold and fix'd disdain,

To kill the hope she cherish'd.

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Not worse his fate who on a wreck,
That drove as winds did blow it,
Silent had left the shatter'd deck.
To find a grave below it:
Then land was cried, no more resigneds;
He glow'd with joy to hear it,
Not worse his fate his woe to find,
The wreck must sink e'er near it.

367

AH! cruel maid, how haft thou chang'd
The temper of my mind,
My heart by thee from mirth estrang'd,
Becomes like thee unkind.
By fortune favour'd, clear in fame,
I once ambitious was,
And friends I had that fann'd the flame,
And gave my youth applause.
And friends, &c.

But now my weakness all abuse,
Yet vain their taunts on me;
Friends, fortune, fame itself I'd lose,
To gain one smile of these.
Yet only thou should not despise,
My folly or my woe.
If I am mad in others eyes,
Tis thou haft made me so.

But days like these with doubting curst,
I will not long endure,
Am I despis'd, I know the worst,
And also know my cure.
If false her vows, she dare renounce,
She instant ends my pain,
For oh! that heart must break at once,
Which cannot hate again.
For oh, &c.

368

THEN farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars and coat and badge farewell,
Never more at Chelfea ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a spell.
Then farewell, &c.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battles heat I go,
Where expos'd to every danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.
Then mayhap as homeward steering,
With the news my messe-mates come,
Even you the story-hearing,
With a sigh may cry poor Tom.

369

TO make the most of fleeting time,
Shou'd be our best endeavour,
For love we both are in our prime,
The time is now or never.
For love, &c.

A thousand charms around you play,
No girl more bright or clever,
Then let us both agree to day,
To-morrow will be never.

I ne'er shall be a better man,
I burn with love's high fever,
Pray now be kind, I know you can,
You must not answer never.

Whilst thus you Chuse turn aside,
You frustrate my endeavour,
That face will fade, come down that pink
Your time is now or never.

I're for yourself or me too late,
Say now you're mine for ever,
I may be snatch'd by care or fate,
My time is now or never.

370

W AFT to her ears, kind gentle breez
A hapless lover's lpy,
Tell her while she lays at ease,
I die, I die away.

This to her tender bosom bear,
And tell her all my pain,
And if a spark of pity's there,
On I run to a bane.

— 372 —
Curly wif; with an' honest man's fame,
I hope to succeed,
please, if you're piff'd with a name,
let probity lead.

keep on humility a side,
use gratitude & views;
envy of pique nor of pride,
from merit its due.

it esteem is a noble estate,
and smile make you proud;
en merely because they are great,
'd by the roar of a crowd.
's phrase, let not promise allure,
for dinners in taste;
d friends, tho' perhaps they are poor,
new acquaintance in haste.

ot interest, friendship to wean,
servility's treat,
witness iniquity's scene,
it once on deceit.

ourself, spare the shame of your friend
your wit to exceed;
he cause of the absent defend,
k not your arm from distress.

the low, nor be high peoples slave,
lefpair or be vain;
onsistent the world may behave,
y ever maintain.
t ambition extend o'er the state,
e glutonizc wealth;
I wish for, I wou'd not be great,
humily for Health.

il, in health, will my latter days pass,
, unenvying live;
ends I have prov'd and my fav'rite last
ise the precepts I give.

— 373 —
where, dear maid, shouldst thou for-
appy Damon fly,
Take me,

To what other fair beset me,
Banish'd from thy love-brought eye;

In thy breast, my bitt'resides,
Woe in ev'ry place befalls;

Where, where, dear maid, shouldst thou forsake
Could unhappy Damon fly;

Should I thence by scorn be driv'n,
For me remains no other Heav'n;

— 373 —
MYRTILLA, demanding the aid of my pen,

To tell what of her were the thoughts of the meet,
Infisit for once I would alter my moe,

And write panegyrics as well as lampoon;

With candour describing the woman I see,
When I steal from my glass, to Myrtilla and tea.

If the eyes sweet employ to the soul give delight,
And beauty's an object engaging to sight;

How kind is my fair-one, whose studies confess,
Her aim is at nature's amending t' in dress!

Tho' oft in the structure, misaken the plan,
She spoils what she meant should give pleasure to man.

When I hear her sweet voice in its natural key,
Her good-humour'd prattle is musick to me;
Her kifs would soon make the dull hermit forego
His cell and hgh views for that heaven below;
But when for a trifle with anger grows bold,
Her words are but discord, her kisks are cold.

Like dew to the flow'r is love to mankind;
Each sense's employment in woman we find,
Unles affection, that baie to the fair,
Unfetters the heart they attempt to ensnare;
Let nature the scionce of pleasing direct;
A charm ill display'd soon becomes a defect.

— 374 —
MY fair has nature's charms alone,

From ev'ry art she's free;

Her dress bespeaks her inmost mind,

'Tis all simplicity.

Without disguise, she loves sincere,

Nor will she change from me;

She's constanc, innocent, and true,

And all simplicity.

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Nor can I e'er ungrateful prove
To one so pure as she ;
For sure no charm can stir compare
With sweet simplicity.

— 375 —

NEAR a meand'ring river's side,
A beautiful damsel I espied
Her sparkling eyes and graceful mein,
Made her appear like love's fair queen.
Her sparkling eyes, &c.

She sat beneath a rock just by,
No creature near the could deicry ;
To screen her from the sultry heat,
She chose the secret blest retreat.
But, ah ! what adamantine heart,
Could then refuse love's pointed dart ;
I thought I heard the urchin say,
This is the time, make no delay.

Eager I flew, at his command,
And took my charmer by the hand ;
The trembling fair was full of fear,
And said, " I hope no harm is near ?"
I gently clasp'd her lovely waist,
And swore no mortal was more chaste ;
Her coral lips I softly prest,
And view'd her snowy throbbing breast.
The smiling god this scene survey'd,
And pierc'd the kind, the blooming maid ;
With equal flame our hearts did burn,
And love for love did each return.

— 376 —

NO scornful beauty e'er shall boast,
She makes me love in vain ;
The man's a fool that once is cross'd,
If e'er he loves again :
To whine or pine I never can,
Nor tell her I must die ;
'Tis something so beneath a man,
To do it, no, no; to do it, no, no; [not 1.] *to do it no*

The doating swain with folding arms,
May hope the live-long day ;
A stranger I to love's alarms,
Will laugh my time away :
Of darts, of hearts if e'er he prate,
Or heave a pensive sigh ;
Must I bewail his woeful fate,
Believe me no not I.
For me the sex their toils may set,
To catch the roving mind ;
I break through ev'ry cobweb net,
Nor leave my heart behind ;
Their wiles and smiles at once may m
And all their cunning try ;
Then must I languish at their feet ?
Excuse me, no not I.

— 377 —

A FEW Years in the days of my gra
(A worthy good woman as ever brok
What lectures she gave, in the morning
Nor ceas'd till she laid herself down
She never declin'd what she once und
But twisted,
Perfisted,
Now flatter'd,
Now spatter'd,
And always succeeded, by hook or by
Said she, Child, whatever your fate is
If married, if single, if old, or if yo
In madness, in sadness, in tears, or in
But follow my maxims, you cannot
Each passion, each temper I always co
When scolded,
I moulded,
When heated,
Retreated,
And manag'd my matters, by hook or
Ensnar'd by her counsels, I ventur'd
And fancy'd a wife, by my grandmot
Might be taught like a spaniel to fetch &
But soon I found out that we both ha

madam the wonderful book;
her,
her,
Y,

over'd by hook or by crook.

— 378 —
female heart inspire
m, warm desire,
othing art :
l force disdains
pleasing chains,
ating heart.

— 379 —

s states of life,
the best,
oving wife,
blest.
s world can give,
thly bliss,
qual, as I live,
l kist.
s the time away,
his wife,
with joy can say,
y dear life,
perplex and gall,
de alarms,
'rgets them all,
e's dear arms.

poetic grove,
l'd sweets,
wedded love,
'ul sheets.

happy dad,
eart with glee,
r Sall, or Ned,
s knee !

e for my long,
ishes join,
x very long,
uy be mines

— 380 —

ON Etrick banks, in a summer's night,
At glooming when the sheep drove home,
I met my lassie, braw and tight,
Came wading, barefoot, a'her lane :
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kis'd and clap'd her there sou lang ;
My words they were na mony frack.

I said my lassie, will ye go
To the highland hills, the *Ears* to learn;
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig of *Ears*.
At *Leith* auld meal comen in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the *Breamy Leeu* ;
Chear up your heart, my bony lass,
There's gear to win we ne'er saw.
All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, frosts, and snow begin ;
Soon as the sun goes west the loch,
At night when you sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring :
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasent summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilk a field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my summer shield.
Then far frae a' their scornful din,
That make the kindly heart their sport ;
W'll laugh and kis, and dance and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short

— 381 —

OFT had I laugh'd at female pow'r,
And slighted *Venus'* chain,
Then cheerful sped each fleeting hour,
Unknown to tasting pain :
By stoic rules severely taught
To scorn bright beauty's charms,
Sage wisdom fway'd each rising thought,
And woo'd me to her arm.

Till *Sylvia*, heavenly *Sylvia*, came,
 Sweet pleasure play'd around ;
 Her lucid eyes shot forth a flame
 That hardest hearts would wound.
 O charmer, cease that ardent gaze,
 Nor rob me of my rest !
 Such lightning from those eyelids plays,
 It burns my tortur'd breast.
 Deluded swains, who, vainly proud,
 Assume gay freedom's air,
 And boastful scorn the prostrate crowd
 That sigh before the fair !
 If once fair *Sylvia* you should meet,
 And view her heav'ly mein ;
 To love converted, at her feet,
 You'll hug the pleasing chain.

382

PIOUS *Selinda* goes to pray'rs,
 If I but ask the favour :
 And yet the tender fool's in tears,
 When she believes I'll leave her.
 Wou'd I were free from this restraint,
 Or else had hopes to win her ;
 Wou'd she could make of me a saint,
 Or I of her a fanner.

383

PHILLIS, I pray, what did I say ?
 That I did not adore you ?
 I durst not sue, as others do,
 Or talk of love before you.
 Should I make known my flame, you'd frown,
 No tears could e'er appease you ;
 'Tis better I should silent die,
 Than talk for to displease you.

384

SINCE *Emma* caught my roving eye,
 Since *Emma* fix'd my wav'ring heart,
 I long to smile, I scorn to figh,
 But nature triumphs over art.
If such the hapless moments prove,
Ah ! who would give his heart to love ?

If frowns and fighs, and cold disdain,
 Be meet return for love like mine ;
 If cruel *Emma* scoffs my pain,
 And archly wonders why I pine.
 If such, &c.
 But should the lovely girl relent ;
 Oh ! —when I wish, and figh, and voi
 Should she with blushes smile consent,
 And heart for heart, well pleas'd, beft
 Should such the blissful moments prove,
 Who would not give his heart to love ?

385

SHALL I, like an hermit, dwell
 On a rock, or in a cell,
 Calling home the smalleſt part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To beſtow it where I may
 Meet a rival every day ?
 If the undervalues me,
 What care I how fair ſhe be ?
 Were her tresses angel gold ;
 If a ſtranger may be bold,
 Unrebuked, unaſraid,
 To convert them to a braid,
 And, with a little more ado,
 Work them into br-celets too ;
 If the mine be grown ſo free,
 What care I how rich it be ?

Were her hands as rich a prize
 As her hairs, or precious eyes ;
 If ſhe lay them out to take
 Kisses for good-manners fake ;
 And let every lover ſkip
 From her hand unto her lip ;
 If ſhe ſeem not chaste to me,
 What care I how chaste be ?

No ; ſhe muſt be perfect snow,
 In effect as well as show,
 Warming but as ſnow-balls do,
 Not like fire, by burning too :

my change hath got
second lot;
a share with me,
hate'er she be.

— 386 —

meet a lovely creature,
id fair in feature,
is and good-nature;
d again to she.
to possess her,
warm and pres' her,
a, and night, cares her,
and as fond can be.

meet that's foward,
and unward,
the whining coward,
d her ne'er the whit
b enough to bind her;
ea once you find her,
i never mind her;
you're fairly quit.

— 387 —

gaze on *Clio*, trembling,
eyes my fate declare;
es, I fear dissembling,
owns, I them despair.
le rival lover,
ing look she gives;
wolve to leave her,
her cease to live.
conceal my passion,
ents I endure?
inclination;
ance yields no cure.
in her nature,
to her slave;
see a creature,
what what she can save.
hose inclination
with a gentle besty,
to raging passion:
west, if too great.

When the storm is once blown over,
Soon the ocean quiet grows;
But a constant, faithful lover,
Seldom meets with true repose.

— 388 —

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,
And dew-drops glitten'd on the thorn;
When sky-larks tun'd their carols sweet,
To hail the god of light and heat;
Pbilander, from his downy bed,
To fair *Liffetta*'s chamber sped,
Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,
I'm come to be thy *Valentine*.

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes.
Which (that a kiss she might obtain)
She artfully had cloe'd again;
He funk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
Like *Phebus* into *Thebis*' lap,
And near forgot that his design
Was but to be her *Valentine*.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone;
Pbilander, charming youth, be gone!
For this time, to your vows sincere,
Make virtue, not your love, appear:
No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes;
(Forgive the simple fend disguise;)
To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,
And be my faithful *Valentine*.

The brutal passion sudden fled,
Fair honour govern'd in it's stead,
And both agreed, ere setting sun,
To join two virtuous hearts in one;
Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
The sweet effects of mutual love;
And, from that hour to life's decline,
She blei'd the day of *Valentine*.

— 389 —

WHAT various colours deck the bow
That casual streaks the sky!
What various tints of beauty glow
Beneath my *Clio*'s eye!

U 2

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

The happy mixture forms the grace
Which beauty calls her own,
And in the sky, or in the face,
It's radiance must be known.

Heav'n's pictur'd arch awhile outspread,
Attract'd the wond'ring sight ;
But soon the casuall gloom is fled,
Illusive, from our sight.

Thus, lovely *Chloe*, 'tis with thee,
Thy beauties now are gay ;
Yet, ere thou read'st these lines, may flee,
And vanish far away.

Then let one moral be imprest
To last till time shall fade :
The tints that glow within the breast
Immortalizing the maid !

390

LONG time my heart had rov'd,
Inconstant as the wind ;
Each girl I saw, I swore I lov'd,
Till one my heart confin'd,
Till one my heart confin'd.
The maid was blithe, was young and fair,
From affection free,
The maid was blithe, &c.
No imperfection did appear,
While the look'd kind on me,
No imperfection, &c.
When her my pain I told,
And all my grief confess'd,
The insolence of female pride,
Her cool disdain express'd,
Her cool disdain express'd,
The beauty I esteem'd before,
Appear'd deformity ;
The beauty, &c.
Each charm I thought a charm no more.
She was unkind to me. Each charm, &c.

Forbear, fond youth, no more,
The sex's weakness scan ;
'Twas not inconstancy or pride,
But trial of the man,

But trial, &c.

When time had prov'd my flame !
She own'd the same to me ;
When time, &c.
Not love alone can win the fair,
But love and constancy.
Not love, &c.

391

MY passion, in vain, I attempt
T'endeavour to hide it but ma
Enraptur'd I gaze when I touch hi
And speak to and hear her, wi
By how many cruel ideas torment
My blo d's in a ferment, it fre
This moment I wish what the ne
While love, rage, and jealousy !

392

NEAR the side of a stream th
As beauteous as damsel could !
And when with the lasses she fro
No lambkin more blithesome th
No lambkin more blithesome th
Her eyes were like sloes, and her
As snow-cover'd mountains are
Each charm and each grove that
Were found in fair *Kate* of the
Were found in fair *Kate* of the

Young *Jockey*, who pip'd on the
Oft tempted the fair one abro
And still as he play'd her each rat
A kiss was the shepherd's rew
Then fighing he'd praise, in soft
Her delicate shape and her min
And swore that no power his pass
His passion for *Kate* of the gre

The nymph oft had heard the dec
How cruel their love, and how
And vow'd to her lover, again, at
No shepherd should work her d
She told him how *Susan* was left
How knavish young *Celis* bad !
Then talk'd of the wedding, tha
So prudent was *Kate* of the

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

228

who in silence, had heard all her vows,
I'd with the prospect of bliss,
protest'd he'd make her his spouse,
her consent with a kiss.
With their neighbours together they hid
; a sight scarce was seen,
so happy, so pleasing a bride,
and Kate of the green.

— 393 —
lod'd with woodbine, where grottoes
smilur and echo resound, [abound,
I muse, my time and my care,
I could win me the smiles of my fair.—
aspir'd me, I rang'd and I sung,
dear name never fell from my tongue;
th accent delighted my ear,
unawares, that my Daphne was near.
dear my bosom I stor'd,
my heart the deir nymph I ador'd ;
I with studi my fancy refin'd,
nprecision she made on my mind.
the beauties of nature perfuse,
y Daphne's fair image review ;
we chosen with Daphne to rove,
is are all in alliance with love.

— 394 —
ind libertines resign'd
pleasures range !
ex's charms I find,
tan cool or change.
etc., and prudes conceal,
their hearts desire ;
y passion I reveal.
it ne'er expire,
cease to spread its light,
heir orbits leave ;
tion sink in night,
y dear deceive.

— 395 —
atty Mogg, you're as soft as a bog,
kitten, and wild as a kitten,

Those eyes in your face—(O pity my case)
Poor Dermot hath smitten, poor Dermot hath
For softer than silk and as fair as new milk [smitten
Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is ;
Your shape's like a pail, from your head to your tail,
You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.
Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is,
As black as the devil, as black as the devil,
Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,
Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville.
When drest in your boddice, you trip like a goddess,
So nimble, so frisky, so nimble, so frisky ;
A kiss on your cheek 'tis so soft and so sleek [whisky.
Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like
I grunt and I pine, and I sob like a swine,
Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel,
No rest I can take ; and asleep or awake,
I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel,
Your hate then give over ; nor Dermot your lover
So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle ;
Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a sty,
Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.

— 396 —
My Dolly was the fairest thing,
Her breath disclo'sd the sweets of spring ;
And if for summer you would seek,
'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek ;
Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
Of fruitful autumn was the type :
But, when my tender tale I told,
I found her heart was winter cold.

— 397 —
How sweet in the woodland, with fleet houn dand
To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn[horn
But hard is the chace my fond heart must purue,
For Dapne, fair Dapne is lost to my view.
Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the doe buck and wing'd with disdain
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as the fier,
Tho' Dapne's puru'd, tis Myrtille who dien.

HASTE, 398
 At doting Strephon's call,
 And bless him with your sweetest taste,
 To sing of *Nancy Wall*.
 Tho' in the faultless form you'll find
 The nameless graces all;
 Yet greater beauties deck the mind,
 Of lovely *Nancy Wall*.
 How elegantly does she move
 Along this mystic ball!
 And all is grace, and all is love,
 In blooming *Nancy Wall*.
 Sublimely sweet, when'er she sings,
 The melting accent's fall,
 And list'ning Cupids clap their wings,
 Applauding *Nancy Wall*.
 A soul so bright, a form so fair,
 For adoration call;
 And reason bids us worship there.
 And points to *Nancy Wall*.
 Whilst thus divine, my fears how great,
 My hope how very small!
 If he alone is blest by fate,
 Who merits *Nancy Wall*.

HE, who a virgin's heart would win,
 By soft approaches must begin;
 Must gently sigh, must gently sigh,
 And each endeav'ring art must try:
 If Cupid's favour'd golden dart,
 Should then transfir her yielding heart,
 Each gentle look, each sympathy,
 Shall echo back with sympathy.
 Shall echo, &c.

But what avails a heart to gain,
 Unless the conquest we maintain;
 Implore we then the heav'nly powers,
 ... keep the conquest ours;

400
FOR Phyllis I sigh, and hourly d^d
 But not for a lip, or I languishin'
 She's fickle and false, and these
 For I am as false and as fickle as
 We neither believe what either
 And neither believing, we ne'er
 'Tis civil to swear and to say th^t
 We mean not the taking for b^b
 When present we love, when
 I think not of Phyllis, nor Ph^b
 The legend of love no couple
 So easy to part, and so easily

FAIR Kate I lov'd bu^b
 My humble suit would i^c
 But treat me with se^c
 Tho' oft my cry,
 For you I die,
 O love again for ch^c
 Dear Kate, I cry'd,
 A faithful passion,
 With honest trut^c
 Then with a f^c
 Begg'd she'd c^c
 Doing so much
 But I to stock or
 And listen full a^c
 So great was^c
 Nor e'er v^c
 Once grar^c
 The smalle^c
 Then say ye s^c
 That fate tho^c
 Where wa^c
 Entrag'^c
 I will
 I'll or

OUR 400 AND GENTLEMEN.

thinks I hear you say,
lie another day,
ove's a rarity!
prevail,
read my tale.
judge with charity.

— 402 —
ye minutes, haste away;
, each a tedious day,
d wait me to my love,
he's present, never move.
fair one's arms I'd fly,
eat all care defy,
to please her I employ,
hat's far the sweetest joy.
er flow'ry hills I'd stray,
hace down the summer's day;
ght's shadows bid adieu,
the former sun renew.
life, thus spent, would seem,
was past, so short a dream,
only could recall
t I had liv'd at all.

— 403 —
shadow, still it flies you,
, it will pursue,
stress, she denies you,
ne, and she'll court you;
ne, and she'll court you;
ne, and she'll court you.
not women truly then
: shadows of us men?

d ev'ning shades are longest,
y're short, or none;
akeft, they are strongest,
s perfect, they're unknown.

— 404 —
hou queen of endless smiles,
ess of life beguiles;

[With thee I'll rove, with thee I'll rest,
Amidst thy sweet enchantments blest.

I feel! I feel thy gladsome ray!
Dawn on my soul like rising day;
My heart no more shall feel its care,
For joyful hope inhabits there.

— 405 —

CAN lovely *Dalia* still perfitt
To fly pursuing love,
To fly pursuing love?
Can thy my passion still refit,
And always scornful prove?
And always scornful prove?

With sighs and tears I told my tale,
And did it oft repeat;
But sighs and tears will not avail,
She all my hopes defeat.

Pity my fate, ye pow'rs above,
Relax the fair one's heart,
And gain that *Dalia* may in love
With *Corydon* bear a part.

— 406 —

NO more, ye swains, no more upbraid,
A youth, by love unhappy made;
Your rural sports are all in vain,
To soothe my care, or ease my pain.
Nor shade of trees, nor sweets of flow'rs,
Can e'er redeem my happy hours;
When ease forsakes the tortur'd mind,
What pleasure can a lover find?

Yet, if again you wish to see
Your *Damon* still restor'd and free,
Go try to move the cruel fair,
And gain the scornful *Celia*'s ear.
But, oh! forbear with too much art
To touch that dear relentless heart,
Left rivals to my fears ye prove,
And jealousy succeed to love.

Q. 187

GENTLY 407

touch the warbling lyre;
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest ;
Fill her soul with fond desire ;
Softest notes will sooth her breast,
Pleasing dreams affit in love ;
Let them all propitious prove !

On the mossy bank she lies ;
Nature's verdant, velvety bed ;
Beautous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head ;
Zephyr waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.

408

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
Blithe Jocky to young Jenny came,
But tho' she lik'd him passing' well,
She careless turn'd her spinning-wheel.
Her milk-white hand he did extol,
And prais'd her fingers, long and small,
Unusuall joy her heart did feel ;
But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.
Then round about her slender waist
He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd,
To kiss her hand he down did kneel :
But yet she turn'd her spinning-wheel.
With gentle voice she bid him rise ;
He blest'd her neck, her lips, and eyes :
Her fondness he could scarce conceal ;
Yet still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.
'Till bolder grown, so close he presid'd,
His wanton thought she quickly grefs'd,
Then push'd him from her rock and reel,
And angry turn'd her spinning-wheel.
At last when she began to chide,
He swore he meant her for his bride :
'Twas then her love she did reveal,
And flung away her spinning-wheel.

AT St. Osybe by the mill,
There lives a lovely lass ;

Oh I had I her good will,
How gaily life would pass !
No bold intruding care
My bliss should e'er destroy,
Her smiles would gild despair,
And brighten ev'ry joy.

Like nature's rufful scenes,
Her artless beauty charms ;
Like them with joy seteine,
Our wishing hearts they warm ;
Her wit, with sweetnes crown'd,
Steals every sense away ;
The lift'ning twains around
Forget, the short'ning day.
Health, freedom, wealth and ease,
Without her tattleless are,
She gives them power to please,
And makes them worth our care,
Is there, ye fates, a blis's ?
Refer'd my future share,
Indulgent hear my wish,
And grant it all in her.

410

THE patriot in the senate burns,
Harangues on ev'ry thing by turns ;
Religion, liberty, and laws,
His much lov'd country's sacred cause
By place or pension well apply'd,
The premier gains him on his side,
His country's ardent love is o'er ?
The sacred cause inflames no more,
Long did my heart securc defy
The shafts of many a brilliant eye ;
And still it's liberty could boast
At ease, while toast reign'd after to
Now, Hymen, if you wish to gain
This heart, defended long in vain ;
My penion be Eliza's charms !
My place, for life, her faithful arm

411

as of a lady's smiles
nd yet how fair!
there lies a dart,
ice a snare,
the youthful mind
glorious aim,
taught with racks and fears,
e buds of fame!
etters of the fair,
trive to move;
n the great resolute,
e soul is love.
angel, smile on me,
is I adore;
I ask be sw;
skies give more.

412

n I hold, whilst I live to pursue,
desire, which to-day I can do :
ood couns'lt attend to, I pray,
sun shins is the time to make hay.
r nymph to an arbour or' grove,
y pour the soft poison of love:
t prefers your capture o'eray,
sun shins is the time to make hay.
, and gives ear to your plaint,
hole sentiments free from restraint.
stition, and make no delay,
sun shins is the time to make hay.
. the present occasion let pass,
/ with justice proclaim you an ass:
attack her, if longer you stay,
ot shine, and you cannot make hay.

413

ne dark and fullon hour,
decrees our lives should know,
ight th' almighty power,
e joys we find below:
Cynthia, now let frowns be gone,
peasance I have done
to the unknowns

In each soft hour of silent night
Your image in my dream appears;
I grasp the soul of my delight,
Slumber in joys, but wake in tears:
Ah! faithless, charming saint, what will you do?
Let me not think I am, by you
Lov'd less for being true

414

TELL me not I my time mispend,
Tis time lost to reprove me;
Purse thou' thine, I have my end;
So *Chloris* only prize me.
Tell me not other's flocks are full,
Mine poor, let them despise thee
Who more abound in milk and wool,
So *Chloris* only prize me.
Tire others' easier ears with these
Unappertaining stories;
He never feels the world's disease,
Who carea not for her glories.
For pity, thou that wiser art,
Whose thoughts lie wide of mine,
Let me alone with my own heart,
And I'll ne'er envy thine.
Nor blame him, whoe'er blames my wit,
That seeks no higher prize,
Than in unenvy'd shades to sit,
And sing of *Chloris'* ey'd.

415

VENUS, beauteous queen of love,
In whom the charms and graces blend;
Listen from th' *Idalian* grove;
O listen, and my suit befriend !
For, lo! the maid upon whose cheek
Thou deign'st thy matchless charms to show,
The vermeil bloom, and dimple sleek,
Now defies thy am'rous pow'r.
Then bid the god of soft desires
Aim at her cruel breast a dart;
Bid him light there his tender fire,
Such fires as play round *Strephon's* heart.

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Yes, let the nymph devoted born,
Let her confess thy boundless reign,
That dares thy dove-like pow' to spurn,
Thy pleasing yoke and flow'ry chain.

— 416 —

WHEN I awake with painful brow,
Ere the cock begins to crow ;
Tossing, tumbling, in my bed,
Aching heart and aching head ;
Pond'ring over human ills,
Cruel bailiffs, taylors bills ;
Flush and pam thrown up at too :
When these sorrows strike my view,
I cry —

And to stop the gushing tear,
Wipe it with the pillow-bier.

But when sportive ev'ning comes,
Rout, ridottos, balls, and drums,
Casinos here, festinos there,
Mirth and pastime ev'ry where ;
Seated by a sprightly lair,
Smiling with the smiling glass ;
When these pleasures are my lot,
Taylors, bailiffs, all forgot,

I laugh —

Careless then, what may befall,
Thus I shake my fides at all.

Then, again, when I peruse,
O'er my tea the morning news,
Dismal tales of plung'd houses,
Wanton wiver'ad cuckold spooxes ;
When I read of money lent
At sixteen and half per cent,

I cry —

But if e're the muffin's gone,
Simp'ring, enters honest John,
" Sir, Miss Lucy's at the door,
Waiting in a chaise and four,"
Instant vanish all my cares,
Swift I scamper down the stairs,

And laugh —

*So may this indulgent throng,
Who now smiling grace my song,*

Never more cry oh ! oh ! la !
But join with me in ha ! ha ! ha !

HER hair is like a golden clew,
Drawn from *Minerva's* loom ;
Her lips carnations drooping dew,
Her breath is a perfume.

Her brow is like the mountain snow,
Gilt by the morning beam ;
Her cheeks like living roses glow,
Her eyes like azure stream.

Adieu ! my friend, be me forgot,
And from thy mind desac'd ;
But may that happiness be thine,
Which I can never take.

CONSIDER, fair *Sylvia*, ere wedlock
That nothing but death can the bond :
As fancy directs you may now sport :
And clasp a new lover with ev'ry new
But then one alone all your beauty oft
And who'd give their freedom to farr
And who'd give, &c.

Six months I have lov'd 'tis too soon
In man, so precarious and prone to de
First judge well my temper, my humo
For joining of hands often separates ;
And would you so soon be the joke of
" Tis madmen alone can be happy in
" Tis madmen, &c.

All *Colin* is worth, shall, sweet *Sylvia*
My lambkins, my cottage, my kids, i
But if you reject a proposal so kind,
In truth we must wait till we're both
And when I perceive no objection
I'll marry, and joyfully rattle my chi
I'll marry, &c.

TELL me when, inconstant rover,
When my slightly plaintive shall ca
When shall I, your follower ever,
Welcome love, and joy, and

— 419 —

of dark December,
of morning bring;
but exclaim—remember,
loom again in spring.
ie when, &c.

ian's weeping dear
winds waft him o'er the main;
ighten in the tear,
ay waft him back again.
ie when, &c.

420

nd I have toil'd
ong summer's day,
almost spoil'd,
of the hay.
as of Holland clear,
bonny brow;
mething in her ear;
a that to you?
were of kersey green,
as ony silk;
as never seen!
as white as milks;
black as ane could wish,
sweet was her mou!
aintly can kiss;
a that to you?

lily baith combine
ny Jeany fair:
beautifull like mine,
ist nae care.
other twain, my fair,
you're fair to view:
isiper in his ear,
at is that to you?"

421

it Belinda's face, tho' fair,
row, or auburn hair,
etly graceful mien;
cheeks eternal glow,
turb'd my rest—ah! no,
something that's unseen.

The sweets her fairy form that deck,
The grace that moulds her taper neck,
Her bosom soft and sheen,
That proudly mocks December's snow,
Not all my heart could win—ah! no;
I die for what's unseen.

You tell me, and you tell me true,
Her scarlet lip, her eyes of blue,
The velvet of the skin:
The force of these full well I know;
But they disturb not me—ah! no,
I sigh for what's unseen.

What tho' her charms are heavenly bright,
The endles source of sweet delight,
The envy of a queen;
The vulgar see them and adore,
My bosom bleeds for something more,
The somethng that's unseen.

'Tis that, whose peerless mystick charms
Give me a thousand fond alarms,
And pleases all mankind;
Whole beams divine would gild a court;
Give splendour to a crown—in short
That something is—her mind,

422

WITH Phyllis I sought out the woodbine above,
And presid the dear maid to my breast;
I spoke in her ear half the tale of my love,
And I bid her imagine the rest.

Lord, Sir! (said the damsel, and blushing the spoke,)
I know not what 'tis you would say;
I am told that you men with us virgins will joke;
Are you now, or in earnest, or play?

In earnest, my dear, (I with rapture replied;)
Your bliss shall I seek throughout life;

Permit me to-morrow to call you my bride,
And you'll see, how I'll boast of my wife.

The damsel consented, the bargain was made!
Our life is the picture of love;

And I still blest the moment I got the dear maid
To content in the woodbine above,

WED

WHEN 423
Molly smiles bene' th her cow,
 I feel my heart I can't tell how;
 When *Molly* is on *Sunday* dress,
 On *Sunday* I can take no rest.
 What can I do on working-days?
 I leave my work on her to gaze.
 What shall I say? at sermons I
 Forget the text, when *Molly*'s by.
 Good master curate, teach me how
 To mind your preaching and my plough;
 And if for this you'll raise a spell,
 A good fat goose shall thank you well.

WHY 424
 we love, and why we hate,
 Is not granted us to know:
 Rend'm chance, or wilful fate,
 Guides the shaft from *Cupid's* bow.
 If on me *Zelinda* frown,
 'Tis madness all in me to grieve;
 Since her will is not her own,
 Why should I uneasy live?
 If I for *Zelinda* die,
 Deaf to poor *Mixella*'s cries,
 Ask not me the reason why,
 Seek the riddle in the skies.

WITH 425
Pbaebus I often arose,
 To feast on the charms of the spring,
 The fragrance to smell of the rose,
 Or listen to hear the birds sing:
 When linnets exalted their strains,
 The music enchanted my ear;
 My eyes too were bles'd on the plains,
 With various sweet blooms of the year.
 When *Chloe* shone smiling so gay,
 I there fix'd the scene of delight;
My thoughts the engross'd all the day,
 I saw her in dreams all the night;
 Still musing on *Chloe* I walk'd,
My harvest no more in my thought;

Of nothing but *Chloe* I talk'd;
 Her smiles were the harvest I sought:
 No longer the warblers could please;
 No longer the roses look'd gay;
 For music, and sweethearts, and care,
 Were lost, if my love was away;
 I tun'd to her beauties my lyre,
 I study'd each art that could move;
 She took the kind tribute of praise,
 And paid it with fondness and love.

WHILE 426
 her charms my thoughts employ;
 All is rapture, all is joy;
 When she speaks, how sweet to hear;
 Modest, graceful, and sincere;
 In her lovely shape and face,
 Center ev'ry charm and grace;
 Sure never nymph was half so fair.
 Not the idle, giddy, vain,
 Nor the wanton flirting train,
 Did my cautious heart ensnare?
 Not their artful subtle wiles,
 Nor their soft deluding smiles,
 Charming *Fanny* triumphs there.

WITH 427
Pbaebus, wherever I go,
 The gay ones thus sing of my love:
 On her cheek what a delicate glow!
 Hark! she speaks like a seraph above.
 See her eyes how delightful they seem!
 Brighter far than the brightest of stars!
 When they deign on poor mortals to beam
 'Fore heaven they rival the stars!
 The red coral imported from far,
 The rich balsam the honey-bee sips,
 It were folly for us to compare
 To the colour and taste of her lips!
 That the merits these praises, I own;
 That her form is compleatly design'd,
 Will, I think, be refused by none;
 But she wants the rare gift of grace.

es, lips, or cheeks, or a mien !
H that the schools can impart !
Is not complexion e'er seen !
Can are not in the heart ! .
Be, henceforward be wife;
hee coquette is no more,
herd will surely despise,
fops of the town may adore.

428

Ied, I own it, whole years up & down,
er each beautiful nymph of the town;
have plagu'd me, that oft in my life
dy to start at the name of a wife.
f my fears that have oft broke my rest,
with roving, both cloy'd and unblest;
happy the rest of my life,
tho' late, yet at last on a wife.
I the jilt, and the foolish, and bold,
th pleasure before I grow old;
y heart I will take to for life,
of all conscience, I hold, is one wife.
town over this fair-one to find,
or jealous, nor vain, nor unkind;
good humour may hold out for life;
he'll have me, I'll make her my wife.
t the follies of life had an end,
y this instant, I'm ready to mend :
there'll be at so alter'd a life !
you, like me, will resolve on a wife.

429

Spring of the fountain,
the river will flow,
a stream from the mountain,
he valley below ;
e, or of virtue possesst,
brone makes the nation,
ev'ry gradation,
ched, or blest.

430

rk to calm to rest
Butters in my breast ! .

I feel my soul with fears oppres'd,
Yet know not whence they flow ;
How anxious is the lover's face !
Ten thousand doubts perplex his state :
Fond hopes of future bliss create
But certain present woe.

431

N tuneful numbers let me tell
The inward joys I find,
Now, freed from care, I know full well
My lov'd *Prudentia's* kind !
Her charms, nor less her virtue, shew
Each beauty of the mind ;
And few among the sex I know,
possess a heart so kind.
Bate adulation's fawning sons,
The dross of all mankind,
While in her thoughts discernment runs,
Will never find her kind.
Once, happy, in a baleft abode,
With her, and such, confign'd,
On fancy's pleasing wings I rode,
And found my charmer kind.
Can sordid wealth or grandeur bring
Those pleasures of the mind,
Whicn flew from that delightful spring,
A fair-one true and kind ?
In friendship's social band, 'tis true,
A fund of joys I find ;
But what are such, when plac'd in view,
To those of nobler kind !

432

If wine and music have the pow'r
To ease the sicknes of the soul,
Let *Phebus* every string explore,
And *Bacchus* fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ
To make my *Chloe's* absence light,
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.

X

Songs for GENTLEMEN.

O
it the to-morrow will return;
Venus, be thou to-morrow great,
by myrdes drew, thy odours burn,
And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
Kind goddess, to no other pow'r's
Let us to-morrow's blessings own;
The darling loves shall guide the hours,
And all the day be thine alone.

433

IN Lincoln Field there lives a lass,
Who for a beauty fair would pass,
And once I thought her so, alas !
But now the case is alter'd;
For tho' to me has prov'd unknd,
Her vows were nothing more than wind
And now, ye gods ! no charms I find
In pretty *Betsy Norton*.

A lady's maid, oh ! the world be,
To make her lady's flops and tea,
Or else to dress her rough-toupee,
With all the skill she can, Sir :
Now John the footman, is her swain,
And him the never will give pain;
Yet me the treats with cold disdain;
Ah ! cruel *Betsy Norton*.

Though oft together we have stray'd,
And many times have toy'd and play'd;
But, oh ! thou false, deceiving maid,
To love, and then to slight me !
Was ever such a trick as this,
To rob me of such heav'ly bliss,
That I experienced from each kiss
Of the sweet *Betsy Norton*.

But now, my dearest girl, farewell,
No more my tender tale I'll tell,
But where you go I wish you well,
My little dainty doxey.
May you enjoy content of mind,
And ev'ry other blessing find ;
But since you are to me unkind,
Adieu, sweet Betsy Norton.

434

I See it, *Mira*, know it well,
That love has reach'd your heart;
For what your tongue denies to tell,
Your willing eyes impart.
When *Damer* wrangles on the green,
Your looks your pallid grove,
For in your eyes is plainly seen
The partial joy of love.

When *Suky* gave her lily hand
To *Damer* of the vale,
Say, could you then your fears command ?
Did not your cheeks turn pale ?
Cease then, dear maid, to tease the youth,
But plainly own your flame ;
For love confits of honest truth,
And will itself proclaim.

435

LOVELY maid, now cease to languish,
Yield not thus thy mind to woe ;
Look behind the clouds of anguish,
Clearing beams of comfort glow.
Let enliv'ning Hope elate thee,
Hope that points to fairer skies ;
Think the transient ills that wait thee,
Are but blessings in disguise
Be not by diff'rent dejected ;
Shrink not from affliction's hand :
Falschold is from truth detected
By the kind enchantress wand.
Sage instructress, she shall train thee ;
Steady virtue teach thy heart ;
Sharp, but short-liv'd pains, await the
Endless blessings u. impart

436

LOVE's a pleasing noble passion,
Kindly sent us from above,
And the' growing out of fashion,
What can equal artless love?

oderns disregard it,
I will never prove;
I—I discard it;
o please like artless love.
sues for favour,
oaths would pity move,
elia, such behaviour,
of artless love.
but to deceive you,
earns to pow'r's above;
e he would bereave you,
, then, 'tis artless love.
mildly proffers
nd—his truth to prove,
ay accept his offers,
me from artless love.
h can give such pleasure!
in our cares remove!
so great a treasure
nd artless love!

437
ymph! oh, cease to grieve me;
und my tender heart;
ns—you may believe me—
ause of all my smart.
lia, to reward me;
affion view your swain;
discard me;
le me of my pain.
ybia, would you render
greatly blest;
accept the tender,
I see his tortur'd breast.

438
bs bout of painted belles,
ks with roses vie;
bloom will soon be o'er,
, pine, and die.
y season's gone,
patience try;

Ye powers divine, a lover beseech,
He sues for *Betsy Guy*.
To win this fair, this fav'rite maid,
I'll each endearment try;
Say, will a faithful heart enchant
My lovely *Betsy Guy*.
As oft with her I crost the mead,
See, see! (the virgin cry)
How happy youthful *Collin* seems,
Since b'eft with *Betsy Guy*.
The shepherds all admire the maid,
The nymphs to please her try;
Ask for the pride of *Chester's* banks,
They point to *Betsy Guy*.
Matilda's Polydore was blest,
Yet not so blest as I,
When walking round you flow'ry mead
With pretty *Betsy Guy*.
Let kings enjoy that pomp and state
For which vain mortals figh;
Content I'd in a desert lie
With charming *Betsy Guy*.
No other bliss on earth I ask,
With her I'd live and die;
Ye gods! take all your favours back,
Or give me *Betsy Guy*.

439
HEN first *Vaneffa's* blooming face
Supriz'd my dazzled sight;
I wish'd, I sigh'd, view'd ev'ry grace
With wonder and delight.
In such an heav'nly form, I cry'd,
Sure all perfections meet!
I thought her constant, free from pride,
Fair, virtuous, and discreet.
But soon my judgment fails I find,
Pride swell'd her scornful breast;
Say, was she constant?—as the wind?
But was she not the rest?

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Can godlike virtue be her guide,
Who turns with every wind?
Or can discretion reign, where pride
Unbounded fways the mind?

Can she lay claim to beauty's pow'r,
Whose face is all her boast?
Alas! *Vanessa* is no more:
As soon as found she's lost.

Ixion thus his arms had cast
Around his fleeting fair;
His fancy'd *Juno* prov'd, at last,
Delusive, empty air.

WHEN the dear cause of all my pain
Is absent from my sight,
Music, and books, and friends, in vain
Attempt to give delight.

So, tho' a thousand stars by night
Heav'n's canopy adorn,
If the fair moon's superior light
Be wanting, still we mourn.

WHY sleeps my soul? My love, arise!
Heav'n now wakes with all its eyes;
All nature's up to gaze on you,
Her sole delight and glory too:
Awake to hear thy lover's lay;
Arise, my fair, and come away.
The silent moon full-orb'd now reigns,
And silver shews the hills and plains,
That fragrant yeld their rich perfume;
Conspiring, all invite to come;
Then why, my love, is this delay?
Arise, my fair, and come away.

The flowers send forth their choicest sweets,
No sun disturbs with sultry heats;
These, alone, are hours to prove
All the joys of peace and love.
No longer, then, my bliss delay;
But rise, my fair, and come away.
For, Nancy, when thou art not near,
In vain do all these sweets appear;

No powerful charms can they impart,
To please the sense, or ease my heart:
In pity, then, no longer stay;
But rise, my fair, and come away.

THE happy moments now are few,
When *Delia* promis'd to be here;
Calm stillness rules, no zephyrs move,
The hour is soft, and calis to love.

But hark! there's music, 'tis her voice,
'Tis *Delia* sings—ye birds rejoice:
Hush every breeze, let nothing move,
For dearest *Delia* sings of love.

Come, let the soft enchanting scene,
These many walks for ever grand;
Let this light-excluding grove
Incline my fair to hear of love.

Cupid is jealous of his pow'r;
O come then, this is *Hymen's* hour;
If *Delia* does my claim approve,
This is the hour for joy and love.

WHO', *Flavia*, to my warm desire
You mean no kind return;
Yet fill with undiminish'd fire,
You wish to see me burn.

Averse my anguish to remove,
You think it wond'rous right,
That I love on, for ever love,
And you for ever flight.

But you and I shall ne'er agree,
So, gentle nymph, adieu;
Since you no pleasure have for me,
I'll have no pain for you.

Farewell all the joys which of late I poss'd
When with *Sylvia*'s bright presence and me,
How swift fled the hours, undisturbed with me;
No team durst irritate, when along with me
Her cheeks were like roses, her bosom like a rose,
Her person and action were beauty, then

lon alone were not graces confin'd,
, her body, more charming her mind.
liv'd is beauty ! how frail is our state!
up forges the intentions of fate !
re wither'd, insipid they lie !
a he safe, when such beauty must die !
gr, life would have been worth my care,
a burden I scarcely can bear;
would please me, possessing my fair;
unhappy, if absent from her.
a I was chear'd, and with eager delight
at her beauty, from morning til night,
te was cruel enough to deprive
ts comfort, why should I survive ?

445
t time I came o'er the moor
ny love behind me ;
s what pain do I endure,
soft ideas mind me !
be ruddy morn display'd
aming day ensuing,
imes my lovely maid
treat for wooing.

he cooling shade we lay
and chatty sporting,
l and promis'd time away,
ght spread her black curtain,
l beneath the skies,
jogs when she was nigh me,
s I beheld her eyes,
could but ill deny me.
soul there's not one place
rival enter ;
excels in every grace,
my love shall center ;
s seas shall cease to flow,
aves the A'ys shall cover,
nd ice shall roses grow,
cease to lover her.

ime I go o'er the moor,
a lover find me,

And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me ;
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom,
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

446
T HINK, my fairest, how delay,
Danger every moment brings,
Time flies swift, and will away,
Time that's ever on the wing ;
Doubting and suspense at best,
Lovers late repentance cost,
Let us, eager to be blest,
Seize occasion ere 'tis lost.

447
T IS woman that seduces all mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts,
Her very eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her, like wolves by night we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms,
For fruits of love, like law, are won by pay.
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

448
B EHOULD my love the rosy morn
With russet mantle spread,
Again the infant tenderly shoot
On ev'ry lawn and mead.
In ev'ry shrub wise nature view,
Her various laws display'd,
See daffies, cowslips, violets too
In diff'rent suits array'd.
What heavy winter once had cropp'd,
And chill'd with snapping cold,
Sol's influence revives again
With rays of burnish'd gold.
The early lark that hails the morn,
See lofty tow'ring flies,
Hark how he tunes his throat to love,
And rends the vaulted skies.

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

The shepherd with his fleety care,
With wanton kidlings play,
Then strokes his dog—poor fellow cries,
And pats the head of *Troy* ;
Poor *Troy* is pleas'd and wags his tail
He knows no other pride,
Then watch his master while he sleeps,
Or taddle by his side.

Let us embrace these sylvan scenes
And imitate the r blis';
To prove my vows and truth sincere,
I'll seal them with a kiss.
Then blest'd with *Silvia* shall I prove,
Each wish, each ardent sigh,
And spring will twenty times appear,
More sweet, if the comply.

449

BEHOOLD, from many a hostile shore,
And all the dangers of the main,
Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
Your faithful Tom's return'd again;
Returns, and with him brings a heart,
That ne'er from *Sally* shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
How sweet to tread our native soil,
With conquest to return at last,
And deck our sweethearts with the spoil !
No one to beauty should pretend,
But such as dare its rights defend.

450

AND has she then fail'd in her faith ?
The beautiful maid I adore !
Shall I never again hear her voice,
Nor see her lov'd form any more.
Ah Selima, c'uel you prove,
Yet sure my hard fate you'll bewail;
I could not presume you would love,
Yet pity I hop'd might prevail.

A moment my sorrows subside,
Revenge stalks along in my sight;
Dread Spectre ! how couldst thou intrude,
Begone to the realms of black night.

Since banish'd alone I inspire,
Life henceforth is not worth thy name;
Death now is my only desire,
I give myself up to despair.

451

CHLORIS, yourself you so exted,
When you vouchsafe to breath me thy
That like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he us'd to soar so high.
Had echo, with so sweet a grace,
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd;
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had bourn'd.

452

CORINNA cost me many a pray'r,
Ere I her heart could gain,
But the ten thousand more should bear
To take that heart again.

Despair I thought the greatest curse,
But to my cost I find
Corinna's constancy still worse,
Most cruel when too kind.
How blindly then does *Cupid* carve,
How ill divide the joy ;
Who does at first his lovers starve,
And then with pleatly cloy !

453

CUPID, instruct an amorous swain
Some way to tell the nymph his pain,
To common youths unknown;
To talk of sighs, and flames, and garts,
Of bleeding wounds, and burning hearts,
Are methods vulgar grown.

What need'st thou tell ! (the god reply'd)
That love the shepherd cannot hide,
The nymph will quickly find.

does his beams display,
avely that 'tis day,
oſe them blind.

— 454 —
e and gay appears,
to invite ;
'eſe her, ſhe, in tears,
ſole delights;
eeming shy and coy,
avours grants ;
eceives that joy,
re think the wants.
ear I never shall,
fair agree ;
be kind to all,
on't to me.

— 455 —
frown whene'er I woo her,
r'd if I give over ;
s I ſhould undo her,
ore to lose her lover.
ing ſhe refuses,
ng, thus ſhe loses;
bie, look behind you,
inkles will o'ertake you,
, defire will find you,
ower does forfake you.
ink, the bad condition,
t with fruition.

— 456 —
clouds and tempeſts roar,
n torrente pour,
eck this reging flame,
thunder roll,
ful Boreas howl,
repeat her name,
orget to rise,
more the skies,
incida find ;
ali I implore
'n to restore,
her peaceful mind,

— 457 —
YOUNG *Arabella*, mām's care,
And ripe to be a bride,
Had charms a monarch might enſnare,
But beauty mixt with pride.
And ſill to blaſt that happiness,
Her pride each lover cool'dj
The number of her ſlaves was leſs,
And leſs the tyrant rul'd.
Her ſister *Charlotte*, tho' not bleſs'd,
With beauty's potent spell,
The virtues of the mind poſſeſſ'd,
And bore away the belle :
Knights, Earls, and Dukes, like ſummer-flies,
Around the maiden flew ;
They preſt'd to tell ten thouſand lies,
As men are apt to do.
Fond *Celadon* addref'd the fair,
Reſolv'd no time to loſe ;
A youth with foach a ſhape and air,
What female could reſuſe !
Like all the reſt, he own'd his flame,
His artleſs flame alone ;
The bluſhing maid confeſſ'd the flame,
The priēt ſoo made them one.

Poor *Arabella* vex'd to find
Her ſister made a wife,
Pretends to rail at all mankind,
And praise a fingle life.
Ye virgins, *Charlotte*'s plan purſue,
Shun *Arabella*'s fate,
Accept the man that's worthy you,
Before it is too late.

— 458 —
PHOEBUS, incāne themes diidaiming,
To the lyriſt's call repair,
And the ſtrings to rapture straining,
Come and praife the Britiſh fair.
Chiefs throughout the land victoriouſ,
Born to conquer and to ſpare,
Were not gallant, were not gloriouſ,
Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of worth or merit,
Which the sons of art prepare,
Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
But as borrow'd from the fair;
Reason is as weak as passion,
But if you for truth declare,
Worth and manhood are the fashion,
Favour'd by the *British* fair.

459

YOU tell me my *Clio* inconstant is grown,
That her roses and lilies are not all her own;
Well let it be so, 'tis the same thing to me,
For trifles like these we will ne'er disagree,
Or from art or from nature I care not I vow,
While peace and good humour do smile on her brow
Or from art, &c.

I remember the time when my *Clio* was known,
Superior to most, and inferior to none.
Beauty like flowers on a hot summer's day,
No sooner in bloom but it falls to decay;
And though she be false, while to me its unknown,
I'll keep, kiss, and love her, for what she has done.

460

SHEDHERDS, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my *Anna*?
Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
Upon the banks of *Banbury*,
I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain side;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade and fountain,
Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah! woe for me, perhaps she's gone;
For ever, and for ever.

461

WHAT is *Clio* to me, or *Lydia* the fair?
Their beauties with thine, I cannot compare;

Songs for GENTLEMEN.

What's *Lydia's* clear skin, or *Clio's* bright
When *Delia* is near, their charms I despise
You say I'm inconstant, and fain would I
profess the same passion to ev'ry maid;
The fault is your own, would you leave us
Each fair I'd relinquish, thy love to debt
To other day, now for instance, you vow'd to me
You'd meet your fond shepherd, and left us
My passions wound high, your promise ye
Chance brought the young *Clio*, & *Clio* I
Left Thursday at wake, you declar'd on t'is
You'd dance with your shepherd, as soon
But before I arriv'd, you chose to depart,
I gave *Lydia* my hand, but thou hadst me
But *Clio* is haughty, and *Delia* is coy,
And *Delia* ere long, my flame will deafe
Then consider ye fair, while love ye deafe
The slaves you ensnare, may be freed by

462

WHO upon the oozy beach,
Can count the num'rous sands that lie
Or distinctly reckon each
Transparent orb that that floods the sk
As their multitude betray,
And frustrate all attempts to tell;
So 'tis impossible to say,
How much I love, I love so well.

463

ON thy banks, gentle *Seas*, when I bide
To *Clio's* sweet accents attentive sat me
To her voice with what transport I liv'd
Or return'd dying measures in echoes aga
Little *Cupid* beat time, and the graces taught
With even divisions to vary the
From my *Clio* remov'd, when I bid it go
Or warble smooth numbers to sooth love;
How much alter'd it seems, as the rising
Or the soft falling strains, how infipid
I will play them no more—for 'tis her but
Must capture my soul, to enlivens its

464
nor fellow so plagn'd with a vixen,
Don't provoke me, but mind what I say
A wrong parson for playing your tricks
Your alls be trudging away : [on,
'd better be quiet,
not breed a riot ;
stand prating with you here all day ?
ther matters to mind ;
hap you may think me an ass ;
e contrary you'll find :
a piece of w^ok by the mast !

465
ther men sing of their goddesses bright,
he day, and enliven the night :
man, but such flesh and blood !
her finger would do your heart good.
a day to her chamber I come
passion, But can't, I'm struck dumb ;
struck dumb with love and surprize,
falls asleep at the sight of her eyes.
Pompey's thy fatal I see,
in him though the frowns upon me ;
dear *Charlotte* abuse not your charms,
your lip-dbg; take me to your arms.

466
bee flies from blossom to blossom, and
fy looks buxom and gay ; [sips
n her neck, and taste from her lips,
eta of an *April* day.
his flock, the rustic his plough,
with joy views his hay,
y charmer, when milking her cow,
weets of an *April* day.
ops with innocent sweetnes array'd,
ie and cheerful as *May*.
a pride of all the gay mead,
weet of an *April* day.

ear *Jeff*, and use well your pow'r,
ude then pluck while you may ;
enjoy all the sweets of this hour,
but an *April* day.

467
WHAT exquisite pleasure !
This sweet treasure
From me they shall never
Sever ;
In thee, in thee,
My charmer I see :
I'll sigh, and carest thee,
I'll kiss thee, and press thee,
Thus, thus, to my bosom, for ever and ever.

468
WHEN *Placinda*'s beauties appear,
How enchanting then is her air !
Such a fine shape and size,
Such lips, teeth, and eyes !
So many pointed darts who can bear !
Then her temper, so good, and so sweet ;
Such her carriage and elegant wit ;
Whate'er she does or says
We all in transports gaze,
Like young squires in the opera-pit.
But to cut off all hopes of retreat,
There's *Eliza* to captivate ;
The mighty *Hercules*
With two such foes as these
Must have look'd for a total defeat.

469
WHEN *Fanny* blooming fair
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Pleas'd with her shape and air,
I felt a strange delight :
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature praiz'd,
She stole into my heart,
In her bewitching eyes
Ten thousand loves appear ;
There Cupid basking lies,
His shafts are boated there.

Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of *Jesus*;
Her features all express
The beauteous queen of love;
What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breast
Of that too-charming maid
Rise, suing to be prest?

Venus round *Fanny's* waist,
Has her own *Cupid* bound,
There guardian *Cupid's* grace,
And dance the circle round,
How happy must he be
Who shall her zone unloose!
That bliss to all, but me,
May heaven and she refuse!

— 470 —

COME thou rosy dimpled boy,
Source of every heart-felt joy;
Leave the blissful bow's awhile,
Papoo, and the *Cyprian* Isle;
Visit *Britain's* rocky shore,
Briton, too, thy pow'r adore;
Britons, hardy, bold and free,
Own thy laws, and yield to them;
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Come, thou rosy dimpled boy.

Haste to *Sylvia*, haste away,
This is thine and *Hymen's* day;
Bid her thy soft bandage wear,
Bid her for love's rites graspere;
Let the nymphs, with many a flow're,
Deck the sacred nuptial bow'.,
Thither lead the lovely fair,
And let Hymen, too, be there;
This is thine and Hymen's day;
Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Songs for GENTLEMEN.

Only while we love we live;
Love alone can pleasure give;
Pow'r, and pomp, and castel staw,
Idle pageants of the great;
Crownes and scepters, envy'd things,
And the pride of eastern kings,
Are but childish, empty toys,
When compar'd to love's sweet joys.
Love alone can pleasure give;
Only while we love we live.

— 471 —

CUPID, thou waggish, artful boy,
What have I done to excite thy hate?
Oh! ever arm'd with cruelty,
Thus to precipitate my fate.

I saw, I lov'd, I am undone,
She at each visit seems more coy,
You urchin! sneering at my moan,
Half promise blis, and half desay.

The wound you give, admits no cure,
Till time has thorw'd her frozen heat,
Jenny can life or death ensure.
Jenny! my soul's far dearer part,
With equal force once twang the bow,
Transfix the chamer, let her bleed;
The seeds of love securely sow,
And clear the soil of ev'ry weed.

Were I, thro' some fierce tyrant's hate,
Consign'd to racke, the smiling fair
Could blunt the keenest dart of fate,
And from the dying chace despair.

If pray'rs and tears are still in vain,
Think not (proud chit) I dread your pow'
Know, that to truckle I disdain,
Or shrink, tho' all thy thunders roar.

If I must die, the stroke begin,
For I'm a man unuse'd to fear;
By *Jenny's* hand weak all thy splens,
I die content, to die by her.

— 472 —
 'T Sabine wakes !
 n begins to rise ;
 : mors, that breaks
 beams, than her fair eyes,
 day they give,
 es e'er night fulfil :
 warmth will live ;
 her coldness kill !

— 473 —
 n of human woe,
 y charming maid ;
 mortal go,
 thy lenient aid.
 and despair
 affiance cries ;
 ith speed repair,
 ir weary'd eyes.
 Soft repose,
 u ever be ;
 by songs of those,
 p, with voice of me.

— 474 —
 charms of her I love,
 han the damask rose,
 if turtle dove,
 : when Zephyr blows,
 ending rains
 es and thirsty plains.
 : to the pole,
 o the sun,
 ; waters roll,
 ; tides obey the moon ;
 charmer free,
 hall follow thee.
 w'ry thyme devours,
 under kid purses,
 : shady bowers
 ug, her notes renew ;
 hey most admire,
 u's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise ;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies ;
 No change on love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.
 Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedar bow ;
 And marble towers, and walls of brass,
 In his rude march he levels low :
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.
 Death only with his cruel dart
 The gentle godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,
 To mingle with the blest above ;
 Where, known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest, from pain.
 Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
 Twin-born, together came :
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name ;
 Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
 When time and death shall be no more.

— 475 —
 SWEET bud ! to *Laura's* bosom go,
 And live beneath her eye ;
 There, in the sun of beauty blow,
 Or taste of heaven and die.
 Sweet earnest of the blooming year !
 Whose dawning beauties speak
 The budding blush of summer near,
 The summer on her cheek !
 Best emblem of the nymph I love,
 Resembling beauty's morn,
 To *Laura's* bosom haste, and prove
 One rose without a thorn.

— 476 —
 THE sluggish morn, as yet undrest,
 My *Phillis* broke from out her east,
 As if she'd made her choice to run
 With *Venus*, after to the sun !

The trees like yeomen of her guard,
And serving more for pomp than ward,
Bank'd on each side with loyal duty,
Wave branches to inclose her beauty.

The wak'en'd earth in odours rise,
To be her morning sacrifice ;
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsy heads ;
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where roses mix no civil war
Between her *Tork* and *Lancaster*.

These miracles had cramp't the sun,
Who thinking that his kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizzl'd locks,
To see what saint his lustre mocks :
The trembling leaves through which he play'd,
Dappling the walk with light and shade,
Like lattice windows give the spy
Room but to peep with half an eye.

But what religious palfy's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their bliss,
And that they might her footstep straw,
Drop their leaves with shiv'ring awe.
Phyllis perceives (and left her stay
Would wed *December* unto *May*)
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the sun her curate light.

477

THE summer was o'er, my flocks were all shorn,
My meadows were mow'd, & I'd hous'd all my corn;
Fair Phyllida's cottage was just in my view,
A wooing I went—I had nought else to do.

On *Flora*'s soft sofa together we sat,
And spent some long hours in amorous chat ;
I told her I lov'd her, and hop'd she lov'd too,
Then kiss'd her sweet lips—I had nought else to do.

She hung down her head, and with blushes reply'd,
I'll love you, but first you must make me your bride;
Without hesitation, I made her a vow
To make her my wife—I had nought else to do.

To the village in quest of a priest did we go
By fortune's decree the grave don was at hand
I gave him a fee to make one of us two,
He marry'd us then—he had nought else to do
E'er since we've been happy, with peace we're free
Nor taint the sorrows of those who regret
Our neighbours all round us we love, and
Each other beside—when we've nought else to do
With *Pbaebus* the toil of the day we begin
I shepherd my flock, while the fits down turn
Our cares thus domestick, we'll eager part
And ever will love—when we've nought else to do

478

'TWAS in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sprightly appear,
That *Colin* with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay,
Of *Nanny*'s charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales wish *Nanny* rung,
While *Rosin Castle* heard the swain,
And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing ;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song !
To *Nanny* raise the cheerful lay ;
Oh ! bid her taste and come away,
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O bark ! my love, on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tenes his lay ;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song,
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from *Nanny*'s eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy *Colin*'s lay
With rapture calls, O come away !
Come while the muse this wreath shall fit
Around that modest brow of *Nanny*,

afte, and with thee bring
blooming like the spring ;
that divinely shine,
this ravish'd breast of mine.

479

life, search *England* over,
match her in her station;
me to fly the nation :
as well I love her.
my heart a beating,
ty name repeating,
work 'tis always at,
pat, pat, pat.
akes the music tinkle,
'earth can swe'er be ?
tie eyes so twinkle
t to hear and see.

480

: shall I wander? how shall I reveal?
r my shame, or my passion conceal?
ot to blame, yet unhappy, I prove
vices, fears, and the tortures of love :
art to subdue, in vain has each maid
allerments of beauty display'd ;
xme and free, have I travers'd the plain
their smiles ei. her pleasure or pain.
the charms of indiff'rence are o'er,
ish'd by love, I can triumph no more ;
and sad I steal forth to the grove,
icks on the mountains negligently rove:
delay to unbosom my grief,
my anguish can hope for relief?
old my *Florida* smile, I foresee
in her bondage, 'twere pain to be free.

481

snow-drops lifts their heads,
from golden beds,
paint the grove,
ey, and love.
, on silver wings,
's awary'd bring,

Spoils that nymphs and swains approve,
Soft as *May* and sweet as love.

Whilst a-down the slopy hill,
Trickle soft the purling rill,
Balmy scents perfume the grove,
May unbends the soul to love.

Long the clay-cold maid denies,
Nor regards her shepherd's sighs ;
Now your fond petitions move,
May's the season form'd for love,
On the fair that deck our isle,
Let each grace and virtue smile,
And our happy shepherds prove
Days of ease and nights of love.

482

NOT, *Celia*, that I juffer am,
Or truer then the rest ;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were it my interest.

But I am fix'd alone to thee
By every thought I have
That shoud you now my heart fet free,
"Twould be again your slave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome, and the kind.

Not to my virtue, but thy power,
This constancy is due,
When change itself can give no more
"Tis easy to be true.

483

MY muse inspire me to impart
In humble ardent strain,
To tell the anguish of my heart
To her that gives me pain.

"Tis *Delia* is the lovely maid ;
Alas ! thou charming fair,
Behold thy *Damon* seeks thy aid,
To ease his pain and care.

Y

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

For thou alone can give relief,
Or anguish most severe;
Thy matchless charms are all my grief,
Until you prove sincere.

484

IT tell thee, *Charmin'*, could I time retrieve,
And could again begin to love and live,
To you I should my ea. left off'ring give;
I know my eyes would lead my heart to you,
And I should all my oaths and vows renew;
But, to be plain, I never would be true,
For by our weak and weary truth, I find,
Love beats to certe in a poin': affin'd,
But runs with j.y. the circle of the mind:
Then let us never again what should be free,
But for the relief o'f either sex agree;
Since women love to change, and so do we.

485

IF the quick spirit of your eye,
Now languish, and anon must die;
It every sweet and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face;
Then, *Celia*, let us reap our joys,
Ere time such goosily f. uit destroys.
Or if that golden fleece must grow
For ever free from aged kno';
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauty ever fade;
Then, *Celia*, fear not to bestow
What still being gather'd, still must grow,
Thus either time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

486

LET the declining dam'sk rose,
With envious grief look pale;
The summer bloom more freely grows
In *Fanny* of the date,
Is there a sweet that decks the field,
Or scents the morning gale,
Can such a vernal fragrance yield,
As Fanny of the date?

The painted bells, at court rever'd,
Look lifeless, cold, and stale:
How faint their beauties, when compar'd
With *Fanny* of the date.

The willow birds *Pafur's* brown,
Her fond advances fail:
For *Dames* pours his warmest woes
To *Fanny* of the date.

Might honest truth, at last, facced,
And artless love prevail;
Thrice happy cou'd he tone his reed
With *Fanny* of the date!

487

LET poets tell of shape and air,
Of faces, beauteous, lovely, fair,
There's nought on earth that can compare
With half the charms of *Nelly*.
The lily, nor the rose so sweet,
So fair, so fragrant, nor so neat;
Nought in creation's so compleat
As is my lovely *Nelly*.

How happy will that mortal be,
His day will pass from mis'ry free,
Whom gracious heaven shall blest with her,
My ever blooming *Nelly*.
Then, whilst those charms adorn your fist,
With ev'ry blooming, youthful grace,
Remember beauty never stays,
When old-age comes, my *Nelly*.
Then take a lover to your arms,
Whom vigorous, you'ful spirit warms,
Who's worthy to possess those charms
Which now adorn my *Nelly*.

If such a swain you e'er can find,
Possess'd of such a form and mind,
He is by heaven itself design'd
To blest my charming *Nelly*.
That search was vain you soon would prove,
For should you tho' the whole world over
You'd find none worthy of the love
Of charming *Nelly*.

— 488 —

Then love I seem'd to slight,
As well she might;
Thee, our throne may tremble,
Since now invade,
Our royal trade;
Men, do now dissemble,
Our empire's laid.

The wife and grave,
To be a slave;
Bounded arbitrary?
To hide my flame,
A disreeter name;
Torn one jot to vary;
E, or nothing, claim.

Or pretend,
The warmest friend;
Of another kind is
In of gross alloy,
Will scarce defray;
A grain is worth the *Indies*,
A current pay.

— 489 —

Is the blithe left last
Rod the downy grass,
The rural plan';
Air, and gentle m'en,
More fair, than beauty's queen,
'd by ev'ry swain.

Eg eyes, like diamonds bright;
ng charm does there unite
ores fair and gay;
Softer than the thrush,
y warbles on the bush,
s return of day.

Exceeds the balmy gales,
ance sweetens all the voles,
ets with sweets combine;
the roses far excel,
sin her bosom dwell,
her all divine.

Each rising morn I pres' & the talk
To listen to my fervent prayer,
A pray'r devoid of art:
With pleasing smiles she sooth'd my pains;
And *Sylvia*, now, in triumph reigns
The goddess of my heart.

— 490 —

MY Nancy quits the rural plain,
And kindly seeks her faithful swain;
Who, 'midst the din of war's alarms,
His much-lov'd country calls to arms.
Of old, when heroes fall'd forth,
To rescue innocence and worth,
The fair-one's image in the heart,
Could vigour to their nerves impart:

Then what superior laurels, now,
Must grace the happy soldier's brow;
Blest with her presence in the field,
To whom alone his heart can yield!

— 491 —

MY roving heart has oft, with pride,
Dissolv'd love's filken chains;
The wanton deity defy'd,
And scorn'd his sharpest pains.
But from thy form, refligis, stream
Such charms as must control;
In thee the fairest features-beam,
The noblest, brightest soul.

Pleas'd in thy converse all the day,
Life's sand unheeded runs;
With thee I'd hail the rising ray,
And talk down summer's suns.

Our loves congenial still the same,
With equal force shall shine,
No cloy'd desire shall damp the flame
Which friendship will refine.

— 492 —

WHEN *Chloe* we ply,
We wear we shall die,

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

500

WHAT love a sweet passion, how blest should I be ;
No mortal could e'er be so happy as me !
But O it torments me, it tortures my breast ;
It ruffles my senses, It robs me of rest !

Long time I've been captive to *Cloe's* bright eyes ;
Her bloom and her beauty first gave the surprize :
But soon as I found, by the pride of her heart,
That her bloom and her beauty were govern'd by art,
I then took my leave of this prodigal dame,
And strove all I could to extinguish the flame ;
But still on my thoughts her sweet converse remains :
So love is a burden, and heavy the chains.

Then hear, O ye youths, and this maxim pursue ;
Let beauty ne'er sway you, nor pride e'er subdue :
But place your affections where 'tis true remains ;
Then love will be pleasing, and easy the chains.

501

WHEN *Fanny* I saw, as I tripp'd o'er the green,
Fair, blooming, artless, and kind,
Fond love in her eyes, wit and sense in her mien,
And warmth with modesty joy'n'd.

With sudden amazement I stood,
Fatt rivetted down to the place ;
Her delicate shape, easy motion I view'd,
And wand'red o'er every grate,
Ye gods ! what luxuriance of beauty ! I cry :
What raptures must dwell in her arms !
On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die.
O ! *Fanny* how sweet are thy charms !

Whilst thus in idea my passion I fed,
Soft transports my senses invade ;
Young *Damon* feipp'd up, with the substance he fled,
And left me to kiss the dear shade.

502

WHAT fate attends the blushing rose,
How swift it's beauty flies !
Sweet scents at morn it does disclose,
To eve it fades and dies.

I think dear *Julia*, on thy charms,
They, like the rose, will fade ;
Then haste, enchantress, to my arms,
Thou sweet and lovely maid.

Thy beauty, like a fragrant flow'r,
Just emblem of the rose ;
Whose long life space is but an hour,
Ere all it's splendors close.

Then haste, dear *Julia*, haste away
Unto that happy land,
Where joy and mirth reign all the day,
And *Cupid* bears command.

WOULD you obtain the gentle fair,
Assume a French, fantastic air ;
Oft, when the gen'rous Briton fails,
A foppish foreigner prevails.

You must teach her to dance,
As the mode is in *France*,
And make the best use of your feet ;
Cock your hat with a grace,
All be brazen your face,
And dress most affectedly neat.

Then bow down like a beau,
Hop and turn out your toe,
Lead *Miss* by the hand, and leer at her ;
Draw your glove with an air,
At your white stockings stare,
And simper, and ogle, and flatter.

Walk the figure of eight,
With your rump stiff and straight,
Then turn her with delicate ease ;
Bow again very low,
Your good-breeding to shew,
And *Miffy* you'll perfectly please.

If these steps you pursue,
You will soon bring her too,
And title the child of her charms ;
Her poor heart will heave high,
And she'll laugh and sigh,
And caper quite into your arms.

504

conquering beauty bow,
g power admire ;
new a face till now,
I like yours inspire :
ay I've met with one
I mankind ;
en gazing on the sun,
much light am blind.
nder mvoing fighs,
ging lovers meet ;
ining prophete wife,
blown roses sweet ;
gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
y night a bride ;
awful majesty,
o spark of pride,
h, to win a wife,
autiful and young,
en years a painful life,
thought it long ;
ou to reward such care,
o long would stay,
, but four hundred years,
m but as one day.

505

breeze, that fans the grove,
in fighs a lover's woes ;
the blooming garden rove,
within the damask rose ;
ishing fold made known,
fighs exceed thy own.
crimson foliage lie,
y *Delia's* bosom blest ;
thy silken covert fly,
i my cause within her breast,
ave that frozen part,
ing me *Delia's* heart.

506

he, *within my native wild,*
padding day !

When *Sylviane* fondly smil'd,
And lov'd her sh:pherd's lay.
The furze, the brake, the rugged hill,
The wild heath's yellow broom,
With her wou'd all my wishes fill ;
My heart ne'er felt a gloom.
But now, remote from her I love,
The fairest pastures fade ;
I seek the solitary grove,
And turn it's winding shade.
Where gay imagination toys,
To cheer my penitive mind ;
With pleasing hopes gay bosom joys,
And paints the maiden kind.

507

HUSH, ye birds, your amorous tales,
Purling rills in silence move !
Softly breathe, ye gentle gales,
Lest ye wake my slumbering love.
O the joy beyond expression,
That enchanting form to own !
Then to hear the soft confession,
That her heart is mine alone.

508

DEAR *Sylvia*, hear thy faithful swain,
And eas his tortur'd breast ;
Ah, hear an artless youth complain,
And set his heart to rest !
That virtue which illumes thy mind,
That fense devoid of art ;
That innocence with sweetnes joyn'd,
Does captivate his heart.
Thou dear invader of my breast,
How long must I repine !
How long with grief be sore oppress'd,
Ere I can call thee mine !
O deign to hear the vows I swear,
And all my fears remove ;
Relieve me, then, from sad despair,
And bless me with thy love.

SONGS for GENTLEMEN,

The northern winds shall cease to blow,
And dark shall be the skies;
The purling streams shall cease to flow,
And Sol forget to rise;

No more the meads shall gay appear,
Nor shepherds grace the grove;
If e'er my vows prove insincere,
Or I forfeat my love.

509

DID ever swain or nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
Or ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay,
Or linger when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say,
And all she wish'd was quickly done,
I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day!
Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,
If Robin in his barn had hay!
Tho' to my fields we welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,
I chearfully did give her two;
And I her lambs did safely keep
Within my folds in frost and snow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home,
Her corn I carried to the mill;
My back did bear the sack, but the
Will never bear a sigh of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best;
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of peas at least;
Her little pigeons skip, but she
Will never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny still on Robin frown;
Alas, poor wretch! what shall I do,
If Nanny does not love me soon?
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron-string.

510

DOES the languid soul complain,
Virtuous love shall chase the pain?
Or if love wou'd truth attend,
Honour shou'd be virtue's friend.
Glory is not half so fair
As bright virtue's rising star;
Female truth, with seats combin'd,
Wins and claims the gen'r'rous mind.

511

SAYS my uncle, I pray now discover
What has been the cause of your woe,
That you pine and you whine like a lover?
I've seen Molly Mogg of the rose!

O nephew! your grief is but folly,
To town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you Molly,
A Molly much better than Mogg.
The school-boy's delight is a play,
The school-master's joy is to flog;
A sop's the delight of a lady,
But mine is in sweet Molly Mogg.

Will o' Wisp leads the trav'ler a-gadding
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire and bog,
But no light can e'er set me a-madding,
But the eyes of my sweet Molly Mogg.
For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gamesters will pawn and will sell,
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I pawn my sweet Molly Mogg.

'e half wounded is ranging,
here leaps like a frog;
can never be changing,
on sweet *Molly Mogg.*

wits 'tis recited,
, at best, are a clog;
easily frightened
my sweet *Molly Mogg.*

I am inditing,
, and gives me a jog,
y paper with writing
but sweet *Molly Mogg.*

eve to distraction,
'e lost in a fog;
g can find satisfaction,
ights of my sweet *Molly Mogg.*

give up the three graces,
'e hang'd like a dog,
l the drawing room faces,
at my sweet *Molly Mogg.*

want nature and spirit,
cut out of a log;
nd Pallas's merrit
weet *Molly Mogg.*

ive with his *Phillis,*
another *Elegue,*
s and fair *Amaryllis.*
my sweet *Molly Mogg.*

omes up with the liquor,
ly sets me a-gog;
a bit for the vicar,
ll lose *Molly Mogg.*

512

etty maids, let *Cupid* incline thee
ithful heart which now I resign thee;
ith ends, regardless of money,
o the girl that's gen'rous and bonny.
e me, *Jenny,*
e win you,
I'm in the humour;

I implore you,
I adore you,
What can mortal do more;
Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly,
Ther's my hand, and ther's my heart, which never
will beguile thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes, thy sweet lips delighting,
Well polish'd thy iv'y neck, thy round arms inviting;
Oft at the milk-white churn with rapture I've seen
But oh! how I sigh'd, & wish'd my own arms [them,
Take me *Jenny, &c.* [between them !

I've store of sheep my love, and goats on the mountain
And water to brew good ale, from yon chrystal foun-
I've, too, a pretty cot, with garden and land to't, [tain
But all will be doubly sweet, if you put a hand to't.

Take me *Jenny,*
Let me win you,
While I'm in the humour;
I implore you,
I adore you,

What can mortal do more;
Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly,
Ther's my hand, and ther's my heart, which never
will beguile thee.

SAY not, *Olinda*, I despise
The faded glories of your face,
The languid vigour of your eyes,
And that once-lov'd embrace.

In vain, in vain, my constant heart
On aged wings attempts to meet,
With wonted speed, those flames you dart,
It faints, and flutters at your feet.

I blame not your decay of power,
You may have pointed beauties kill
Tho' me, alas! they wound no more;
You cannot hurt what cannot feel.

On youthful climes your beams display,
There you may cherish wi h your heat,
And rise the sun to gild their day,
To me, benighted, when you set.

AIN, thy hopeless passion smother,
ur'd Celia loves another;
his arms I saw her lying;
ting, kifing trembling, dying;
ere the fair deceiver swore,
I she did to you before.

h! said you, when she deceives me,
hen that constant creature leaves me,
s' waters back shall fly,
And leave their oozy channel dry;
Turn, ye waters, leave your shore,
Perjur'd Celia loves no more.

T IS not my Patty's sparkling eyes,
Her air, her easy grace,
Her thrilling accents, that I prize.
Or yet her blooming face.

Such charms as these in others shine,
Whose beauty's all they boast;
But when that beauty does decline,
Their greatest power is lost.

But lovely Patty's wit refin'd,
Her sense, good-nature, ease,
Divine perfections of the mind,
And firm desire to please:
"Tis these that rale the morden's fame,
That pomp desire and love,
And kindle in my breast a flame
That time can ne'er remove.

TAKE, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forswor'd;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.
But my kisses give again,
Seals o' love, tho' teal'd in vain.
Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears;
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are like those that April wears.

Withdraw 514
Offend no more great angry /
But pity, since you cannot love!

THE noblest heart, like pure gold,
Refits impressions whilst 'tis cold;
But melted down in love's bright flame,
Soft and complying to the test,
It takes the image first impress,
And bears it in the faithful breast,
Through circling years the same.

THroughout 518
That's loving, engaging, and pretty;
She freely into my affection shall pass,
As sure as there's fools in the city.
And if she proves kind, Sir, why I shall pr
And justly esteem her my treasure;
But should she be scorful, what then shall I
Why, faith, I'll dismiss her with pleasure.

THE trav'lers, that through 519
By conduct of some through ride
When clouds obscure their friendly star,
Out of their course must wander far
So I, with penfve care and pain,
In absence still must stray;
Till you, my star, shine out again,
And light me on my way.

T IS done, I've rais'd a rural bower,
Deep in the twilight shade;
There blooms full many a lovely flow'r;
Ah! wou'd they never fade.
Come, then, my Lucy, hafte away;
And nature's mansion view;
Screen'd from the sun's too piercing eye,
Each flower bloom's for you.

land, thy shepherd green;
shady green;
pot was form'd, for love;
d'blest the scene.
t be blest in vain;
eward my truth;
instant Harry's pain
ence and tuth.

521

ince I sat down before
t fort, a heart,
ly spent) a year and more,
id my part.

roaches, from her hand
p did rise,
dy underfaad
ge of her eyes.
with no less art,
was engineer;
ndermine the heart,
ng in the ear.

I nothing, I brought down
on oaths and shot
rousal in the town,
yielded not,

t to starve the place,
off all kisses,
gazing on her face,
th little blisses.

out, and from her strength,
batteries in;
myself to lie, at length,
ge had been.

does what man could do,
hit the place my own
ay quiet too,
t at all was done.

from whence and wheres
z, and this relief?

A spy inform'd, honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march, (quoth I) the word straight give,
Let's lose me time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To such a place or camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her love
Only to feed her pride.

T Houghtleis of all, but love and you,
From place to place I range,
But still no happineis I know,
No pleasure by the change.

The murm'ring stream, the fruitful field,
The plain, the shady grove,
Alike to me, no pleasure yield,
When absent from my love.

Yet if my Delia but appears,
How chang'd is all the scene!
Nature a gayer livery wears;
And I forgot my pain.

The murm'ring stream, the fruitful field,
The plain, the shady grove,
Alike to me, no pleasure yields;
When blest with her I love.

C OME my fairest, learn of me,
Learn to give and take the blis;
Come, my love, here's none but we;
I'll instruct thee how to kis.

Why turn from me that dear face?
Why that blush, and downcast eye?
Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twining arms
Round my neck, or round my waist;
And whilst I devout thy charms,
Let me closely be embrac'd.

Then when soft ideas rise,
And the gay desires grow strong ;
Let them sparkle in thy eyes,
Let them murmur from thy tongue.
To my breast with rapture cling,
Look with transport on my face ;
Kiss me, press me, ev'ry thing
To endear the fond embrace.
Ev'ry tender name of love,
In soft whispers let me hear ;
And let speaking nature prove
Ev'ry extacy sincere.

CELIA, too late you wou'd repent :
The offering all your store,
Is now but like a pardon sent
To one that's dead before.
While at the first you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliss too late,
You hinder me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.
I thought you innocent as fair,
When first my court I made ;
But when falsehoods plain appear,
My love no longer stay'd.
Your bounty of these favours shown,
Whose worth you first deface,
Is melting valu'd medals down,
And giving us the brats.
O ! since the thing we beg's a toy,
That's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy,
Before the love is gone ?

COME, dearest *Nancy* ! bless my eyes,
And stop the flowing tear ;
In you alone the magic lies,
To animate and cheer.
Not half so sweet the flow'r's display
Their variegated hue ;

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Not all the bloom of smiling *May*
Can charm so much as you.
Where'er you tread, the warblers sweet
Melodious fill the grove ;
And smiling nature seems to greet
The presence of my love.
But blated ev'ry flow'r appears,
When you forsake these plains ;
No grove the feather'd songster chears,
In sweet mellifluous strains.
Come, dearest *Nancy* ! come and stay !
From you my joys arise ;
Your face gives brightness to the day,
And lustre to the skies.
For you I sigh, and waste my prime ;
Then haste, and let us prove,
That rolling years, and fleeting time,
Are far too short for love.

CYPRIAN goddess, take the lyre,
Attune yourself each trembling string ;
My judgment guide, my fancy fire,
With lovely *Rachel*'s charms I sing.
Let others boast a beauteous face,
A shape, a neck, a graceful air ;
Good-sense and prudence give her grace,
These make her more than blooming.
Benevolence, that heav'n born pow'r,
Her words and all her actions guide ;
'Tis this that claims each leisure hour,
This constitutes her only pride.
Ye fair-ones hence a truth confess,
No charms with virtue can compare ;
Be cautious when the beaux advise,
When misery sue, his sorrows share.
Then, like my *Rachel*, you will be,
Beyond the reach of flattery's knee ;
Inconstancy will bend the knee,
And woe find inhabitance.

527
my *Sylvia!* come and bleſſ
which I have toil'd to dress
t charms the gazer's eye,
int that wears a dye.

we'll dwell, and placid eafe,
whatever each ſhall pleafe;
e fea our ſenſes roll,
t a boondieſte, fluent ſoul,
ſhall waſt our love away,
te threads of life decay;
thaſt flirts the hours along,
g fresh wreathes to deck our ſong.
ne's ſweat, that never cloy;
l ſcenes, extatic joy;
e mind-inſtructing page,
to live a good old age.

528
barbus, and tune thy ſoft lyre;
es, come join in the ſong;
a the theme that inspire,
et of all the gay throng;
is of virtue and grace,
ten of all beauty and charms;
ort to gaze on her face,
ven to reſt in her arms.
charms *Pluto's* dull ears,
pebus of old, with my lay,
filton four up to the ſpheres,
ight her merits display:
charms I attempt to rehearſe,
o unbounded doth rife,
P's too great for my verſe,
ind am-loſt with ſurprise.
bosom inspire,
us enlarge it's degrees,
ght that my theme doth require,
m not the criticks to please.
the theme of my ſtrain,
laudits I only can prize.
t her favor obtain,
ay fonnets deſpite.

529
NANNY bluſhes when I woo her,
And, with kindly-chiding eyes,
Faintly ſays I ſhall uhuher,
Faintly, O forbear, ſhe cries;
But her breasts when I am preſſing,
When to her's my lips I join,
Warm'd, ſhe ſeems to taste the bleſſing,
And her kiſſes answer mine.

530
LOVELY maid! fair beauty's pride,
Do not thus my bliſs deny;
Ceafe, my tender love, to chide;
Why ſo cruel, *Daphne*, why?
Kindly to my wife incline,
Why will *Daphne* faithleſh prove?
Know my ſoul is wholly thine,
And my heart is form'd for love.
Why, thus ſlight a faithful ſwain,
Who to love was ever true;
Why, thus give that boſom pain,
Which fo long hath ſigh'd for you?

531
WHERE the bliſte bee - er honey ſig,
In cowſlip dale, in vi'let shade;
Dear *Clo'e* there I'ld kiſſ'd thy lipe,
While no rude app my bliſs ſurvey'd.
Kiſſ, love! (you cry'd;) more kiſſes give;
Thy *Clo'e*'s pleasure ſill increase:
O could our bloom for ever live,
I'd never bid my *Dame* caſte.
The tongue that ſpoke your ſhepherd bleſſ'd;
What mortal could reſiſt ſuch charm?
Thy boſom to my heart I preſ'ed,
And panting, dy'd in *Clo'e*'s arme.

532
WITH *Pbillis* how oft have I ſray'd,
O'er hill, dale, and in the green grove!
How pleas'd to attend the ſweet maid!
To tell her how fondly I love.

SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

My Phill, such charms does impart,
Such beauties display to the view!
From me she has stolen a heart;
A heart that will ever prove true.

She lends a kind ear to my tale;
With smile she my toil does reward;
And when I my passion reveal,
Her looks fully speak her regard.

What mortal more happy can be!
What cares can my bosom claim?
Whilst *Phyllis*, dear girl, is so free;
Pecessing each power to charm.

But should she e'er slight her fond swain,
And leave me her loss to deplore,
Then, *Lotte*, relieve me from pain,
And let me not think of her more.

Not think of her more—did I say?
How vain such an effort would prove!
For, long as I live, I each day
Must think of her charms, and fill love.

— 533 —

WHILST on forbidden fruit I gaze,
And look my heart away,
Behold my star of *Venus* blaze,
And rise upon the day:
Fair as the purple-blushing hours,
That paint the morning eye;
Or cheek of evening after-show'rs,
That flush the western sky.
I send a sigh with ev'ry glance,
And drop a softer tear;
Hard fate, no farther to advance,
And yet to be so near:
So *Meyer*, from fair *Pylga*'s height,
The land of *Cassandra* ey'd;
Survey'd the region of delight,
He saw, came down and dy'd.

— 534 —

WHEN bright *Roxana* treads the green,
In all the pride of diel and mein;
As blithe as summer's morning gay,

Averse to freedom, love and play,
None other beauties strike mine eye,
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air;
Mild as the sp'ning morn of *May*,
Familiar, friendly, free and gay;
The scene improves, where'er she goes,
More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious bair,
Nor deem thy shepherd infamous;
Pity a wild illusive flame,
That varies objects till the same;
And let heir very changes prove
The never-vary'd force of love.

— 535 —

WHEN gentle *Harriet* first I saw,
Struck with a reverential awe,
I felt my bosom mov'd;
Her easy shape, her charming face;
She smil'd, and talk'd with so much grace
I gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.

Up to the busy town I flew,
And wander'd all it's pleasures thro',
In hopes to ease my care:
The busy town but mocks my pain,
It's gayest pleasures all are vain,
For *Harriet* haunts me there.

The labours of the learned sage,
The comic clamour of the stage,
By turns my time employ;
I relish not the sage's bore,
The stage's humours please no more,
For *Harriet*'s all my joy.

Sometimes I try'd the jovial throng,
Sometimes the female train amuse,
To chase her form away:
The jovial throng, is noisy, rude,
Nor other female train compare,
While *Harriet* wears the laurel.

sor art nor learning can,
of maid or man,
thee alone;
all thy conq'ring charms,
take me to thy arms,
all in one.

— 536 —
nd the blushing rose,
give delight;
n on earth that grows,
bright & light,
ely women,
ing women,
g, teasing,
ly women.
kes cowards brave and bold,
gave poes birth;
s people fond of gold,
re dwell on earth?

But lovely women, &c.
a lone oppress'd with grief,
in search of peace;
it can give such sure relief,
te their torments cease.

Such pow'r have women, &c.
e fair give such delight,
found their praise;
view the glorious fight,
their voices raise,

To lovely women, &c.

— 537 —
y muse, sweet Charlotte's praise,
charms explore;
nd the feeble lays,
like these so soar!
grace combin'd,
all art;
m, with sense refin'd,
e the heart!
n, mild and free,
ete with truth;

In her we ey'ry virtue see,
Resplendent with her youth.
Thrice happy he who gains the maid,
For wedlock to incite;
But happier I, could it be said
That heav'n had stamp'd her mind!

— 538 —
T H O U setting sun, that calls my fair
To take the cool and ev'ning air,
With joy I hail thy latest rays,
That shew me where my *Chloe* stays.
O, let no clouds obscure the skies,
Or noxious exhalations rise!
But may sweet flow'res uprear their heads,
And roses blossom, where she treads.
Let ev'ry tenant of the grove,
Remind her youthful heart of love;
And ev'ry breeze convey a sigh,
And whisper 'tis for her I die.

O! sweet, tormenting love, I feel
Thy wound, which reason cannot heal:
Thy fire, conceal'd within my breast,
Deprives my flut'ting heart of rest.

At ev'ry glance of *Chloe*'s eyes,
My boated resolution dies;
And still I'm dissident to name
My inward racks, and secret flames.
While *Philonela* sad complains,
And pours out all her plaintive strains;
I likewise mourn, in lays sincere
As ever reach'd a female ear.

Thou son of *Venus*, hear my pray'r,
And with thy dart transfix my fair;
With her fond swain, O I make her prove
The lasting bliss of ardent love.

— 539 —
H OW happy should I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away;
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say.

— 540 —

WHEN the nymphs were contending for beauty & Bright *Sylvia* stood foremost in right of her claim ; At court she was envy'd, and toasted at *White's* ; At court she was envy'd, and toasted at *White's*. But now shall I whisper the fair-one's sad case ; A cruel disease has destroy'd her sweet face ; Her vermillion is chang'd to a dull settled red, And all her gay graces of beauty are fled ; And all, &c.

Take heed, all ye fair, lest you triumph in vain ; For *Sylvia*, tho' altered from pretty to plain, Is now more engaging, since reason took place, Than when the possell'd the perfections of face ; Than when, &c.

Convinc'd, the no more can coquette it, and tease, Instead of tormenting. She studies to please ; Makes truth and discretion the guide of her life ; Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife. Tho' spoil'd, &c.

WHEN *Jessy* smil'd, her lovely look My wand'ring heart a pris'ner took, And bound it with so strong a chain, I ne'er expect it back, again.

Then, *Jessy*, treat a captive true With gentle usage—tis its due : It pants for thee alone : Then take it kindly, to thy breast, And give the weary wond'rer rest, And keep it near thy own.

— 541 —

WHEN I beheld you all divine, And fondly thought your passion true I, *Cloe*, call'd you only mine, And lov'd no other nymph but you. How could I think a face so fair ... Cou'd now so false and fickle prove ; That you who did so often swear, Would ever break the bonds of love ?

But I no longer feel your chain, Nor you possess your wanted pow' ;

No long'r I a slave remain,

A *Cloe's* captive as before :

But go, and other hearts beguile,

Go, and some other conquest find !

'Tis you that show a flatt'ring smile,

'Tis you can kill while yet you're kind.

— 543 —

WHEN first thy soft lips I but civilly p^t *Eliza*, how great was my bliss !

The fatal contagion ran quick to my brea
I lost my poor heart with a kiss.

And now, when supremely thus blest with
I scarce can my transports restrain ;
I wish, and I pant, to repeat the delight ;
And kiss you again and again.

In raptures I wish to enjoy all those charms
Still stealing from favour to favour—
Now, now, O ye gods ! let me fly to you !
And kiss you for ever and ever.

— 544 —

WHEN *Celia* chants the rural lay, What transports fire my breast, Whene'er she strikes the trembling strain Methinks I'm more than blest, Methinks, &c.

Where *Celia* is, no sorrid gloom, Or slow pac'd tear can dwell ; *Celia* can charm all these away, And care itself expel.

As once the grove the fair one trod, And tun'd the *Sylvan* strain, A lark to imitate her strove, But strove, alas ! in vain.

Her merriment song she ceas'd to sing, Or had the rising down ; But bid adieu, in plaintive notes, To ev'ry mead and lawn.

To rage (poor bird) a victim fell, To think in vain she try'd ; Then stretch'd a wing, and dropp'd the Forbore the brier and thorn.

545

Bell and Mary Gray,
 are twa bonny lasses;
 d a bower on yon burn bray,
 hick'd it over wi' rashes,
Bell I loo'd ye green,
 hought I ne'er could alter;
Gray's twa punky een
 gar my fancy falter.
 's hair's like a lint tap;
 nikes like a *May* morning,
shee starts frae Ebenez' lap,
 all with rays adorning;
 er neck, fast is her hand,
 soft and sweet fri'genty;
 grace she can command,
 pr, O vow I they're dainty.
 's locks are like a crow,
 an like di'monds glances;
 clean, redd up and braw,
 ill whene'er she dances;
 kid, with wit at will,
 coming, tight and tall is;
 her airs fae gracefu' fill;
 ve I she's like thy *Pallas*.

Bell and Mary Gray,
 so fair opprest us;
 a joy beneath ye twa,
 sic bonny lasses;
 for baith I cannot get,
 e by law we're flemented;
 raw, cui's, and take my fate,
 ie with ane contected.

546

id the various pow'r of sound
 t a lover's anguish;
 'd the notes with life rebound,
 could they sprightly languish;
 the sprightly life declare
 id the softer lute depair,
 xes with life rebound,
 them sweetly languish.

Thus with my heart, when *Delia* smiles,
 Soon it exults with pleasure,
 But when the frowns obedient fall,
 I seek a softer measure:
 Oh! would you with me sympathize,
 Watch but the motions of her eyes,

547

Of thy sex the fairest,
Daphne come my dearest!
 See the opening spring invites!
 Earthly sweets abounding,
 Leafy woods surrounding,
 Call us forth to new delight.
 Hark, how softly cooing,
 You male turtle wooing,
 Strives to charm the female dove!
 She no coyneis feigning,
 Human arts disdaining,
 Whispers thus — I love — I love,
 Warn'd by her example,
 Give my dear, a sample,
 Of my heavenly joys in view!
 That lov'd form resigning,
 Show a heart inclining,
 To be kind and true.

548

SELINDA, sure's the brightest thing
 That decks the earth, or breathes out air;
 Mild are her looks like opening spring,
 And like the blooming summer fair.
 But then her wit's so very small,
 That all her charms appear to lie,
 Like glaring colours on a wall,
 And strike no farther than the eye.
 Our eyes luxuriously she treats,
 Our ears are absent from the feast,
 One sense is forfeited with sweet,
 Stars'd or disgusted are the rest.
 So have I seen, with a spect bright,
 And taudry pride, a tulip swell,
 Blooming and beauteous to the sight,
 Dull and infigid to the smell.

A COLLECTION of PASTORAL SONGS

SONG 1.

FORSAKEN my pipe and my crook,
Why will you solicit my lay?
No longer I sit by the brook,
And carol my sorrowaway:
Say, *Laura*, what theme shall I chuse?
Your praises I must not proclaim;
And friendship's too cold for my muse,
And love I'm forbidden to name.
For I'm but a poor simple swain,
Whose flocks and whole herds are but small,
Add my cottage, tho' neat on the plain,
Is cover'd with thatch, and that's all;
And *Laura* is blooming and young,
Ah! would that I too were the same;
My heart then might hint to my tongue
What now I'm forbidden to name.
Yet deny'd my fond wish to impart,
My wishes from you shall not swerve,
That the shepherd who fues for your heart,
By his own may your virtues deserve;
With the charms which no time can destroy,
With the worth which no breath can defame,
May you taste of that permanent joy,
Which now I'm forbidden to name.

— 2 —

E'RE the primrose or cowslip could blow
You said that you'd surely be here;
You care not, and yet you should know
The first of the May is now near.
The cuckow has utter'd her strain,
The thrush is now heard on each spray,
And the nightingale seems to complain,
As tho' you, my dear swain, were away.
What's the spring if you keep from my sight,
What the sweets of the field and the grove!

No music can give me delight,
But the music of *Colin* and *love*:
Let winter return when it will,
Let snow and let frost too prevail,
If *Colin* must keep from me still,
Why should April perfume thus the g;
But vows you have said are not wind,
Come and make the fond season more
You know how it is to be kind,
Who's heart you have stolen away :
On wings, love this message conveys,
The season now hastens to its prime;
I can hear, and rake no delays,
Fetch up what you've lost of the time

— 3 —

SERENE is the morn, the lark leaves!
And sings a salute to the dawn;
The sun with his splendor embroiders the
And brightens the dew on the lawn:
While the sons of debauch to indulgence
And bumber the prime of their rods
Let us, my dear *Stella*, the garden survey
And make our remarks on the flow'r
The gay gaudy tulip observe as you walk
How flaunting the glo's of his vest;
How proud, and how stately it stands
In beauty's diversity drest :
From the rose, the carnation, the pink and
What odours incessantly spring!
The south wafts a richer perfume to the
As he brushes the leaves with his wⁱ
Apart from the rest, in her purple array,
The violet humbly retreats;
In modest concealment she peeps on the d
Yet none can exceed her in sweetnes

hat (though with unparallel'd grace
e'en a palace adorn)
ie hedge hides her innocent face,
s at the foot of the thorn.

y fair one, is doubly refin'd,
deftly beighens her charms;
e's like thine, adds a gem to her mind,
> be 'ock'd in her arms.
herself from her throne should descend,
races await at her call—
gay world would with preference bend,
hee the vi'let of all.

4

repton the rover first *Phillis* address'd
er to wake and to fair;
er gay ribbons to wear at her breast,
wh spor'd the nymph in the ear.
n be kind, gentle pity bestow,
en's reply to young *Strephon* was no,
ù, lud don't you keep teasing me so.
ho such coyness had oftentimes seen,
l'd the maiden's reply;
g one eve from the dance on the green,
l t'other effort to try.
and he pref'st'd, crying pity bestow,
en reply'd pray have done *Strephon* do
u keep teasing me so.
ke this so his passion enhanc'd,
out her he swore he should die,
r of marriage he fairly advanc'd,
id in a month she'd comply;
I her to church the next morning to go,
; affented, the reason I trow
him from teasing her so.

5

mer approaches, dull winter recedes,
mer vi'lets adorn ev'ry hill,
l the lasses trip o'er the green meads,
meanders slow murmuring till. [grove,
l-and, the low-hand, the wood-hand the
y to-sing-songs sweet carols of love,

While *Celin* with *Pbillis* repairs to the bow'r

To exchange a sweet kiss, or to plight a fond vow
Gay *Florimel* gathers each odorous flow'r
>o deck with a chaplet her swain's youthful brow.
Whilst the up-land, &c.

Fair *Daphne* at morn bids adieu to her cot,
And seeks the cool grot, or secluded alcove;
Her *Damon* she greets at the critical spot,
His heart that leaps for joy at the sight of his love.
Whilst the up-land, &c.

When *Phebus* forsakes this low region of elsy,
And sinks in soft rapture on *Thetis'* fair breast;
For the wearisome labour of rigorous day
Balmy sleep has an adequate portion of rest.
Whilst the up-land, &c.

6

WHEN winter o'er shadows the scene,
And no longer the hyaciaths blow;
Chill frost nips the leaf on the green,
And the rivulet ceases to flow.

'Till reviv'd by the breathings of spring,
All nature looks smiling and gay;
The warblers in exatfy sing,
And own the soft impulse of *May*.

The lambkins now sport in the vale,
By the stream that meanders along;
The wood-pigeon tells its soft tale,
While melody echoes the song.

What pain from thy coldness I've known,
When your frowns did my passion reprove;
Now you smile, *My*'s soft raptures I'll own,
And blefs the sweet season of love.

7

HOW blithly all the live long day,
The feather'd warblers sing;
On ev'ry bush they chaunt their lay,
Or trill on soaring wing.

'Tis joy that fills the vocal race,
All unconfin'd and free;
We'll blefs the roof from place to place,
How sweet is liberty!

HYMNS

8

NYMPHS and shepherds, come away,
Wanton in the sweets of *May*;
Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,
Wanton as the bounding fawns;
Frolic, buxom, blithe, and gay,
Nymphe and shepherds come away.

9

HITHER, *Pheasants*, turn thine eyes,
Nor longer hide the day;
Give light and glory to the sun,
And blooming youth to *May*.
Spring implores thy gentle aid,
To life in lit'ry gay;
While no rude blast shall pierce the glade,
Or coo the warmth of *May*.
Flora too, invokes the pow'r
Of thy reviving ray,
To scatter roses ev'ry hour,
And scent the breath of *May*.
Come and give to nature grace,
To beauty quick convey
That lovely excellency of face,
That blush, which charms the *May*.

10

IN spring, my dear shepherds, your flow'rets are gay,
They breathe all their sweets in the sun-shine of *May*,
But hang down their heads when December is near,
The winter of life is like that of the year.
The larks and the linnets that chant o'er the plains,
All, all are in love while the summer remains;
Their sweethearts in autumn no longer are dear,
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The season for love, is when youth's in its prime,
Ye lads and ye lasses, make use of your time;
The frost of old age will too quickly appear,
The winter of life is like that of the year.

11

IN rosy bloom of ripn'd years,
To each fond shepherd known,

Young Priscy, wanton as the air,
The hamlet rul'd alone;
This Kitty saw, but yet dear truth
Each rising passion sway'd;
And virtue—prudence' chaplet wove,
To crown the brilliant maid.

Ah! happy more than happy fair,
Discretion iway'd alone;
But warring love confus'd her care,
And pluck'd off wisdom's crown;
What Priscy was, see **Kitty** is,
The role of each must fade;
When virtue once deserts her seat,
Undone's the unhappy maid.

12

If those who live in shepherd's bow'rs,
Pref-not the gay and stately bed,
The new mown hay and breathing dove,
A softer couch beneath them spread.
If those who sit at shepherd's board,
Sooth not their taste with wanton arts,
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.
If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
No high and sparkling wines can boast;
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
And crown them with the village toast.
If those who join in shepherd's sport,
Dancing on the daisy'd ground,
Have not the splendor of a court,
Yet love adorns the merry round.

13

HAIL Windor! crown'd with joy and
Where nature wantons at her will,
Decks ev'ry vale with fruits and flow'rs,
With waving trees adorn the hill;
Like *Mars* with *Venus* in arms,
Like his thy strength, like her thy charms,
Like his thy strength, O.

When o'er thy plains I stretch'd me,
Pleas'd with thy youthful grace,

Scenes before me rise,
And beauties charm my mind :
It each, yet each agrees,
Nor that, but all things please.
She views his lovely fair,
To charm in raptures lost ;
Face, her shape, nor air,
Her eyes transport him most :
Heavenly finish'd whole,
She left grace delights his soul.

14
meadow ! crown'd with sweet delight,
But thy parks display'd ;
She's lavish charms invite
Him and blooming maid ;
Joys of rural shade,
But love and mirth invade.
etc. &c.

Groves of lofty trees,
Adding shades repel
Phœbus' sultry rays,
There's songsters dwell,
Emblems of true love,
Singing through the grove.
Hill new prospects yields,
Vates the mind ;
Flocks, the pleasant fields,
Tores unconfin'd ;
Paints the verdant scene,
With fragrant sweets the green.

Thames glides gently by,
Ice and plenty crown'd ;
Surface clear the eye,
Hers mantling round ;
In wavings as it goes,
Forms new beauty shew.
dale, from da'e to grove,
Endors shine around ;
ng each, we 'lily prove,
Ring joys abound ;
y inspries the soul,
Praise, we praise the whole.

How cheerful along the gay mead

The daffy and cowslip appear,
The flocks as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.
The myrtles that shade the gay bow'r's,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'r's,
All rise to the praise of my god.

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove,
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it devotion and love.

The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise,
My soul shall be wrapt in my God.

15

IT IS the birth-day of Phœbus, hark how the birds
Their notes are remarkably sweet ; [sing.
The villagers brought all the honours of spring,
And scatter their pride at her feet.
With ribbons and roses her lambkins are crown'd,
A while they respectfully stand,
Then o'er the green lawn with a frolic they bound,
But first take a kiss from her hand.

Mongst shepherds in all the gay round of the year,
This—this is their principal day ;
It gave Phœbus birth—and pray what can appear
More lovely, more pleasingly gay :
Hark—hark ! how the tabor enliv'ns the scene,
Ye lads with your lasses advance ;
Tis charming to sport on a daffy-drest green,
And Phœbus shall lead up the dance.

The sun—(and he shines in his brightest array
As if on this festival proud)
In order to give us a beautiful day
Has banish'd each travelling cloud :
The priest pass'd long, and my shepherdess sigh'd,
Sweet Phœbus !—I knew what the meas!—
We stole from the pastures—I made her my bride,
Her sigh was the sign of content. DECEMBER

DECREPID winter limps away !
 Now youthful spring, all trim and gay,
 Comes tripping o'er the sunny plain,
 With health and pleasure in her train :
 She comes, and lo ! where'er she treads,
 Soft cowslips lift their velvet heads,
 With snow-drop white, and violet blue,
 And flow'rs of every leaf and hue.

Hail ! smiling season, woo'd by thee,
 Town has no longer charms for me ;
 Sated with folly, smoke, and noise,
 I pant for calmer, purer joys,
 Lead me, some rural genius, where,
 The wanton, cool, and balmy air,
 Fresh breathing from hill, mead and grove,
 Inspires festivity and love.

Thrice happy man, whose friendly fate,
 Affords a pleasant country seat ;
 Secure retirement, and defence,
 From bus'ness, and impertinence,
 There, he may stretch beneath the shade,
 For ease and contemplation made,
 And, neither spy nor whisper near,
 Enjoy the beauties of the year.

EV'RY nymph and shepherd, bring
 Tributes to the queen of *May* ;
 Rise for her brows the spring ;
 Make her as the season gay,
 Make her as the season gay.
 Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,
 How to use the fleeting hour ;
 Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,
 How to use the fleeting hour.
 Now the fair *Narcissus* blows,
 With his sweetness now delights ;
 By his side, the maiden rose
 With her artless blush invites,
 With her, &c.
 Such, so fragrant, and so gay,
 Is the blooming queen of *May* ;
 Such, so fragrant, &c.

Soon the fair *Narcissus* dies,
 Soon he droops his languid head ;
 From the rose her purple fillets,
 None inviting to her bed,
 None, &c.
 Such, tho' now so sweet and gay,
 Soon shall be the queen of *May* ;
 Such, tho' now, &c.

Tho' thou art a mortal queen,
 By the suffrage of the swains,
 Beauty, like the vernal green,
 In thy shrine not long remains,
 In thy, &c.
 Blest, then, quickly blest the youth,
 Who deserves thy love and truth ;
 Blest, then, quickly blest the youth,
 Who deserves, &c.

HAPPY hours all hours excelling,
 When retir'd from crowds and noise,
 Happy is that silent dwelling,
 Fill'd with self-possessing joys.
 Happy is that contented creature,
 Who with fewest things is pleas'd,
 And consults the voice of nature,
 When of roving fancy's cast,
 Every passion wisely moving,
 Just as reason turns the scale,
 Every state of life improving.
 That no anxious thoughts prevail,
 Happy man who thus possessest,
 Life with some companion dear,
 Joy imparted still increases,
 Griefs when told soon disappear.

HAPPY the man whose wife and son,
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breath his native air,
 In his own groves
 Whose herds with milk, whose field with
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

up unencum'rdly find
and years, slide softaway,
iy, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

night, study and ease
ix'd, sweet recreation,
, which most doth please,
With meditation.

ve, unseen, unknown ;
sented let me die
world, and not a stone.
Tell where I lie.

21

y charmer, my Rosalind wake,
rd, thy Paridel's here ;
thy blomber, thou queen of my heart,
thy beauties severe :
mptations of mirth are all up,
they trip o'er the plain ;
they'll chide the neglect of thy vow,
reliev thee again.
ile the birds are all whistling around,
g soft echo to sing :
g profuse of unparalleled'd sweets,
on the zephyr's wing :
ile the sun at thy window peeps in,
his bold rays at thine eyes ;
ile thy shepherd, thy Paridel's here,
dear Rosalind, rise.

22

nd Phyllis sat
g on the plain,
charming Streddon wait
nymph his pain ;
ng danger to remove,
'd in her ear,
if you would not love
rd, do not hear.
o strange an art,
o convey
virgin's heart,
soul away !

Fly, fly, betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your fate,
In vain, said he, in vain I strive,
Alas ! 'tis now too late.

23

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, bitter fly,
And shun the noon-tide heat ;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest ;
Here rove and sing the live long day,
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
That trickle down the glade,
Here bathe your pumas, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
Secure the linnet sings
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel ! ah quit thy haunt,
Yon distant woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chant
Thy sweetly-plentiful song.

Let not the harmless red-breast fear,
Domestic bird, to come
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve,
Oh, let me, thus your friendship tribe !
Come feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have pick'd,
But sweeter far your song.
Let then this league betwixt us made,
Our mutual interests guard;
Mine be the gift of fruit and shades,
Your songs be my reward.

24

AWAKE, my fair, the morning springs,
The dew-drops glance around,
The heifer lows, the black-bird sings,
The echoing vales resound.
The simple sweets would *Stella* taste,
That breathing morning yields,
The fragrance of the flow'ry waste,
And freshness of the fields!
By uplands, and the green wood-side,
We'll take our early way,
And view the vally spreading wide,
And op'ning with the day.
Nor uninstructive shall the scene
Untold i's charms in vain,
The follow brown, the meadow green,
The mountain and the p.a.n.
Each dew drop glinting on the thorn,
And trembling to it's fall,
Each blush that pint the cheek of morn,
In fancy's ear shall call:
O ye in youth and beauty's pride,
Who lightly dance along;
While laughter frolics at your side,
And rapture tunes your song;
What though each grace around you play,
Each beauty bloom for you,
Warm as the blush of rising day,
And sparkling as the dew;
The blush that glows so gaily now,
But glows to disappear,
End quiv'ring from the bending boughs,
Soon breaks the pearly tear!

So pass the beauties of your prime,
That e'en in blooming die;
So, shrinking at the blast of time,
The treach'rous graces fly.
Let those, my *Stella*, slight the strain,
Who fear to find it true!
Each fair of transient beauty vain,
And youth as transient too!
With charms that win beyond the fight,
And hold the willing heart,
My Stella shall snare their flight,
Nor sigh when they depart.
Still graces shall remain behind,
And beauties still controul;
The graces of the polis'h'd mind,
And beauties of the soul.

25

AH! whither, alas! shall I fly?
What clime shall I seek for relief?
Since *Phillis* no longer is nigh,
O! how shall I smother my grief?
The sweetest, the fairest was she,
So sweetly the tript o'er the plain;
But now she ne'er smiles upon me,
She's aithleis—and false th her swai.
With *Scribbos* she's gone far away,
With him is contented and blest;
While I am distracted all day,
And ruin'd for want of my rest.
No heed can I take of my sheep,
They ramble and roam as they please
For I can do nothing but weep,
Till *Phillis* my sorrows appease.
Dear nymph, hear thy shepherd complaint
Return and subdue all my care;
No longer torment me with pain,
Nor drive me thus into despair;
Thy charms ever shall be my pride,
Thy smiles I will ever admire,
Thea design for to be but my bride,
And satisfy all my desire.

26

looks gay;
on each spray
harmony round;
rose
un-diclo-sed,
till the ground.
So look green,
we seen,
aptur'd with joy;
uring rills,
the hills,
at never can cloy.
leec'd lambs,
ir dams,
ie glad day;
ndmen sweat,
erful heat
erful ray.
spring's fled,
er instead,
enivens the soul;
ut mirth
earth,
ought, to the pole.

27

gang'd bliche his way,
ts of Tweed,
ever was,
o'er the mead;
ta, untaught to feign,
mph survey'd;
as lad could be,
etty maid.
why by thine sel
vand'reft here?
y'd, are straying wide;
laddy, where?
he made reply,
sport to see;
eet, so trim and neat,
res with thee.

She gin her hand, nor made a stand,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went;
The birds sang sweet the pair to greet,
And flowers bloom'd around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
(The zenith of his pow'r)

When to a shade their steps they made,
To pass the mid-dy hour;
The bonny lad raw'd in his plaid
The lass who scorn'd to frown;
She soon for got the ewes she saught,
And he to gang to town.

28

As Damon late, within the grove,
Bemoan'd his too successless love,
And eas'd (reir'd) his secret pain,
The god of love, who wander'd near,
Chanc'd his complaint to overhear,
And thus address'd the swain:
Rise, silly shepherd, rise, (he cry'd;)
It seems you're easily deny'd,
Because the charming nymph is coy;
The tongue may learn to speak with art;
But would you know the fair-one's heart,
Consult it in her eye!

'Tis in that mirror of her soul,
The secrets of her bosom roll,
Reveal'd, without disguise, to view;
For, Damon, take it for a tru h,
You only are the favour'd youth,
And Lydia loves but you!

No more my altars then upbraid,
Nor thus invoke my need esa aid!
Since faithful I have done my part;
Thy own perform with like address,
She soon shall yield, thy arms to blesse,
And give thee all her heart!

A a

So spoke, sincere, the friendly god,
When freight along the flow'ry road,
The nymph with languid beauty mov'd;
The swain with joy the moment feiz'd,
She heard his tender vows well pleas'd,
And all his with approv'd.
With grateful pride, and gladsome air,
To Hymen's shrine he led the fair!
And made the lasting bliss secure.
Let maids no more false coldness feign,
Let faithful swains no more complain,
But boldly ask a cure!

— 29 —

As passing by a shady grove,
I heard a linnet sing,
Whose sweetly plaintive voice of love
Proclaim'd the cheerful spring.
His pretty accents seem'd to flow
As if he knew no pain;
His downy throat he tun'd so sweet,
It echo'd o'er the plain.
Ah! happy warbler, (I reply'd,)
Contented thus to be;
'Tis only harmony and love
Can be compar'd to thee:
Thus perch'd upon the spray ye stand,
The monarch of the shade;
And even sip ambrosial sweets,
That glow from ev'ry glade.
Did man possess but half thy bliss,
How joyful might he be!
But man was never form'd for this,
'Tis only joy for thee.
Then farewell, pretty bird, (I said,)
Pursue thy plaintive tale,
And let thy trueful accents spread
All o'er the fragrant vale.

At noon, on a sultry summer's day,
"righter lady of the May,

PASTORAL SONGS.

Young *Chloris*, innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a shade.
Each slender finger play'd it's part
With such activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the most decay'd.
Her fav'rite swain by chance came by,
He saw no anger in her eye;
Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
She would have seem'd afraid.
She let her ivory needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twisted ball;
But straight gave *Strephon* such a call,
As wou'd have rais'd the dead.
Dear gentle youth, it's none but thee
With innocence I dare be free:
By so much truth and modesty
No nymph was e'er betray'd.
Come, lean thy head upon my lap;
While thy sweet cheeks I stroke and clasp;
Thou may'ft securely take a nap:
When he, poor fool! obey'd.
She saw him yawn, and heard him snore;
And found him fast asleep all o'er;
She sigh'd, and could endure no more,
But starting up, she said,
Such virtue shall rewarded be;
For this thy dull fidelity,
I'll trust thee with my flocke, not me:
Purſue thy grazing trade.
Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep;
And watch all night thy flocks to keep
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By me, mistaken maid.

— 30 —

As on a summer's day,
In the green-wood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
At her fairest morn'd,
Came walking forth that way.

of her eye,
oth she,
t be,
ie !

heed
s decreed ;

ty
y
d's reed ?

dm
n,
d fears,
se

ine
ine ?
i,
again,
nine,

pride ?
t
art,
side ?

y,
y,
our green,

,
f May,

own,
own ;

s shade,
vn.

32 —

r of morn,
r skies adorn ;
e and play,
iday.

See ! morn appears ; a rosy hue
Steals soft o'er yonder orient blue ;
Soon let us meet in trim array,
And frolic out this holiday.

33 —

AS the plowman homeward goes,
Plodding to the hamlet bound,
Giant-like his shadow grows,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

The freer along the meadow strays
Now the furrow'd task is done ;
And village windows blaze,
Glist'ning to the setting sun.

Mark him from behind the hill,
Streak the purple painted sky t
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the resplendent dye ?

Where the rising forest spreads
Round the time-decaying dome ;
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home !

As the lark with vary'd tune,
Carols to the ev'ning loud,
Mark the mild, resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud !

Tripping through the silken grafts,
O'er the path-divided dale,
See the rofe-complection'd lass
With the well poin'd milking pail.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckow bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bids the setting sun adieu.

34 —

BENEATH a cooling shade
Young Strepbo sought relief :
The flow'r's around his head
Pin'd, conscious of his grief.

A a 2

PASTORAL SONGS.

lif wretch, (he cry'd)
and yet despair;
ho' still deny'd
cool, cruel fair.
artier asks a place;
sailor tempts the sea;
isier beg increase;
e only governs me.
honour, wealth, or fame,
in like soft tran'go'ta move;
earth 'tis bliss supreme,
and he.v'n is but to love.

35

BENEATH a bower of bloom'g May,
Young Damon all complaining lay,
Of Chloë's cold disdain;
In vain the flowers adorn'd the mead,
Neglected lay his crook and reed;
His flocks forsake the plain.

Whether, he cries, ye happy hours,
That gaily frolic'd round these bowering,
Ah! whether take your flight?
Will Chloë deign no more to hear
The ardent vows, the sighs sincere?
That gave so much delight.

Ye rapt'rous joys, that fir'd my breast,
When by no jealous fear oppres'd,
Of happier rival's claim;
Where are ye fled! for ever gone,
Tho' ardours in my bosom burn;
My passion fill the same.

The modest blush, the down-cast look,
Whene'er I of my passion spoke,
Did ev'ry fear annoy;
Cheerful I tun'd my pipe all day,
My flocks delighted, sought their play;
All nature smil'd with joy.

... my mind,

The smiles she once before'd on me,
The loves, that constant she would be,
On Chloë now bestows.
Careful I'll shun my fellow swains;
Their youthful sports, their rural games,
Can yield delight no more;
Retired to the shady grove,
That has my artless tales of love,
So often echo'd o'er;

(But now the sad reverse must know,
And only echo to my woe,
Since Chloë's prov'd untrue;
lone I'll seek the once-bless'd shade,
Where arm in arm we oft have stray'd,
Till death my pains subdue.

36

BLOW, ye bleak winds, around my b
And sooth my heart-corroding care,
Flash round my brows, ye lightnings r
And blast the laurels, ye planted there!
But may the maid, where'er she be,
Think not of my distress nor me.

May all the traces of our love
Be ever blotted from her mind;
May from her breast my vows rem
And no remembrance leave beh
But may the maid, &c.

Oh! may I ne'er behold her mo
For she has robb'd my soul of
Wisdom's affiance is too poor
To calm the tempest in my i
But may the maid, &c.

Come, death! O come, thou
And with my sorrows lay
And should the gentle virgin
Nor sharp, nor lasting be
But may the think, where
No more of my afflictions w

— 37 —
 u queen of penive air,
 ooted car,
 nful turtles drawn ;
 thee on you lawn,
 eftments wrapt around,
 s with cypres bound !
 , thou sober dame,
 ng post claim.
 e thou low'ft to rove,
 ark, solemn grove ;
 lks of velvet green,
 lence still is seen ;
 : the sultry noon
 rpet flings him down,
 queen ! I'll sing thy pleasures
 : meafures,
 y praises thro' the vale,
 the hollow gale ;
 ng rills shall spread it round,
 ie wild notes rebound.

— 38 —
 : thee, my *Pbillis*, I pray,
 repair to the grove ;
 agales, cheerful and gay,
 ir sweet accents of love ;
 sound of their song,
 ly delight you, my fair ;
 es, dear charmer, along,
 t to the grove let's repair,
 ; I have to impart,
 'a quite hard in my breast ;
 fierce is the smart,
 of peace and of rest :
 t fond passion, I swear,
 is honest and true ;
 the source of my care,
 languish for you.
 leareft *Pbillis*, I pray,
 your Dorilond's pain ;
 e cheerful and gay,
 nsplore you in vain,

But let honest freedom invite,
 For virtue's the path I pursue ;
 And may happiness ever unite
 With thos that are constant and true.

— 39 —
 FILL, O goddes ! fill my breast ;
 Rise on brightest colours drest,
 And with thy image make me blest :
 Fairest of celestial birth,
 Enliv'ner of the sons of earth,
 Source of flowing joy and mirth,
 Enraptur'd let me hear the song,
 Warbl'd from thy syren tongue ;
 Painting pleasure ever young,
 Soul of bliss ! O deign to smile ;
 Thou can't fable cares beguile,
 And vanquish misery and toil.

When disappointment hovers round,
 When malice vents the poison'd sound,
 Erect thy crest, and heal my wound.

'Tis thine, to chear the face of woe,
 To bid the tears forget to flow,
 And, blust'ring adverse blasts to blow.

When ill-requited lovers pour
 Their wailing to the midnight hour,
 Thy balm is prevalent to cure.

Tho' *Cloe* fairer than the skies,
 With angry frowns should meet our sights,
 Thou canst infuse us half our prize.

O come, bright *Hope* ! possess my soul ;
 For every reign without controul,
 And animate and warm the whole.

Devoid of thee, all tems with gloom ;
 'Tis thou that giv'st to bear each doom,
 In hoary age, and youth's gay bloom.

With thee on wings sublime we soar,
 To seek th' irreconcile shure ;
 And dare futurity explore.

PASTORAL SONGS.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam ;
Should Cerydon's happen to stay,
Oh ! call the poor wanderer home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
None once was so wachful as I :
I have left my dear Phyllis behind.
Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire ;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we live and admire.
Ah ! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel ;
Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :
I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.
Since Phyllis youch'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine ;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
But now they are past, and I sigh ;
And I grieve that I priz'd 'em no more.
But why do I languish in vain ;
Why wander thus pensively here ?
Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
Whe s I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown ;
Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.
When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart !
Yet I thought', but it might not be so,
'Twas with pain that the saw me depart,
She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew ;
The earth I could hardly discern ;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
'tis right that she bade me return.

— 40 —

The pilgrim that journeys all day,
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, now he'd to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relick I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

— 41 —

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ?
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep,
I seldom have met with with a loss,
Such a health do my fountains bestow ;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.
Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;
Not a beech 'more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold ;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.
One would think she might like to retire,
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear,
Not a throb that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
Oh ho ! sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay !
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow ?
How the nightingales warble their loves,
From thickets of roses that blow :
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As may not be found in whoses.

but a gift for my fair;
And where the wood-pigeons breed:
at plunder forbear.
'twas a barbarous deed:
ould be true she averr'd,
rob a poor bird of its young:
her the more, when I heard
her falls from her tongue.
her with sweetnes unfold
ity was due to a dove;
ttended the bold,
I'd it the sister of love;
such a pleasure convey,
sweet accents adore,
and whatever she say,
should love her the more.
so gentle remain
then her *Corydon* sighs!
that is fond of the plain,
and this valley despise?
of silence and shade!
of contentment and ease!
d have pleasingly stray'd,
her absence, could please.
es my *Pbillida* stray?
are her grot and her bow'r?
and the valleys as gay,
epheds as gentle as ours?
ay perhaps he be fair,
ce of the valleys as fine;
ay in manners compare,
eve is not equal to mine.

42

you my passion reprove?
t a folly to grieve?
u the charms of my love,
r than you can believe.
n the enamours the brave;
rit the engages the free;
eby pleases the brave;
way pleasing to me,

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay on him let not *Pbillida* frown;
But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when *Paridel* tries in the dance
Any favour with *Pbillis* to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might the ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets she dresses his hair,
And his crook is befuddled around;
And his pipe—oh may *Pbillis* beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his in mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at *Pbillis's* feet,
O Pbillis, he whispers, more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r!
What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine, after a show'r?

Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume.
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not *Pbillis* so lead in an ear.

PASTORAL SONGS.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So *Pbillis* the trophy despise ;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in *Pbillis's* eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to *Pride's* tongue ;
Yet may the beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

— — — — — 43 — — — — —
YE shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep :
They have nothing to do, but to stray ;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove ;
She was fair and my passion begun ;
She smil'd, and I could not but love ;
She is faithless, and I am undone.
Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so compleat would be sought,
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah ! love ev'ry hope can inspire :
It banishes wisdom the while ;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.
She is faithless, and I am undone ;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree :
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.
Alas ! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes ?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain :
The flower, the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be *Corydon's* theme.
High transports are flown to the fight,
But we are not to find them our own ;
Fate never beftow'd such delight,
As I with my *Pbillis* had known.
O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
To your deepest recesses I fly ;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it began ;
How he smil'd, and I could not but love ;
Was faithless, and I am undone !

— — — — — 44 — — — — —
THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray,
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heat of day ;
When from a hazel's artless bower
Soft warbled *Strephon's* tongue ;
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
While *Nancy's* praise he sung.
Les sops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilst weeping maids lament their change
Andadden every grove :
But endles blessings crown the day
I saw fair *Ezam's* dale :
And every blessing find its way
To *Nancy* of the vale.
'Twas from *Avena's* bank, the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams ;
And every shining glance display'd
The *Naiad* of the streams.
Soft as the wild duck's tender young
That float on *Avon's* tide ;
Bright as the water lily sprung
And glittering near its side.

wandering flowers, her bloom,
mild to view ;
yon's azure plume
half so blue.

I like the reed, so sleek,
ait, and fair ;
male her blushing cheek,
ing sweet they were !
ading vale retir'd
sbud I found,
g rocks and woods conspir'd
r beauties round.

n so lone dell
n a nymph so sweet !
her secret cell
y w and'ring feet !

fought her for their bride,
uld ne'er incline ;
quals true, she cry'd,
rove to mine.

on the mountain's brow
right good will ;
e my plighted vow,
I'll climb the hill.

er charms and gentle truth
e constant fair ;
I give my youth,
ny future care.

is vow shall faithless prove,
charms forego,
but faw our tender love,
n shall cease to flow.

45

pherds, we'll follow the hearse,
t lov'd *Corydon* laid :
may blemish the verse,
t said tribe e be *Cid*.
im the pride of the plain :
e was gentle and kind ;
his elegant strain,
that glow'd in his mind,

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell ;
He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat, and your master bemoan ;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure sha'l cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear ;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges so vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the spring,
Can greet the gay season no more.

His *Pbillis* was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng ;
They listen'd, and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equal'd his song ?
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For loft is the pastoral strain ;
So give me my *Corydon*'s flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

— 46 —

THE virgin when soften'd by *May*,
Attends to the villager's vows,
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.
On *Ida* bright *Venus* may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above ;
We shepherds who dwell on the plain,
Hail *May* as the mother of love.
From the west as it wantonly blows,
Fond *Zephyr* caresses the pine,
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine s
The pinks by the rivulet's side,
That borders the vernal alcove ;
Bend downwards to kiss the soft bade,
For *May* is the mother of love.

May dinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;
If the lark and the hinet now sing,
Their music is taught them by May:
The flock-dove recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond blis in the grove;
And murmuring seems to repeat,
That May is the mother of love.

The goddes will visit ye soon,
Ye virgins be sportive and gay;
Get your pipes, oh ! ye shepherds, in tune,
For music must welcome the day:
Would *Damon* have *Pbillis* prove kind,
And all his keen anguish remove;
Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find,
That *May* is the mother of love.

47

FOR safety, my flocks, seek the plain,
Shun the woods, lest the wolf should pursue,
I think of nought but *Clemece*,
I cannot give one thought to you.
Ah me ! so extreme's my despair,
My charge I no longer can keep;
Of myself I cannot take care,
How can I take care of my sheep ?
Secure, though you range o'er the green,
No refuge I find from my pain;
The cruel, unkind *Clemece*
Pursues me throughout with disdain.

48

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and
As wilder'd and wearied I roam, [bare,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to my home : [crown'd,
Yellow sheaves from rich *Ceres* her cottage had
Green bushes were strew'd on the floor ;
Her caferent twyget woodbines crept wantonly round
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.
We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and the cull'd me the best,
Whil & thrown off my guard by some glances she cast,
Love fly stung into my breast.

I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her choice was divine)
I've rich ones rejected and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.
Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
I kiss'd theripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the low'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if on the banks, by the stream.
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.
Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet falls,
And mark out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent ;
The cottager Peace is well known for her ease,
And shepherds have nam'd her—Content.

49

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream
A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
And whilst a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head :
The wind, that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.
Alas ! silly swain that I was,
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd ;
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd ;
She talk'd, and I blest'd the dear tongue ;
When the smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great,
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown ;
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folks of the town.

beauty so gay,
o constant would prove,
our maidens in grey,
ottage on love !
e skill to complain,
es my temples have crown'd ?
they hear my soft strain,
it weeping around ?
hopes are in vain,
I thy laurel resign ;
clines to a swain,
is sweeter than thine.
companions so dear,
to see me betray'd,
fer, forbear.
cuse the false maid :
he wide world I should range,
from my fortune to fly ;
e false and to change,
be constant and die.
ard fate I sustain,
and pity is found,
ith the nymphs of the plain,
laid low in the ground ;
le boon that I crave,
se with cypres and yew ;
looks down on the grave,
that her shepherd was true.
w love let her go,
in golden array,
ty fine show,
all the long day :
rgotten and gone,
If be heard of or seen,
eneath the pale moon
all glide over the green.

50

lood penitive in the shade,
across, and head reclin'd ;
s'ld the cruel maid,
li'v'd his love-sick mind's
se all broken lay,
nd activate seem'd to say,
akin'd,

Why ring the woods with warbling the oots ?
Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains ;
I faintly hear in your sweet notes,
My *Cloe*'s voice that wakes my pains :
Yet why should you your song forbear ?
Your mates delight yper song to hear,
But *Cloe* mine disdains.
As thus he melancholy stood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood.
I feel the sound ; my heart-strings above :
"Twas not the nightingale that sung ;
No, 'tis my *Cloe*'s sweeter tongue,
Hark, hark, what says my love !
How foolish is the nymph, she cries,
Who trifles with her lover's pain !
Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O *Daphnis*, *Daphnis*, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd,
Come back, dear youth, again.
As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew ;
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
And hasty froms his hold withdrew,
'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain,
Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too !
'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek ;
Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
That lip should other pleasures seek ;
Much, much thy music I approve ;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee speak.
My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis I fear is ever gone ;
Last night with *Delia*'s dog he play'd,
Love, by such trifles first comes one.
Two now, dear shepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey,
Ah *Cloe*, thou art won !

The youth stepp'd forth with hasty pace,
And found where wifing *Clio* lay ;
Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
At last in broken words, she cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost to-day !

51

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains;
Heaven shield us all from *Cupid's* bow !
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And wandering thro' the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
His grief some pity, others blame,
The fatal cause all kindly seek ;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clorinda came amongst the rest,
And the too kind concern exprest
And ask'd the reason of his woe ;
She ask'd, but with an air and mien
'I hat made it easily foreseen
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal ?
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain,
You are the cause of all my care ;
Your eyes ten thousand danger'd dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
I love and I despair.

Too much *Alexis* have I heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear,
And yet I pardon you, she cry'd ;
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

— 52 —

I Said on the banks by the stream
I've pip'd for the shepherds too long
Oh grant me ye muses, a theme,
Where glory may brighten my song
But *Pan* bids me stick to my strain,
Nor lessons too lofty rehearse ;
Ambition befits not a swain,
And *Phillis* loves pastoral verse.

The rose, tho' a beautiful red,
Looks faded to *Phillis's* bloom ;
And the breeze from the bean-flower
To her breath's but a feeble purer
The dew-drop so limpid and gay,
That loote on the violet lies,
Tho' brighten'd by *Phebus's* ray,
Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes

A lily I pluck'd in full pride
Its fairnes with her's to compare ;
And foolishly thought (till I cry'd)
The flow'ret was equally fair.

How, *Corydon*, could you mistake ?
Your fault be with sorrow confess
You said the white swans on the lake
For softness might rival her breath

While thus I went on in her praise,
My *Phillis* pass'd sportive along :
Ye poets, I covet no bays,
She smil'd—a reward for my song
I find the god *Pan's* in the right,
No fame's like the fair one's appl
And *Cupid* must crown with delight
The shepherd that sings in his case

— 63 —
 , ye love-enchanting shades,
 ernal grove ;
 fly woods and glades ;
 no more I rove !

shes now arise,
 spangled dawn ;
 signs reach the skies ;
 infant dawn.

now his crook forsakes ;
 nd fleecy care ;
 arble from the brakes ,
 e gloomy air.

hear the direful truth ,
 laws attend ;
 o'er thy gen'rous youth ;
 the fatal end .

n thy fading charms ,
 nited pow'r ;
 to Amitor's arms ,
 the happy hour .

fe's spring glide on serene ,
 g tempests reign ;
 prove love's happy queen ,
 a faithful swain .

— 64 —
 urm'ring river, flow ;
 y borders grow
 a's richel pride :
 y bounty teeds
 ring verdant meads ,
 s trinklings glide .
 hisp'ring stream ,
 lovers dream ,
 go the bumming-bee :
 Apasision'd twain
 y there complain ,
 n tuneful glee .
 anks I'll stay ,
 cares away ,
 ua the noon tide beam :

Fair quiet here I find ,
 This soothes my thoughtful mind ;
 I thank thee, gentle stream .

— 65 —

HER sheep had in clusters crept close to a grove ,
 To hide from the heat of the day ;
 And Phillis herself , in a woodbine alcove ,
 Among the sweet violets lay :
 A young lambkin , it seems , had been stole from it's
 (' Twix Cupid and Hymen a plot) [dam]
 That Corydon might , as he search'd for his lamb ,
 Arrive at the critical spot .

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin he peeps
 He saw the fair nymph with surprize ;
 Ye gods , if so killing , he cry d , while she sleeps ,
 I'm lost if she opens her eyes ;
 To tarry much longer would hazard my heart ,
 I'll homeward my lambkin to trace .
 But in vain homest Corydon strove to depart ,
 For love held him fast to the place .

Cease , cease , pretty birds , what a chirping you keep ,
 I think you sdo'oud on the spray ;
 Don't you see , foolish lark , that the charmer's asleep ,
 You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day .
 How dare tht fond butterfly touch the sweet maid !
 Her cheeks he mistak's for the rose :
 I'd put him to death , if I was not afraid
 My boldness would break her repose .

The Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile ,
 Kind shepherd , said she , you mistake ;
 I laid myself down for to rest me awhile ,
 But trust me I've long been awake .
 The shepherd took courage , advanc'd with a bow ,
 He plac'd h'mself down by her side ;
 And marag'd the mitter , I cannot tell how ,
 But yesterday made her his bride .

— 66 —

HAIL , young spring , the earth acorning ,
 Drive old winter far away ;
 Call the rosie-finger'd munning ,
 Deck the sun in radiance gay .

*Flora, bring thy sweetest treasure ;
Zephyrs, waft thy softest gale ;
Chant, ye birds, the song of pleasure ;
Echo, tell it thro' the vale.
Leaflets, tunelets, unendearing,
Mourn'd the long-deserted grove ;
But, sweet spring, at thy appearing,
All is harmony and love.*

— 67 —
HOW sweet the freshening gales of spring !
Each blushing morn how gay !
The tuneful lark begins to sing,
As soon as dawn of day.

The next *Aurora's* golden ray
Comes glancing o'er the plains ;
To hail the warblers plaintive lay,
And rouze the sturdy swains ;
Who from their cots to toil repair,
Regardless of all strife ;
Unknowning, and unknown to care,
Is sure the shepherds life.
He toils, he carols, all the day ;
At eve, then home he bends ;
Charm'd with the birds on every spray,
As to his cottage tends.

His cottage teems with infants dear,
That's whoesome, clean, and neat ;
His wife—his bed—his all is there,
To make his joys compleat.
With these he fits a welcome guest,
So happy and so gay ;
Till twilight points the hour of rest,
They then it's call obey.

— 68 —
HAIL, thou source of thought, divine !
Aweful solitude be mine :
Let me, from the world secluded,
By no glitt'ring joys deluded,
Earthly pleasures all despise,
Hoping for eternal joys.

PASTORAL SONGS.

Let me wander o'er the plains,
Where perpetual silence reigns ;
Whilst I, at the close of even,
View the blue bosphorus' sea ;
Let me then my God adore,
Mark his works, and own his pow'r.
When the blushing morn has spread
Dewy fragrance o'er the mead ;
When the newly-risen sun
Has his daily task begun,
Teach me then, in tuneful lays,
To chant my great Creator's praise.
When my peaceful life is spent,
Free from care and discontent,
Let me, O my God ! when thou
Call'st me from this world below,
With hope of heav'nly pleasures blest,
In gentle slumbers fit to rest.

— 69 —
HAVE ye seen the morning sky,
When the dawn prevails on high,
When, anon, some purple ray,
Gives a sample of the day ;
When, anon, the lark on wing,
Strives to soar, and strains to sing ?
Have ye seen th' ethereal blue,
Gently shedding silver dew,
Spangling o'er the silent green,
While the nightingale, unseen,
To the moon and stars full bright,
Lonesome chants the hymn of night ?
Have ye seen the bridle'd May,
All her scented blooms display,
Breezes opening every hour,
This and that expecting flower,
While the mingling birds prolong
From each bush, the vernal song ?
Have ye seen the damask rose
Her unfurled blush disclose ;
Or the lily's dewy bell,
In her gilly white excel.

er
ies more?
display,
ght, or day;
excite,
ight;
yé I find,
e kind;
reign
r mine.

— 70 —
begin their lay,
be of May:
re bound,
er-ground;
active low,
whips blow.

Swains advance
feet dance;
awhorn bough
herd's brow;
array,
of May.
nd love,
the grove;
a crown,
s all her own;
ure's smile,
his toil;
shepherds know!
th below;
happy hour,
ch in store.
re from hence,
ace.

— 71 —
y, the joy of the plain,
nd lov'd *Iph'na* again;
th, and the youth in the fair;
equal, and equal their care;
nt their doteage withdrew,
liv'd still the fonder they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain:
Some envy'd the nymph; but more envy'd the swain.
Some swore 'twon't be pity their loves to invade;
That the lovers alone for each other were made;
But all, all consented that none ever knew
A nymph yet so kind, or a shepherd so true.
Love saw them with pleasure, and vow'd to take care
Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair;
What either did want he bid either to move;
But they wanted nothing but ever to love;
Said 'twas all that to please them his god-head could
That they still might be kind, and still might be true.

— 72 —
IMMORTAL powers, convey me where
No tumultuous throngs appear;
Far from flatt'ry, far from care,
Let me breathe the rural air.

Bear me to some shady grove,
Blest retreat of peace and love;
Where, secure, the warbling choir
From the busy world retire.
Where nature's beauties deck the ground,
Thousand beauteous flowers abound;
Still, to make the scene more fair,
Let lovely *Delia* meet me there.
Delia's presence will improve
The vernal beauty of the grove;
Give each flower a pleasing dye,
Brighter azure to the sky.

Venus, to complete my joy,
Hither send thy sportive boy;
And, in this propitious hour,
Let my *Delia* own his power.
Roseate health, fair peace, gay pleasure;
Happiness, and balmy leisure;
When my *Delia*'s heart possessing,
Ever best, and ever blessing.

— 73 —
IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to parlet perch'd on high,

PASTORAL SONGS.

Briky cross the shepherd's clock !
 And proclaims the morning nigh,
 Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows nur'd by night retire ;
 And the peeping sun-beam, now,
 Paints with gold the village fire.
Pbilom forsakes the thorn,
 Plaintive where she prates at night ;
 And the lark, to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.
From the clay-built cottage ridge,
 See the chatt'ring swallow spring ;
 Darting through the one arch'd bridge,
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.
 Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
 See the silver stream distil
 Sweet refreshment for the flock,
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hill.
 Plowmen for the promis'd corn,
 Ripening o'er the banks of *Tweed*,
 Anxious hear the huntsman's horn,
 Soften'd by the shepherd's reed.
 Sweet, oh ! sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblosom'd spray !
 All in music, mirth and song,
 At the jocund dawn of day.

LE^T letter'd bards sing lotty strains,
 O^t *Pindus'* mount, of *Latian* plains ;
 I most delight, at rising day,
 Along the *Kentish* lawns to stray ;
 There, whilst the birds are wrapt in tune,
 To breathe the sweets of rosy *June*.
 Or far about the hills to trace,
 And sing my country's fertile face ;
 Her poppin-trees in silver bloom,
 Her curling hops, her golden broom ;
 Of shelter, where at sultry noon
 exultic buns the heat of *June*.

Of ample orchards, holesome streams,
 Where fishes sport in sunny beams ;
 Of distant meads, where flocks are seen,
 Like argent spots on purest green,
 Where (while he crops the vernal beam)
 The mower sings of rosy *June*.

To sing of clover's purple dye,
 Grateful to the wond'ring eye ;
 Of pea-blown vallies, wheat-clad fields,
 Brighter scenes than *Tarpe* yields.
 Ah ! how gay, by midnight moon,
 Are scenes like these in rosy *June*.

And still to sing, in *Doric* strains,
 Of low-roof'd cots, where quiet reigns ;
 Of rustic lads, by honour fram'd,
 Of sylvan maids, for beauty fam'd,
 Whose loves will never cloy so soon,
 But ever last as fresh as *June*.

And (more than many a realm can boast)
 To sing our sea-girt happy coast,
 Where, big with commerce, ev'ry tide
 The fleets of distant nations glide.
 To themes like these my flute I tune,
 Whilst roses deck the month of *June*.

LAST *Midsummer* morn, as I stray'd thru'
 Young *Dolly* I met by the way ;
 I told her, her charms had subdu'd me ev
 And caus'd her awhile for to stay.
 Silly *Damon*, she cry'd, what woold you be
 Your fooling give over, I pray ;
 For all your fond wooing, your cooing and
 No longer shall make me delay.
 Then I presid her hand close, saying, eva
 A favour so trifling as this ?
 But still she rejected, and cry'd out, O ye
 When I eagerly stole a sweet kiss.
 With rapture I gaz'd on her delicate cheek
 (For I could not resist it, I vow)
 Then clapping her lovingly in my hand and
 Said fair, I must go to my own.

Lo'er the plain together we went,
On to a cool river's side,
Tarry'd awhile, till I gain'd her consent
To be my true bride.

Now troubles and plagues of this life,
Dolly ! sure shall be bleft ;
That kind Providence makes her my wife
Till all our cares into rest.

— 76 —
It dreary, darksome mornin',
In the rising day ;
From the west returning,
Leaves a trembling ray ;
Ore the lark, high-soaring,
Her sweetly-thrilling strain ;
He hastens, exploring
Ore hospitable plain.
Parrows, pertly hopping,
There collect a grain ;
Sweet domestic robin,
City quite the plain.
Fly song and pinion,
In winter's rigid reign ;
Summer's soft dominion
Gh, but eigh in vain.
Envive notes repining,
Snow-embossed spray,
Absent partners pinting,
A little lives away.

More is heard resounding,
Cliff, the buzy mill ;
Rigid arms surrounding,
A sweetly-tinkling rill,
All our scenes of pleasure,
In spotless liveried lie,
Mphs and swains, in frolick measure,
Ad sung so merrily.
Oft, at eve, resounding
Flote from yonder hill,
Skylly fogs and mists surrounding
The depths and vapours chill.

But hark ! ip yonder vale, gay moving,
Breathes the far-resounding horn ;
Whilst the jovial sportsmen roving,
Hail, with shout, the rising morn.

— 77 —
No more the festive train I'll join :
Adieu ! ye rural sports, adieu !
For what, alas ! have griefs like mine
With pastimes or delights to do ?
Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove,
But I am all despair and love.

Ah, well a day ! how chang'd am I !
When late I seiz'd the rural reed,
So soft my strains, the herds hard by
Stood gazing, and forgot to feed ;
But now my strains no longer move,
They're discord all, despair, and love.
Behold around my straggling sheep,
The fairest once upon the lea ;
No swain to guide, no dog to keep,
Unshorn'd they stray, nor mark'd by me ;
The shepherds mourn, to see them rove ;
They ask the cause, I answer 'love.'
Neglect'd love first taught my eyes
With tears of anguish to o'erflow ;
'Tis that which fill'd my breast with sighs,
And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe ;
Love has occasion'd all my smart,
Dispers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

— 78 —
Now gilded groves, with verdure clad,
Reflect bright *Phœbus'* golden beams,
While his celestial glories flame
Down the translucent silver streams,
Lo ! as *Aurora* onward moves,
His fleecy flocks the shepherd swain
Drives from their folds in jovial glee,
And whitens all the verdant plain.
In yonder gay, enamel'd mead,
The starling plumes his golden wings,
Then tow'ring up the azure height,
He mounts sublime, and soaring sings.

PASTORAL SONGS.

Nymph of the wave, sweet *Naiad* hear,
While thy clear water's bank along,
With careless steps I pleasing stray,
And warble forth my youthful song.

Here could I ever, ever rove,
And quit the world's contentious scene;
What joy, with innocence and truth,
To wrap me in your charming green!
But fate and fortune, adverse, call,
And snatch me to the busy throng;
Adieu, then! rural sweets adieu!
And cease, thou dear, deluding song.

79

NOW the woodland choirists sing,
Beauty takes her radiant sphere,
Love adorns the smiling spring,
Love and beauty gild the year:
Seize the minutes as they fly,
Jocund hours and festive round;
Innocence, with virgin eye,
Comes with rural chaplets crown'd.

Awful virtue keeps her state
In the cot, or on the throne;
Liberty enjoys her mate,
As fair honour holds the zone;
Love and beauty, on the wing,
Sweep the globe, and conquer all;
Poet, hero, sage, and king,
At their shrine submissive fall.

Where should honour love to dwell,
But in freedom's happy isle?
Virtue here enjoys a cell
More than in a tyrant's smile:
Where should beauty fix her reign,
But on love that pow'rs desies?
Innocence shall crown the scene
Where ambition droops and dies.

80

SEE *Nerissa*, the young and the fair,
Far away from her *Corylas* flies,
Though the Zephyrs float soft on the air,
And mild seasons illumine the skies;

To the haunts of the great ones she strays;
She despises our meads and our flow'rs;
She will listen no more to our lays;
She has left the sweet shade of our bow'n.

Yet at eve have the nymphs of the plains
Oft join'd our gay dances among,
And the *Dryads*, in murmuring strain,
Through the woodlands have echo'd our is
E'en *Pan* must have own'd that our verse
Had exceeded the chief of the grove;
E'en with *Pan* might we dare to rehearse,
When the theme was *Nerissa* and love.

But alas! till the fair one return,
No soft music shall fill'd the dull scene;
The nymphs and the *Dryads* shall mourn,
For their goddess has quitted the green.
But sad *Corylas* chief shall complain,
By the lark, by the thrush on the spray,
Shall invoke the dear goddess again,
Whose presence enlivens the May.

81

ON ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love,
I mourn, and *Damon* is my theme:
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
Where to my cave I oft have sung,
Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
As o'er the airy steep they hung;
The mossy cave, the goats remain,
But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the rambling vale I pass,
And sigh to see the well-known haunts,
I weep, and kiss the bended graft,
Where love and *Damon* fondly play'd;
The vale, the shade, the graft remain,
But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

From hill, from vale, each haunt is gone,
Gloves, stocks, and fountain;

pity drops its head,
oes my los't deplore :
the faithleſt (wain),
ſeek in vain.

— 82 —

my boys ! pipe and tabor strike up !
roment, but put round the cup !
rous'd, and our toil now is o'er ;
stock'd, & we'll dance on the floor.
! with hearts & with voices in tune
ir festival sheephear in June ;
light our frolick shall caſe :
mirth land ſucceſs to the fleece !

— 83 —

of Pattie's mill,
, blythe, and gay,
ll my ſkill
e my heart away :
ng of the bay
led on the green,
her locks did play,
ton'd in her een.
bite, round, and smooth,
sing in their dawn,
ould give youth
them with his haund :
y ſpirits ran
y of bliſs,
h ſweetneſs fand
. a balmy kife.
e help of art,
v'st that grace the wild,
ſweets impart,
r she ſpoke or ſmil'd :
hey were ſo mild,
n affected pride,
ove beguil'd,
her for my bride.
all the wealth
's high mountains fill,
z life and health,
res at my will
nd fulfil,

That none but bonny she,
The laſt of Pattie's mill,
Should share the fame with me;

— 84 —

Y E nymphs of the plain who once ſaw me ſo gay,
You ask why in ſorrow I ſpend the whole day :
'Tis love, cruel love, that my peace did betray :
Then crown your poor Phillis with willow.
The bloom which once grac'd, has deferſed this cheek
My eyes no more sparkle, my tongue can scarce ſpeak
My heart too ſo flutters, I fear it will break :
Then crown your poor Phillis with willow.
Ye lovers ſo true, that attend on my bier,
And think that my fortune has prov'd too severe ;
Ah ! curb not the ſigh, nor refufe the kind tear ;
Then ſrew all the place round with willow.
Erect me a tomb, and engrave on its ſide,
" Here lies a poor maiden, whose love was deny'd ;
" She strove to endure it, but could not, and dy'd ;
Then shade it with cyprefs and willow.

— 85 —

A Swain of love despairing,
Thus wail'd his cruel fate,
His grief the ſhepherds ſharing,
In circles round him fat :
The nymphs in kind compassion,
The luckleſs lover mour'n'd ;
All who had felt love's paſſion
A ſigh for ſigh return'd.
O friends ! your plaints give over,
Your kind concern forbear,
Should Chloë but diſcover
For me you've ſhed a tear,
Her eyes the arm'd with vengeance,
Your friendſhip ſoon subdued
Too late you'd ſeek forgiveness,
And for her mercy sue.
Her charm ſuch force diſcover,
Resistance is in vain,
Spight of yourſelf you'd love her,
And hug the galling chain's -
Her wit the flame increases,
And rivets fast the dart's

She has ten thousand graces,
And each would gain a heart;

But, oh ! one more deserving
Has shaw'd her frozen breast,
Her heart for him preserving,
She's cold to all the rest;
Their love with joy abounding,
The thought distract my brain.
O cruel maid ! then swooning,
He fell upon the plain.

86
HARK ! hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb !
Come *Lucy*, it cries, come away,
The grave of thy *Colin* lies room
To rest thee beside his cold clay.
I come, my dear Shepherd, I come ;
Ye friends and companions adieu ;
I hasten to my *Colin*'s dark home,
To die in his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight hell rung
When *Lucy*, sad *Lucy* arose,
And forth to the green turf she sprung,
Where *Colin*'s pale ashes repose :
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lovd *Colin*, lie cry'd,
How long must thy *Lucy* complain ?
How long shall the grave my love hide ?
How long e'er it join us ag-ain ?
For thee thy fond Shepherdets liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would she fly,
For thee she had sorrow'd and griev'd,
For thee, would she lie down and die.

Alas ! what avails it how dear
'tis thy *Lucy* was once to her swain ;
Her face like the lily so fair,
And eye that give light to the plain.
The Shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
That face and these eyes charm no more,

PASTORAL SONGS.

And *Lucy* forgot and alone
To death shall her *Colin* deplore.

Whilenthus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to the echo aloud,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the ground ;
I hear the kind call and obey,
Ah *Colin* ! re-ive me the tuy'd :
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-slope and dy'd,

87

IN the morn as I walk thru' the mead,
And tread on a carpet of green,
When I view the sweet flocks as they feed,
What equals the beautiful scene ?
Thro' the groves do I pass with delight,
In viewing yon ever-green pine ;
What sensations I feel at the sight
Of a prospect so rural and fine !

Hark ! the birds as they perch on the bough
With melody pleasing the ear ;
See the hind from afar with his plough
Denoting the time of the year.
As I stray thro' the neighbouring vale,
Encircled by mountains so high,
O, what charms do I find in the dale,
By the stream that runs bubbling by !

At the foot of yon sycamore tree
Sits the shepherd tuning his reed,
While his lambs frolic round him with glee,
His sheep a long side of him feed,
O'er yon beautiful lawn do I see
The hare with timidity fly ;
How delightful's the music to me
Of the echoing dogs in full cry.

But what harmony's that which I hear ?
'Tis the bells from yon neighbouring town,
O, how pleasing the sound to my ear,
By the side of this murmuring willow,
There's no pleasure to me is so great,
As that which the bairns

hank God, at my feet,
A felicity lives.

88

he jessamine sweetens the bow'r,
ps adorn the gay green,
fres'h'd by the show'rs,
to brighten the scene;
retir'd, there lives
is, and *Phebe* the fair;
each other receives,
enjoyments they share;
and the lasses that dwell on the plain,
e of fair *Phebe*, and *Colin* her swain.
of contempt supply
dor and grandeur of pride;
n the shepherd annoy,
ft with his beautiful bride;
o greater delight
tend on his lambkins by day,
to his *Phebe* at night,
ent toil to repay;
and the lasses that dwell on the plain,
e of fair *Phebe*, and *Colin* her swain.
her lover appears,
one partakes of his bliss;
the soothes all his cares,
is all his pains with a kiss.
the artful deceit
ractis'd in city, and court;
ppinefs no where compleat
re shepherds and nymphs do resort;
is and the lasses they die in despair,
're as kind as *Phebe* the fair.
who're accustom'd to rove,
h innocent fair-one betray,
be faithless in love,
ates of honour obey;
s, who with beauty are blest'd,
rtue improve ev'ry grace;
ss of the mind, when possest'd,
nly those of the face;
is and *no lasses whom Hymen has joip'd,*
*be constant, like *Phebe* be kind.*

89

WHAT shepherd or nymph of the grove
Can blame me for dropping a tear,
Or lamenting, aloud, as I rove,
Since *Phebe* no longer is here?
My flocks, if at random they stray,
What wonder, if she's from the plains?
Her hand they were wont to obey;
She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.
Can I ever forget how we stray'd
To the foot of you neighbouring hill,
To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
Or the river that runs by the mill?
There, sweet, by my side as she lay,
And heard the fond stories I told,
How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
Or the bleating of lambs from the fold?
How oft' would I spy out a charm,
Which before had been hid from my view!
And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
My lips to her lips how they grew!
How long the sweet contest would last!
Till the hours of retirement and rest;
What pleasures and pain each had past,
Who longest had lov'd, and who best.
No changes of place, or of time,
I felt when my fair-one was near;
Alike was each weather and clime,
Each season that chequer'd the year:
In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
Did we melt on the bosom of *May*;
Each morn brought contentment and ease,
If we rose up to work or to play.
She was all my fond wishes could ask;
She had all the kind gods could impart;
She was nature's most beautiful task,
The despair and the envy of art:
There all that is worthy to prize,
In all that was lovely was dreft;
For the graces were thron'd in her eyes,
And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

90

MY Colin leaves fair London town,
Its pomp, its pride and noise;
With eager haste he bies him down,
To taste of rural joys.
Soon as my much-lov'd swain's in sight,
My heart is mad with glee;
I never know such true delight,
As when he comes to me.

How sweet with him all day to rove.
And range the meadows wide!
Not e'er less sweet the moon-light grove,
At b. the river's edge.
The gay seasons pass away,
How swift, when Colin's by!
How swiftly glides the flow'ry May!
How fast the summers fly!

When Colin comes to grace the plains,
An humble crook he bears;
He tends the flock like other swains,
A shepherd quite appears
All in the verdant month of May;
The rake is all his pride;
He helps to make the new-mown hay,
With Moggy by his side

Gainst yellow autumn's milder reign,
His sickle he prepares;
He reaps the harvest on the plain,
All pleas'd with rural cares.
With jocund dance the night is crown'd,
When all the toil is o'er,
With him I trip it on the ground,
With bonny twains a score.

When winter's gloomy months prevail,
If Colin is but here,
His jovial laugh and merry tale
To me are music cheer.
The folk that chafe in town to dwell
Are from my envy free;
For Moggy loves the plain too well,
And Colin's all to me.

91

WITH Phyllis I'll trip o'er the meads,
And hasten away to the plain,
Where shepherds attend with their rods,
To welcome my love and her swain.
The lark is exal'ted in air.
The linnet sings perchid on the spray:
Our lambs stand in need of our care,
Then let us not lengthen delay.

What pleasures I feel with my dear,
While gameiform young lambs are seen
Exceed the delights of a peer.
That shines with such grandeur at eve,
When Colin and Strep'pon go by,
They forgo a delight for a while;
They see how I'm blest'd with a sight,
But envy forbids them to smile.

Let courtiers of liberty prize,
I enjoy it take infinite pains;
But liberty's primitive state
Is only enjoy'd on the plains.
With Phyllis I rove to and fro,
With her my gay minutes are spent;
Twas Phyllis first taught me to know,
That happiness flows from content.

92

STREPON arose at early dawn,
And sought as wont his fleecy care;
His fleecy care, alas! were gone.
Nor knew the hapless shepherd where
In vain each hill, in vain each dale,
Each dell, each break he travers'd round
Each pathless wood and flow'ry vale,
But not one lambkin could be found.

Cela, he cry'd, my flocks are fled
How shall I e'er thy grief assuage?
How shall I cheer thy drooping head,
If poverty should mark thy age?
Said she, my love, misfortune'd art
Thou pointed, and is spent in vain;
While I polish my shepherd's heart,
I laugh at thee, and tinkle at you,

ibkis devices stirs,
ur envious neighbour's folds,
y Celia's soul dismay,
bow to her breast the holds :
armest thank's, O take,
thou be my o'ly care ;
e'er forsake,
regardless bear my pray'r.

vely form mine eyes
we but in the least degree ;
will arise,
e wond're back to thee.
y liv'd, and long they lov'd,
heard the story told ;
heir fortitude approv'd,
fill'd the shepherd's fold.

93

amer comes, the swains on Tweed
successful loves ;
ves and lambskins feed,
fills the groves ;
song is then the broom,
Cowden knows ;
e'er, so fair a bloom,
ere never grows.
nd his oaten reed,
y yielding heart ;
er that dwelt on Tweed,
with half such art.
ay, of Forth, and Clyde,
nd dales all round,
ights, at d Leader-side,
blest the sound.
ghiful is the broom,
owden knows ;
sh, so bright a broom,
here nev'r grows,
ss, so green and gay,
his broom compare;
asks in flow'ry May,
oon Yezus.

More pleasing far are Cowden knowz,
My peaceful happy home ;
Where I was wont to milk thy ewes
At eve among the broom :
Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
Where Tweed, and Tiviot, flows ;
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd Cowden knowz.

94

T'OTHER day, in the strawberry-vale,
When only thy Phyllis was there,
I begg'd she'd attend to my tale,
I long to unbosom my care.
With smiles, sweet as Flora's in May.
She bid me my pleasures impart,
I said, (in a faultering way)
Your eyes have ta'en captive my heart.

The dance and the tabor I thun,
No rest on my pillow I find ;
Believe me, wherever I run,
Your image still dwells in my mind.

O ! sooth the keen anguish I bear,
I vow'd to be ev'r sincere ;
Her hand she presented to kiss,
And brighten'd her blush with a tear.

And now, if my sheep are secure,
I meet her at eve in the dale,
Where the wifhes that flame may endure,
She approv'd in the strawberry-vale.

95

THE shade of ev'ry grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The jappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.
At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreathes ;
The flower's less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath,
The flow'r she wore along the day ;
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hat they look'd a more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at ev'ning, when she found
Their colours left, their odours past,
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.
That eyndrops sent distinct and clear,
As any muse's tongue could speak ;
When from it's lid a pearly tear
Run trickling down her beauteous cheek.
Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain,
This change of humour; pr'ythee, tell,
That failing tear, what does it mean?
She sigh'd, she smil'd ; and to the flow'r's
Pointing the lovely meadow laid,
See, friend, in some few fitting hours,
See yonner, what a change is made!
Ah, me ! the blooming pride of May
And that of beauty are but one ;
A noon both bright and gay,
Both take at ev'ning pale and gone.
At dawn poor Susie stand'd and sang,
The anxious youth among her bow'ls;
At night her fair form was to go,
I low, and kiss'd her in her shroud.
Such as he is, that is forever,
Such I, as I may be ; moreover,
God knows, before the judgment day
The joyless of my soul's concern.

96

THE summer goes, the summer gone,
With all its glee, its glee,
We say, we say, we say,
With all its glee, its glee.
Come, then, Folly, come,
Come, then, Folly, come,
The summer goes, the summer gone,
And nature's weeping tone,
Can't make us say,

Woe, woe, woe, woe.

Content shall harmonize the sky,
And ev'ry pain disarm.
Then when fierce winter shakes the world,
And rapid lightnings fly,
When nature's in confusion hurl'd,
We'll ev'ry care defy.

97

THE ponderous cloud was black and big,
And sail'd majestically slow,
Red lightning search'd the ground,
Tremendous, now, the thunder rolls,
As if it would have riv'd the pole,
And tempests pour around,
No shelter nigh, to shield my head,
Along the champaign swift I fled,
Before the opening skies ;
Till from the west a gale arose,
Dispers'd the cloud, the welkin glows,
And vernal sweets arise.

C ration seem'd as new awake,
From every dingle, bush, and brake,
E'en from the very sod ;
The father'd raise their throats effly,
Who shall faint, in song most gay,
The wonder-working God.

A m'd, that those of least esteem
Should praise the pow'r alone supreme,
I m'd to be forgiven ;
Straight, like the little graceful throng,
In an unaffected song,
Accord'd my voice to heaven.

98

THE rooks in the neigb'ring grove
Set shelter cry all the long day ;
The bats, in the branches above,
Are cover'd no longer with May,
The birds that so cheerfully sung,
Are cease, or plaintive each tone,
As e'er they chirp low to their young,
The want of their goodness bemoan.

is of green,
bosom are spread ;
wig can be seen :
wreaths for my head :
may be found,
blooming nor gay ;
in the ground,
coming of *May*.
as purloin'd
fantastical gear,
he may have join'd,
it of the year.
true, may repine
gardens undrest,
Ilida's mine,
May in my breast.

— 99 —

imiles again !
a has left her brow :
alous pain,
my angry vow ?
ubtiful day :
tempest lour ?
av'n's survey,
he flitting show'r.
g their languid head,
he transient rains ;
ed tendrils spread,
e gilds the plains.
that droop'd no less
of rain and wind,
express
ien thou art kind.

— 100. —

the bonniest swain
w'y plain,
the lee :
gamesome round,
flow'y ground,
e as he,

Beneath the oak, in yonder vale,
You'd think you heard the nightingale,
Whene'er he rais'd his voice :
But, ah ! the youth was all deceit,
His vows, his oaths, were all a cheat,
And choice succeeded choice.

The maidens sung, in willow groves,
Of *Colin's* false and perjur'd loves ;
Here *Jenny* told her woes :
And *Moggy's* tears increas'd the brook,
Whose cheeks like dying lilies look,
That once out-blush'd the rose.

Unhappy fair, my words believe,
So shall no swain your hopes deceive,
And leave you to despair :
Ere he disclose his fickle mind,
Change first yourselves for ah ! you'll find
False Colin's every where.

— 101 —

FAIREST daughter of the year,
Ever blooming, lovely *May* ;
While the vivid skies appear,
Nature smiles, and all is gay.
Thine the flowery painted mead,
Pasture fair, and mountain green ;
Thine, with infant harvest spread,
Laughing lies the lowland scene.
Friend of thine, the shepherd plays
Blithesome near the yellow broom,
While his flock, that careless strays,
Seeks the wild-thyme's sweet perfume,
May, with thee I mean to rove
O'er these lawns and vallies fair,
Tune my gentle lyre to love,
Cherish hope, and soften care.
Round me shall the village swains,
Shall the rosy nymph appear ;
While I sing, in rural strains,
May, to shepherds ever dear.

Cc

I had never skill to raise
 Peans from the vocal strings,
 To the godlike hero's praise,
 To the pageant pomp of kings.
 Stranger to the hostile plains,
 Where the brazen trumpets sound ;
 Life's red stream the verdure stains,
 Heaps promiscuous pres the ground :
 Where the mur'rous cannon's breath
 Fate denounces from afar,
 And the loud report of death
 Stuns the cruel ear of war.
 Stranger to the park and play,
 Birth-night balls, and courtly trains ;
 Thee I woo, my gentle May,
 Tune-for thee my native strains.
 Blooming groves, and wand'ring rills,
 Sooth thy vacant poet's dreams,
 Vocal woods, and wilds, and hills,
 All her unexalted themes.

PASTORAL SONGS.

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding bine,
 That smile on e'en me, smile on me ;
 Mine eyes from death shall count no gods,
 Nor feel a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring !
 Or, what the needle's pride of spring !
 The cypress bough, that faints the bier,
 Retains it's verdure all the year.

"Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair,
 Might claim awhile my wasted care ;
 My rural store some pleasure yields ;
 So white a flock, so green a field !

My friends, that each in kindess vie,
 Might well expect one parting figh ;
 Might well demand one tender tear ;
 For when was *Dame* infuscere ?

But ere I ask once more to view
 You fitting sun his race renew,
 Inform me, sunnas, my friends declare,
 Will pitying *Dalia* join the prayer ?

A; o'er the varied meads I stray,
 Or trace thro' winding woods my way,
 While op'ning flow'rs their sweets exhale,
 And odours breathe in every gale ;
 Where sage contentment builds her seat,
 And peace attends the calm retreat,
 My soul responsive hails the scene,
 Attun'd to joy, and peace within.
 But musing on the lib'ral hand,
 That scatters blessings e'er the land,
 That gives for man with pow'r divine,
 The earth to teem, the sun to shine ;
 My grateful heart with rapture burns,
 And pleasure to devotion turns.

ON every tree, in every plain,
 I trace the jovial spring in vain !
 And sickly languor veils mine eyes,
 And faint my wanings vigour dies.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
 And wither'd heaths I rove ;
 Where tree nor spire, nor cot appears,
 I paiz to meet my love.

But tho' my paths were downcast'd o'er
 With beauties e'er so fine ;
 My busy thoughts woul'd fly before
 To fix alone—on thine.

No sir crow'd hills cou'd give delight,
 No palace please mine eye :
 No pyramid's aerial height,
 Where should'ring monarchs lie.

Unmov'd should eastern kings advance !
 Could I the pageant see :
 Splendour might catch one scornful glace
 Nor feel one thought from that.

105

fun began to peep,
morning skies,
om disorder'd sleep
radiant eyes.

 pb, the wanton sprite
on her still,
all the tedious night
try ill.

 fate is surely nigh !
ie tim'rous maid :
e horrid dreams imply !
n't be dead !

Cupid by his name,
some mishap ;
il, her Cupid came,
into her lap.

 est of brittle-ware
us table grac'd :
blems of the fair,
order plac'd !

 'd, and all prepar'd
morning treat ;
e country beau, appear'd ;
took his seat.

; on of that and this,
vers'd her cup ;
by the forfeit kiss,
n turn'd it up.

 he demands the prize;
it was won !
own the fair denies :
draw him on !
ove him; if polite,
se as this :
es with all his might
forfeit kiss,

 —Oh, dire to tell !
grief I must)

The table turn'd—the china fell,
A heap of painted dust !

O fatal purport of my dream !
The fair afflicted cry'd,
Occasion'd (I confess my shame)
By childishness and pride !

For in a kiss, or two, or three,
No mischief could be found !
Then had I been more frank and free,
My china had been found.

106

SPRING returns ; the fawns advance,
Leading on the sprightly dance,
O'er the fallow, o'er the glade
Thro' the sunshin, thro' the shade ;
Whilst I forlorn, and penive still,
Sit sighing for my daffodil.

See the wanton nymphs appear,
Smiling all, as smiles the year !
Sporting, print where'er they tread,
Daisy ground, or primrose bed,
Whilst I forlorn, &c.,

Now the swain with wat'ry shoe,
Brushes by the morning dew ;
With officious love to bear
Fresh-blown cowslips to his fair,
Whilst I forlorn, &c.,

Gentle nymph, forsake the mead,
To my love for pity plead ;
Go, ye swains, and seek the fair,
This my last petition bear,
Whilst I forlorn, &c.,

Sweetest maid, that e'er was seen,
Dance at wake, or trip the green ;
See a love-fick, sighing swain,
Hear my vows, relieve my pain ;
Or with your frowns for pity kill
Too charming, cruel, daffodil.

PASTORAL SONGS.

107

SEE, *Daphne*, see *Florella* cry'd,
And learn the sad effects of pride ;
Yon shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd !
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd !

The sun with warm attractive rays
Tempt's it to wanton in the blaze :
A gale succeeds from eastern skies,
And all it's blushing radiance dies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine,
Will quit the plains too fond to thine
Where faim's transporting rays allure,
Tho' here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh, you left the shade :
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As to the rose an eastern wind.

The Youth reply'd—You first, my swain,
Confine your sonnets to the plain ;
One envious tongue alike disarms,
You, of your wit, me, of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's skill ?
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill ?
What unadmir'd, a charming mien ?
Or what the rose's blith, unseen ?

WHEN I behold, at vernal tide,
The halefome herbage spring,
Note how the trees with leaves supply'd,
My fancy takes the wing ;

Grateful I meet the *April* shower;
Cheareful, at rising day,
I trace the lawns, and kiss the flowers
Which makes the season gay.

Sweet lark, (I cry) shall you, untaught,
Praise with thy feeble voice ;
And I, a creature bles'd with thought,
Be backward to rejoice !

No. by the name of gratitude,
For strains I'll sing,

To him whose kindness has renew'd
The life-inspiring spring !

Who bids the boughs with bloom to team,
Sweet fruits that bloom to yield ;
Who deals, in summer-time, the firm,
To clear the harvest-field ;

Who, when the harvest time is past,
Gives us a golden store,
And kindly makes the plenty last
Till summer brings us more !

Him will I praise, above all pow'rs,
Without whose bounteous will,
Spring could not deck the dale with flow'rs,
Nor harvest cloth the hill.

109

WHEN first I saw my *Delia*'s face,
Adorn'd with every bloom and grace
That love and youth could bring :
Such sweetnes too in all her form,
I thought her one celestial born,
And took her for the Spring.

Each day a charm was added more,
Music and language swell'd the flow'rs,
With all the force of reason :
And yet so frolic and so gay,
Deck'd with the opening sweets of *May*,
She look'd—the Summer season.

Admiring crowds around her press,
But none the happy He could guess.
Unwifh'd her beauties caught them ;
I urg'd my passion in her ear,
Of love, she said, she could not hear ;
And yet seem'd ripe as Autumn.

The rose, not gather'd in it's prime,
Will fade and fall in little !

So I began to hint her :
Her cheeks confess'd a summer glow ;
But, sh! her breast of driven snow
Conceal'd a heart of Winter.

PASTORAL SONGS.

293

- 110 —
stray with my swain,
it, and in youth,
it is my pain!
the loss of his truth!
as he swore
se to be mine!
to deplore,
king anguish repine!
in the grove,
ptures would kneel,
ity his love,
fond fool, how to feel!
he must come,
heart cannot bear;
arry me home,
and despair,

- 111 —
wond'rous near,
ains hear my dear;
in vain;
d shuns the plain.
to prove
my endless love;
vulgar hours,
ace devours.
Delia's way,
e-long day;
dazzling pride
ng eyes aside.
of succours nigh,
legions die,
tient glance,
ds advance.
oy, that expires
ome requires
amiliar face,
t embrace.
bat crowds of beaux
incloſe;

Oh! better had'ft thou shun'd the green,
Oh, *Delia!* better far unseen..
Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee!

— 112 —
Now nature's beauties bloom around,
Sweet violets paint the velvet ground;
Perfumes abundant lace each gale,
And float along the vernal dale.
The frisky lambkins wanton play,
In luscious pastures, time away;
And limpid streams harmonious glide,
With silver cygnets to their tide.
The ermin'd lilies dress'd in light,
And blooming roses red and white,
With painted tulips, mirtles green,
Affix to heighten grandeurs scene.
The fields all gay, in glory blaze,
Affisted by bright *Phebus'* rays;
Who's beams resplendent now appear,
And early bid the morning steer.
The starling, blackbird, and the thrush,
Eruptur'd chant on ev'ry bush;
High-poin'd in air the lark, too, sings,
While cleaving space with nervous wings.
Yet all the beauties here I paint,
Without the fair-ones, seem but faint;
For they with prattle gild our hours,
And are by fair the brightest flow'rs.

— 113 —
WHEN primrose sweet bedecks the year,
And sportive lambkins play,
When lilies in each vale appear,
And music wakes the day:
With joy I meet my shepherd swain
Come tripping o'er the lawn;
Then hand in hand we range the plain,
To hail the rosy dawn.

C c 3

Well pleas'd I hear his artless tale,
While rural scenes delight ;
Beneath the beech in yonder dale,
His music charms the night.
When morn returns, I mee' my swain
Come tripping o'er the lawn ;
Then hand in hand we range the plain,
To hail the rosy dawn.

Without a blush to church I'll haste
With him who has my heart ;
While love invites, no time I'll waste,
No more we'll ever part :
And when returning with my swain,
We trip it o'er the lawn ;
While hand in hand we range the plain,
We'll hail the rosy dawn.

114

WHY shines the moon with silver ray,
Amis her Harry friends gay !
Why thrills the night agate her note,
And strains her sweet meadow throat ?
Why breathes the incense of the grove,
On me, a slave to care and love ?

Now snowy blossoms clothe the year,
In ve'dure vesture meads are dressed,
Favonian gales, and tepid showers,
Revive the gauds smiling flowers ;
All nature warms in her bloom,
While I alone bewail my doom.

Ye deeply-piercing traits return,
And freeze each Nell in her urn ;
The tender bladders tear away,
Down on the fields, unear the spray ;
And O ! if able, chide this home,
That burns my heart, and mars my frame ;
Root out the leas of amorous fire,
And quench o'er fear and tend ecstasy.

Putah ! in vain I beg your aid,
My heart you may I can't, perhaps,
Take up, and mend my mortal woes,
With shooting pain's heat it grieves.

PASTORAL SONGS.

What can I pray ! where turn my eyes !
Ye howling winds infuriate rise !
With ten' o' rage impetuous sweep
The furrow'd bosom of the deep ;
Let spiry trees from land be torn,
And on your winged surges borne ;
That in the aggravated roar,
My fatal los I may deplore ;
Unheeded blend my frantic voice,
With gen'ral shrieks, and hideous noise.

115

WHY blushes so early the rose,
Diffusing its sweets thro' the day ;
Since *Flora* is the month that is nol'e,
To finish the courtship of *May*.
Perhaps the young colour I see
Of Spring in her morning array,
Are painted, O *Flora*, by thee,
In honour of *Phillis's* day.

For *June* o' perfection shall rise,
Surpassing the blushes of *May*,
And *Zephyr* shall mount to the skies,
In honour of *Phillis's* day :
Then ladies, let each be a wife,
Each marry, like *Phillis*, in *June* ;
For age is the winter of life,
And night is the pillow of Noon.

116

WHERE the murmuring river flows,
Where the trembling willows play,
We enjoy a cool repose
From the busy glare of day.
Summer's heat disturbs the breast,
Every pifion should be still,
Ev'ry thought is laid to rest,
By the sweetly tinkling rill.

117

WHEN the early cock crows at the day's
And soaring lark through the air trills,
See yet the warm sun twinkles the dew,
Or vapours uncover the hills,

ithmen are whistling, as furrows they
verds releasing their care, [turn,
ennel, at sound of the horn,
, with my greyhounds, the hare.

ne observing my husbandmen sow,
how my yearlings go on ;
riding round, mark my turnip-men hoe
what my threshers have done.
ith the parson, 'bout markets I prate,
, tho' I never delay ;
each should maintain in his state,
dresster's worthy his pay.

idens, morn and eve, dairy-cows press,
ds, cream, puddings, and cheese,
s keep market in neat but plain dress,
too—but 'tis when she'll please.
r master or mistrelship strive,
and wife's lot share and share ;
tells us, in friendship we live,
ne ye Crim. cons, it ye dare.

is all by my good woman bred,
gives roots for my health,
my bullocks on best fodder fed,
h not the poor for my wealth.
f game in my copies and woods,
on its thyme-feeding thrives ;
l well stor'd are my ponds and my floods
y from yon' row of bives.

al return is to industry made ?
ard have the bees for their toil ?
our rights, yet, their rights we invade,
on their labours as spoil.
power is only a name,
s devout the small ;
and great beasts, and great men do the
, the grand robber, takes all. [fame,

ads my cloth, and says grace after meat,
come attends at my board ;
mixture disguises my treat,
y own orchards afford.

With a glass in my hand, to church, country, and
I drink, as a subject should do ; [King,
Perhaps my dame smiles, then one song I must sing,
So, Sir, if you please, pray do you.

W HEN snow descends, and robes the fields,

In winter's bright array ;
Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades,
And weeps itself away.

When spring appears, when vi'lets blow,
And shed a rich perfume ;
How soon the fragrance breathes its last !
How short-liv'd is the bloom !

Fresh in the morn, the summer rose,
Hangs wither'd ere 'tis noon ;
We scarce enjoy the balmy gift,
But mourn the pleasure gone.

With gilding fire the evening star
Streaks the autumnal skies ;
Shook from its seat, it dar's away,
And in an instant dies.

Such are the charms that flush the cheek,
And sparkle in the eye ;
So from the lively finish'd form
The transient graces fly.
To this the seasons as they roll,
Their attestation bring ;
They warm the fair, their ev'ry round,
Confirms the truth I sing.

I N my pleasant native plains,
Wing'd with blis each moment flew ;
Nature there inspir'd the strains,
Simple as the joys I knew ;
Jocund morn and evening gay
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

Fields, and flocks, and fragrant flow're,
All that health and joy impart ;
Call'd for artless music's pow're,
Faithful echo'd to the heart !
Happy hours for ever gay
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring,
Wak'd the warblers of the grove,
Who, sweet birds that heard you sing,
Would not join the song of love?
Your sweet notes and chaunting gay
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,
With various cares I strove,
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
My all of life was love.
By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
The spring our drink bestow'd;
But when her lip the brim had press'd,
The cup with nectar flow'd.
Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other guest came nigh,
In them was giv'n (tho' gold was spar'd)
What gold could never buy.
No value has a splendid lot,
But as the means to prove
That from the castle to the cot,
The all of life is love.

ADIEU the verdant lawns and bow'r's,
Adieu, my peace is o'er;
Adieu the sweetest shrubs and flow'r's,
Since *Delia* breathe no more.
Adieu ye hills, adieu ye vales,
Adieu ye streams and floods;
Adieu sweet echo's plaintive tales,
Adieu ye meads and woods.
Adieu ye flocks, ye fleecy care,
Adieu yon pleasing plain;
Adieu thou beauteous blooming fair,
We ne'er shall meet again.

OH! waft me, Zephyr, give me ease,
Fan we with thy gentle breeze;
Bear me to some flow'ry bed,
To roses all their odour shed.

120

121

122

123

Where nature's ever bounteous hand,
Her endless treasures doth expand;
There let me gain a sweet repose,
And calm my soul in spite of woes.
I ho' thou, dear maid, be not my lot,
Yet shalt thou never be forgot;
I'll weave a chaplet ev'ry year,
And soothe the despair with many a tear.
For ev'ry thought thy form shall bring,
On cruel recollection's wing;
Each flow'r, each beauty which I see,
Amanda—makes me think of thee.

A Busy humble bee am I,
That range the garden sunny;
From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.
Bright *Cloe*, with her golden hair,
Awhile my rich jonquil is,
Till cloy'd with sipping nectar there,
I shift to rosy *Phillis*.
I shift, &c.

But *Phillis*'s sweet op'ning breast,
Remains not long my station;
For *Kitty* now must be address'd,
My spicy breath'd carnation.
Yet *Kitty*'s fragrant bed I leave,
To other flow'r's I'm rover;
And all in turns my love receives
The gay wide garden over.
The gay, &c.

Variety that knows no bound,
My roving fancy edges,
And oft with *Flora* I am found,
In dalliance under hedges;
For as I am an arrant bee,
Who range each bank that's funny,
Both fields and garden, are my fee,
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey..
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.

— 124 —
 me, my fair one, let us stray,
 e sweet of early day;
 h the rosy child of Morn,
 s shall thy checks adorn.
 hes, &c.

abroad, behold 'tis day,
 awn the lambkins play;
 innet of the grove,
 list'ning swain to love.
 &c.

ie gentle voice of love,
 ir, arise and prove,
 lights fond lovers know,
 blessings here below.
 'c.

— 125 —
 very breeze, let nothing move,
 igno sing of love,
 winning graces wait,
 intentment guards the seat.
 ry breeze, &c.

shade, my *Delia*, stay,
 h those charms more sweet than *May*;
 w rages in his Noon,
 e to part so soon.
 &c.

ie, *Delia*, hear me now,
 itious to my vow;
 charms no changes prove,
 or ever like my love.
 n, &c.

— 126 —
 fumes her gloomy reign,
 e lengthen o'er the plain,
 myrtle grove repair,
 d pleasure wait us there,
 &c.

ur river's verdant side,
 happy footsteps g- ide,

In concert with my verdant stream,
 We'll sing, and love shall be our theme.
 In concert, &c.

There lost in extacies of joy,
 While tend'rest scenes our thoughts employ,
 We'll bless the hours our loves begun
 The happy hour that made us one.
 We'll bless the hour, &c.

— 127 —
 NIGHT reigns around in sleep's soft arms,
 The village swain forgets his care;
 Sleep that the sting of sorrows charms,
 And heals all sadness but despair.
 Despair alone her power denies,
 And when the sun withdraws his rays,
 To the wild beach distract'd flies,
 Or cheerless thro' the desert strays.

Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,
 Retir'd from life's fantastic crew,
 Resign'd I wait my final doom,
 And bid the busy world adieu.
 The world has now no charms for me,
 Nor can life now one pleasure boast,
 Since all my eyes desir'd to see,
 My wish, my hope, my all is lost.
 Must then each woman faithless prove,
 And each fond lover be undone;
 Are vows no more, almighty love,
 The sad remembrance le me shun,
 Let her be blest with health and ease,
 Which all your bounty has in store;
 Let sorrow cloud my future days,
 Be *Stella* blest, I ask no more.

— 128 —
 AS the birds on every spray,
 Welcome the approach of day;
 Or at gay return of spring,
 As they sweetly, sweetly sing,
 As they sweetly, &c.

So when Damon can beguile,
 Cruel Flora of a smile,

PASTORAL SONGS.

Gladdeñ'd he begins to sing,
First kind, more sweet than spring.

Cruel maid ! why such disdain,
Is there joy in causing pain ;
Love a kinder aspect wear,
Frowns become not such a fair.

Thus the swain his love beguil'd,
And the kindly, kindly smil'd ;
As the bries on ev'ry spray,
Welcome the approach of day ;
Or at gay return of spring,
As they sweetly, sweetly sing.
As they sweetly, Sc.

129
Come come my good shepherds, our flocks we must
In your holiday suits with your lasses appear : [shear ;
The happiest of folks are the guileless and free,
And who are so guileless, so happy as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught ;
We practise no arts with hypocrity fraught :
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes
For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led ;
But we all the children of nature are bred :
By her hands alone we are painted and dressed,
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the

The giant Ambition we never can dread ;
Our recs are too low for so lofty a head ;
Content and sweet Chearfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.
When love has posseñ'd us, that love we reveal,
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel,
So harmless is simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

130
THE gentle primrose of the vale.
Whose tender bloom rude winds assail,
Drops its weak leaves, and scarce sustains
The night's chill snow and beating rains.
'Tis past—the moon returns—sweet spring
Now—and hills and valleys sing—

But low the gentle primrose lies ;
No more to bloom, no more to rise !

131

AT eve with the woodland I set.
I rise up each morn with the fane,
By the note of the nightingale blest,
I laugh at the trumpet of fame.

From the top of my primrof hill,
How many proud houses I see ;
The Lords of them envy who will,
My cage and my cottage for me.

I smile at my country's increase,
In commerce, religion, and arms ;
My heart, and my hand are for these,—
A Breeze and Liberty warms.

132

TRANSFIGURED with joy, with a heart fit
Lovely Petula trip to her cot from the
Her mother would fain know the cause of
Which awoke the infant from Ceyda's kid
From Ceyda's kid ! said the lad with
He gave me much more, ere we journey
Much more cry'd the mother, I'll know
No, no, that's a secret between him and
And mother you've told me all secrets to
And never reveal 'em—not even in sleep ;
What Ceyda gave me I'll now not imp

'Tis the joy of my eye ! and the life of
Come, brother, disclose, I'm determined
What the shepherd has done, thus to tickle
Dear mother 'tis only what pass'd in you
Tween my father and you—as I live !
So press me no farther for time will reveal
What now with such rapture I wish to os

Yes, yes, I know well what will happen
And know what misfortunes await on t
A crime ! said the fair one, believe me, &
Each virgin around would embrace such
He gave me this morn the delight of my !
He gave me—himself—for he made me

COLLECTION of CANTATAS, &c.

SONG I.

C I T A T I V E. [shade
ek grove, whose deep embow'ring
ft for love & contemplation made,
with gentle murmurs flows,
anks are form'd for soft repose;
rom Phœbus' sultry ray,
ep, fair Iphigenia lay:

who never dreamt of love,
umping to the neig'b'ring grove;
, unknowing what he sought,
he went, for want of thought,
t beheld the sleeping maid,
r'd—her lovely form survey'd;
artless voice he sweetly sung,
e thus inform'd his tongue :

A I R.

I that glides in murmurbs by,
ly bosom shews the sky,
etes the rural scene,
tes the rural scene;
bosom, charming maid,
itself is sure display'd,
vely Iphigenie,
vely Iphigenie.

C I T A T I V E.

arts—poor Cymon trembling stands;
aff from his unnerved hands;
, said she, dispell all fear;
present, sure no danger's near.
gentle accent, she replies,
is you, I need not rise;
no wrong can entertain :
and let me sleep again.
ported, was not silent long,
tasy pursu'd his song.

A I R.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
In wanton ringlets, down thy neck ;
Thy love inspiring mien,
Thy love inspiring mien,
Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
And taper shape, enchant me so,
I die for Iphigenie,
I die for Iphigenie,

R E C I T A T I V E,

Amar'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense :
She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and straight,
And thinks he might improve his awkward gait;
Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead;
And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
Kindling gentle, chaste desire;
Love can rage itself controul,
And elevate the human soul.
Depriv'd of that, our wretched state
Had m-de our lives of too long date ;
But blest with beauty, and with love,
But blest with beauty, and with love !
We taste what angels do above ;
What angels do above.

2

PHILANDER.

DEAREST Daphne, turn thine eyes,
Jocund day begins to rise ;
See ! the morn, with roses crown'd,
Sprinkling dew drops on the ground.

Love invites to yonder grove,
Where none but lovers dare to rove.
Let us haste, make no delay;
Cupid calls, we must obey.

DAPHNE. Ah, *Philander!* I'm afraid;
There poor *Laura* was betray'd
By young *Strephon*'s subtle wiles,
Soothing words and artful smiles.
Simple maid's are soon undone,
When their easy hearts are won.
Prest me not, I must away,
And honour's strict commands obeys.

PHILAND. Gentle *Daphne*, fear not you,
I'll be ever kind and true;
Think no more on *Laura*'s fate,
View yon turtle, and his mate;
See how freely they impart
The impulsive of each others heart,
Like them, my fair, lets sport and play;
Nature prompts us to obey.

DAPHNE. Shepherd, I perceive your aim,
You and *Strephon* are the same;
You like him, wou d me betray,
Shou'd I trust to what you say.

PHILAND. If *Daphne* doubts, let *Hymen*'s bands
This instant join our willing hands,
The invitation I obey,
And love with honour will repay.

— 3 —

WHY, *Damon*, wilt thou strive in vain
My firm resolves to move?
My heart, alas! may feel the pain,
But scorns the guilt of love!

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

Perfidious, too, like all the rest,
Is faithless *Damon* grown!
Ah! canst thou seek to wound the breast
That pants for thee alone?

A.I.R.

No! for a thought so mealy base,
Ungrateful! thou shal find,
The heart that could admire thy face
Can hate thee for thy mind.

— 4 —

RECITATIVE.

WHEN *Bacchus*, jolly god
To revel in his ev'ning rites
In vain his altar I surround,
Tho' with Burgundian incense
No charms has wine without
'Tis love gives relish to the vi-

A.I.R.

While all around, with joys
In brimmers toast the fav'ri
Tho' ev'ry nymph my lips
My heart still whispers *Clio*
And thus, with me, by am'
Still ev'ry glass 's *Clio*'s be-

— 5 —

CELIA.

YES, *Damon*, yes, I can a
See all thy merit, all thy lo
But, shipwreck'd once, I le
And trust the faithleſs seas
Thy vows are lost, thy team
For I can never love again.

DAMON. And could'ft thou then,
Could'ft thou be slighted
Or, is it but an artful
O'er *Damon*'s passion to
For surely thou wert bor
To love, and to be lov'd

CELIA. If *Celia* cou'd once mor
Damon, like *Thyrsis*, we
And yet, methinks, it
There must be faith and
Trust me, thy *Celia* feels
And wishes she cou'd lo

DAMON. Why, then, those fears thi
Say that thou wilt, and I
But, if my vows succeed
Damon shall bid adieu to
Like thee, resolve to qu
And never, never love si

6

SQUIRE.
To my dear girl, I must not be denied;
You shall stile in, and rant it away;
We parle too; and, hark you, beside,
As we'll toy all the long summer's day.

SALLY.

Toying you soon would be tir'd,
hapless Sally consent to be naught!
Believe me, I scorn to be hir'd;
not worth gaining that is to be bought.

SQUIRE.

I'm afraid of the world's busy tongue,
above scandal you then shall be put;
you roll in your chariot along,
tail chastity walking a foot.

SALLY.

In fear of the world I was fly,
and modesty were but ill shown;
ere easy with money to buy;
tell me how, I shall purchase my own.

SQUIRE.

O grey-beards, these lips were design'd
employment.

SALLY.

I will not endure—

SQUIRE.

I love bids you be rich, and be kind;

SALLY.

Demands me—Be honest and poor.

7

A I R.

HITER sweet of voice and air,
clo, haste thee here;
vale, where all around
rocks return the sound;
swelling surge that roars
be tempest-beaten shores;
silent moss-grown cell,
warbling *Ptilolumel;*
steen of men, you lie,
woodland harmony.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Listen, nymph divine, and learn
Strains to make *Narcissus* burn;
Hark! the heav'ly song begins;
Air be still; breath soft ye winds;
Peace, ye noisy feather'd choir,
While *Dione* strikes the lyre.

A I R.

See, each eye, each ravish'd ear,
Fix'd to gaze, and charm'd to hear,
All around enchantment reigns,
Such the magic of her strains;
Strains which, if thou canst but learn,
Soon will make *Narcissus* burn.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Echo, should they fail to move,
His obdurate heart to love,
Borrow, for she well can spare,
Borrow her enchanting air.

A I R.

Learn her ease and elegance
Of motion in the airy dance;
Learn the grace with which she strays
Thro' the light fantastic maze:
Add a thousand charms untold,
Should *Narcissus* still be cold;
Charms, the least of which would move
His obdurate heart to love.

8

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
Oh how blest the miller's life!
Cheerful working thro' the day,
Still he laughs and sings away.

Nought can vex him,**Nocht perplex him,****While there's grit to make him gay.****D u x t.**

Let the great enjoy the blessing
By indulgent fortune sent,
What can wealth, can grandeur offer
More than plenty and content?

C h o r o.**Free from sorrow, &c.****D d**

— 9 —

R E C I T A T I V E, accompanied.
FAIR *Venus* left her bleft abodes, they say,
And to the woodlands once purso'd her way ;
There sought *Diane*, and in cooling strains,
She thus implor'd the queen of woodland plains.

A I R.

The chace's joys I wish to know,
Like *Dian* to be drest ;
With thee, thro' toils O let me go :
A huntress all confess :
Take, take me in thy cheerful train,
Let *Cupid* share the day :
I long to hunt o'er wood and plain,
O'er hills and far away.

A I R.

Forbear to ask me, queen of love,
(*Diana* quick replies)
Oh ! hie thee, to thy *Papbian* grove,
To taste of softer joys.
Our din would hurt thy tender ear,
Thy feet are slow of pace ;
Our toils would fill thy heart with fear,
Forego the fatal chace.
Keep, keep thee with thy sons away,
Nor urge the suit in vain ;
No more my nymphs would own my sway,
If love should join my train.

— 10 —

T H O M A S.

LET fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pangs they never felt
I speak without disguise or art,
And with my hand beslow my heart.

S A L L Y. Let ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold, and give their thoughts the lie,
I own the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover bleft.

T H O M A S For this the sa'lor on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast ;
All dripping he wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

S A L L Y. For this the virgin pines and
With throbbing heart and face
"Till sweet reverses of joys be
And clasps the faithful lad be
B O T M. Ye *British* youths, be brave,
The *British* virgins will be
Protect their beauty from all
And they'll repay you with

— 11 —

R E C I T A T I V E.
LOVELY virgins in your prime,
Mark the silent flight of time,
Fortune's gifts should she dislose,
Quickly chuse what she bestows ;
Bloom and beauty soon decay,
Love and youth fly swift away.

A I R.

Let not age thy bloom ensnare,
You can find no pleasure there ;
Transient joys you'll seek in vain
Joys that ne'er return again.
Ev'ry minute then improve,
Fleeting are those joys of love ;
Wisely think the young and gay,
But the tenants of a day.

— 12 —

A I R.

O H *Damon* ! still you strive in
Clarinda's fix'd resolve to move
My heart, alas ! may feel the pain
But justly scorns the guilt of love
R E C I T A T I V E
Is this, ye pow'rs, his boasted fame ?
O say, is this his only end ?
And can his love destroy the man
His truth and honour should command

A I R.

Oh ! for a thought so meanly bias'd
The ungenerous youth shall fail
The heart that could admire his ways
Can fill back him for his fall.

— 13 —
ing notes, as *Cloe* sung
nev'nly liberty,
h' bondage pleas'd,
ed to be free ;
seeks the distant plain ;
mes forth this parting strain.

A I R.

e distant vale I wing,
flow return of spring,
tish groves to dwell,
Cloe's warmer cell ;
mistress, since, by thee,
ught sweet liberty.

welcome spring shall cheer,
warmth, the drooping year,
the topmost spray,
notes improv'd my lay,
prison, learn'd from thee
irth sweet liberty.

me an useless care ;
concern let *Strephon* share ;
sorrows, slight my ills,
ich he, poor captive ! feels,
a hopeless bonds by thee,
ot for his liberty.

— 14 —

I T A T I V E.
Ces scarce had got on board,
d and mis'd her lord,
to the beach she flew,
gning to her view :
, the rav'd, and tore her air,
she vented her despair.

A I R.

Teseus, stay !
ye winds to blow !
, cease to flow,
ve away !
r wilt thou go ?
ser'd thee so ?
itheth *Teseus*, tell me why
who gave thee pow'r to fly ?

R E C I T A T I V E.
The jolly God, who rules the jovial bowl,
Bacchus, whose gifts re-animate the soul,
Heard and beheld poor *Ariadne*'s grief,
And gently thus administer'd relief.

A I R.

Cease, lovely nymph, to weep,
Wipe off that falling tear ;
Though *Teseus* plow the deep,
You've still a lover here :
I am *Bacchus*, God of Wine,
God of revelry and joy ;
If *Ariadne* will be mine,
Mirth shall every hour employ.

Come, *Silens*, fill a cup
Of my choicest cordial draught ;
Fill it, man, why fill it up ;
'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought :
Fill it higher to the brink :
Come, my lovely mourner, drink !

R E C I T A T I V E.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd,
And to her lip the nectar'd cup apply'd :
The potent draught, with more than magic art,
Flew thro' her veins, and seiz'd her yielding heart
In wine ambroisial all her cares were drown'd,
And with success the jovial God was crown'd :
While old *Silens*, as he reel'd along,
Thus entertain'd them with his frolic song.

A I R.

[pine,
Learn hence, ye fond maidens, who droop and who
Learn hence, ye fond lovers, the virtue of wine, [fair
Let the nymph, who's forsaken for one that's more
Take a comforting glass, and 'twill drown all despair
And let the fond youth who would win the coy maid
Instead of his *Cupid's*, seek *Bacchus*'s aid.
Jolly *Bacchus* ne'er fails of performing his part,
Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain the heart.

— 15 —

R E C I T A T I V E.
WHAT innocent delights sweet fancy yields !
With her how sweet to range the flow'ry fields,

D a d

While parted from my love by cruel war,
Thy aid, sweet fancy I implore,

A 1. r.

Smiling Fancy, softly lead
To the joys of jocund May,
To the daisy'd, dewy mead,
Where my Shepherd us'd to stray.
Lead me where the blossom'd boughs
Form'd the bow'r to Colin dear,
And let the object of my vows,
Let my gentle swain be there.

Now vi'ry crown the gallant youth,
Sweet peace and joy, our hours are thine;
Oh ! love, reward his loyal truth,
And myrtle with his laurels twine.

16

W HILE blossoms deck each verdant sappy,
And Flora breathes the sweets of May,
I'll leave my flock to frolic free,
And tune my pipe alone for thee;
And tune, &c.

S YLVIA. What if thy flock should leave the plain,
While *Trey* is sleeping by my swain?
Would't thou not think the minutes dear
And rail at me that kept thee here?
And rail, &c.

P HILAN. First shall the lark forget his note,
The linnet stop his liquid throat.

S YLVIA. So oft you grieve, some shepherds say,
And only jeft, when you betray;
And only, &c.

Deck but your song with truth's alone,
My virgin heart shall be your own.

P HILAN. The turtle shall forsake his love,
Ere I to thee inconstant prove;
Ere I, &c.

B E T H. When beauty opens all her charms,
And honour flies to beauty's arms,
Sweet peace and love take up their crown
And virtue then ascends her throne;
And virtue, &c.

17

W ITH joy and mirth our vall
On ev'ry spray sweet warblers su
Whil'st echo soft repeats the strain
Of many a nymph's and rustic sw
In all their sports I bore a part,
When com'ring love first touch'd

R O M P E A U.

No maid so blithe, so blest'd;
Nor knew of Cupid's wiles,
Till first I met young Damon
And mark'd his beauteous
Ah ! then what rapture fill'd
And rush'd thro' every vein
What tumult strange, my son
Tho' first a pleading pain,
Too soon, alas ! I lost my red
And absent, now I feel
That love's keen wound
No time can ever heal.

18

W HICH is best, ye caufi
To be grave, or to be gay
Still to weep and never lip
(In the Penitentio)
So sit moping like a nun,
Or so frisk it in the sun,
Where the scenes of mirth
And the glad appointment

A 1. r.

If the maid avoid excess,
Better sing, and dance and
And indulge the calls of j
While the forfeit not her
Kigour and severe demean
Are not decent at sixteen
And the character is lost,
Study'd at good nature's e
She that meditates the m
Is not always virtue's bos
Nor the pleasant, jocund
Always peaceful and

I, and smart,
at heart,
read
their head.

, Myrilla cries,
wanton eyes ;
il air,
s fair ;
und at sight,
iercing light.

I.V.E.
ng to prove
s of love ;
; for he
; for me.

presume,
h to come;
ns or gold
ne'er be fuld.
to make,
I take.

I.V.E.
affus' summit throng,
lays along ;
with thee bring,
ing sing.

ng vine ;
ect cul,
blet full.
es,
re beguilea ;
ur strife,
n life.
ng bowl,
control,
claim,
frame.

21

[*A Cobler there was*]
YE sons of the bottle attend to my muse,
Who boldly has ventur'd her subject to choose,
From Hogarth's keen pencil, which justly displays
The foibles frail man ev'ry moment betrays.

Derry Down, &c.

Old Time on the clock had proclaim'd the last hour
When Bacchus began to exhibit his power ;
Poor Reason was forc'd to take flight from the room
And leave a-sis and folly their reign to assume.

Derry Down, &c.

[*A Soldier and a Sailor.*]

The Captain and Physician,
Were got in strange division
Which had the greatest skill, Sir,
And who the most did kill, Sir,
When thus began their fray ;
At length so high it rose, Sir,
From words they fell to blows, Sir,
And soon the fierce cockade, Sir,
Upon the floor was laid, Sir,
The Doctor gain'd the day.

[*Religion's a politic Law.*]

A rasc'y fac'd son of the church,
Who thought all religion a hum,
Had left his poor flock in the lurch,
To tip the glass over his thumb :
The Patriarch (he said) thought no shame,
With women and wine to be bles'd ;
Then why should not we do the same,
So merrily drank to the best.

[*The Afs.*]

The Lawyer so arch, with his wig plac'd awry
On noddle well fronted with brass,
Grins, stammers and hiccups, and cocking his eye,
Thus makes of his client an ass.
"The case you have told, to be sure is as clear,
As the winc that now smiles in this glas ;
But 'ounds! right or wrong, Sir, you need not care
I'd prove that a horse is an ass."

D 42

RECITATIVE.

AS I sat joyous in a pleasant room,
Where none but choicest spirits ever come,
A song was call'd; silence aloud proclaim,
For mirth and joy was e're hum'man's aim:
Up starts a genius, and he thus begun,
Hoping to please each social son;
To wine and music he address'd his song,
In words like these, or these, he sung:

A. B.

O bring me music, bring me wine,
Go fill the sprightly bowl;
'Tis only wine and music can
Relieve the wounded soul.
Apollo, tune thy trembling lyre;
Great *Bacchus, found thy ton;*
And whilst thou dost the chorus fill,
Our joys can ne'er be done.
Then take the cup and fill it high,
Such joys to us belong;
Then let us with cheerful hearts
Invoke the god of song.
Come, god of mirth and revelry,
Come bring thy merry rounds,
And shew the cynic fool, that he
Such joys has never found.
Sacred to mirth, this spot, my friends,
Ye social sons decree;
Let us, then, consecrate this night
To wit and jollity:
Come let the cup with wine o'erflow;
The bottle push about;
Come fill, my bro her bloods, around,
The starry liquor out.

RECITATIVE.

ABOUT the time when busy faces meet,
And carts and coaches rumble in each street;
When madam rises, and the tea-things rattle;
And all the sex prepare for general tattle,
The maidlin libertines are let to know,

They m
A coach
To be,
His wo
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y transgres'd,
've express'd,
lly, much grief and contrition.
netimes,
at small crimes,
elax, and be kind &
mmit;
submit,
me, as painted, quite blind.

— 29 —

R E C I T A T I V E.
t with ev'ry grace,
music's needles aid ;
nquer'd by her face,
Strephon, smiling said.

A R.

nature may deny,
f beauty's melting glance,
our toil and try
song, or form the dance ;
arms alone suffice,
music of your eyes.

R E C I T A T I V E
hanc'd to overhear,
s he approach'd more near,
not trust the swain,
y honest strain.

A R.

old of beauty's pow'g,
warms the tuneful lay ;
d person ev'ry hour
eal our hearts away ;
ling is the prize,
e ears, and foods have eyes !
ymph, indeed to bles,
erthief swain you've won ;
sound and colour less,
u fortyour sense alone ;
'lcks are behind,
yprove the aged ;

— 30 —

R E C I T A T I V E.

As in a pensive form *Myrilla* sat,
Revolving on the will of fate,
A sprightly youth, devoid of care,
Advanc'd, and thus address'd the fair.

A R.

Thou vernal bloom of beauty's tree,
I'm come to buy a heart of thee :
With transport I receiv'd the tale,
That such a gem was up for sale.
Could I command the starry train,
For thee I'd give it back again ;
And, If I could, to make thee mine,
The universe should all be thine.
Go hence, (the maid with softness cries;) —
Merit the best deserves the prize :
The tale you've heard was falsely told ;
Myrilla's heart can ne'er be sold.

— 31 —

R E C I T A T I V E.

As porter *Will* along St. Paul's did move,
Deprest'd with weighty load, but more by love,
By chance the fair *Cerissa* there he found,
Crying her fine heart-cherries, round & sound [her
Will, Joyous, instant pitch'd, then straight car'd &
And leaning o'er the barrow thus address'd her

A R.

Thy lips are cherries, sweeter far
Than those which in the barrow are ;
With such a store of charms, 'tis well
You may have stolen hearts to sell.
Mine, dear *Cerissa*, too, you know,
You stole it from me long ago ;
And now I stoop to ask of thee,
To give it back, or marry me.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Cerissa archly leerings as he spake,
Whose all the cherry blushed on her cheek,
The mellowest fruit, unsoote'd could scarce
And sent like thunder at his doleful face.

CANTATAS, &c.

Then grasp'd her barrow, trundled soft along,
And looking round at *Will*, triumphant sung.

A I R.

Shall I, posseſt'd of all these charms,
Sleep nightly in a porter's arms!
M' ambitious soul detests such scum,
And fights for conquests yet to come.
Fair youths my for'reign pow'r shall feel!
Ten thousand hearts I daily steal,
And beauteous nymphs shall envious see
Crown'd heads and dukes submit to me.

32

RECITATIVE.

*T*WAS at the gate of *Caleis*, Hogarth tells,
Where sad despair and famine always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, madam Granfire's cook,
As home he stee'd his carcass, that way took;
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd sirloin,
On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine:
Good father *Dominick* by chance came by.
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he beflow'd;
And as the solid fat his fingers pref'd,
He lick'd his chops, and thus the Knight address'd.

A I R. [*A lovely lass to a friar came, &c.*] Oh rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
If I were doom'd to have thee,
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
And swimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd
Should from my fury save thee
Renown'd sirloin, oft-times decreed
The theme of *English* ballad;
On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate;
Then how much doth thy taste exceed
Soup-meagre, frogs and salad!

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale and lean,
Who such a fight before had never seen,
Like Garrick's frightened Hamlet, gaping stood,
And gas'd with wonder on the British food.

His morning's meat forsook the friendly bed,
And in small streams along the pavement roll'd.
He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart rise,
And then in plaintive tone declar'd his gri-

A I R. [*Fool's Miser*.]

Ah! sacre Dieu! vat do I fee yonder,
Dat look so tempting red and vite?
Begar, it is de roast beef from *Londz*;
Oh! grant to me von lettie bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
And cruel fate dis boon denies;
In kind compaffion unto my pleading,
Return, and let me feast mine eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right *Hibernian* clay,
Whose brazen front his country did betray,
From *Tyburn*'s fatal tree had hither fled,
By honest means to gain his daily bread,
Soon as the well-known prospect he deffey'd:
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd:

A I R. [*Ellen a Ross.*]

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach wiz!
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach wiz!
So taking thy fight is,

My joy, that so light is,
To view thee, by pailfulls runs out at my e
While here I remain, my life's not worth a s
While here I remain, my life's not worth a s
Ah hard-hearted *Louie*!

Why did I come to you?
The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd u

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor *Sewney* site,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy i
But when old *England*'s bulwark he esp'y'd,
His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown sid
With lifted hand he blest'd his native place
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd hi

A I R. [*The brawm of Caledon Knoo.*]
How hard, oh! *Sweeny*, is thy lot,
Who was so blithe of late,
To see such meat as can't be got,
When hunger is so great?

onny beef,
ice and brown;
e of thee,
ould gang down!
st thou not been seen,
happ'd to me;
had pick'd mine ey'n,
d wi' thes.
ef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

o England takes her flight,
plenty socially unite; [throne,
freedom guards great George's
hains, & tortures are not known,
in loftiest strains shall ring,
t me leave to sing.

A 1. 2.

: a young frog, pert and vain,
grasing o'er the wide plain,
he could quickly attain,
ast beef of old *England*,
the old *English* roast beef.
ching his weak little frame,
by like a knowing old dame,
tempt it you're surely to blame."
ast beef, &c.

, he for glory did thirst;
ir'd more strong than the first,
training too hard made him burst.
ast beef, &c.

valiant, the moral is clear;
land, the frog is *Monsieur*,
travadoes we need never fear.
ast beef, &c.

ommerce and arts we are able
smoking hot on the table,
en burst like the frog in the fable.
ast beef of old England,
the old English roast beef.

33

RECITATIVE.

BRITONS, attend; I sing in merry lay,
The feats achiev'd upon a Lord-mayor's day;
What surfeits caught, what feeding when they dine;
What sober citizens get drunk by nine;
What fights are seen; what ratling, fuss and noise,
Of coaches, carts, men, women, girls, and boys,
Who streets, bulks, windows, tops of houses throng,
To view his lordship pass in state along.

A 1. 2. [*Ob! London is a fine town. &c.*]

Oh! Lord-Mayor's shew, so brave and gay,
Does honour to the city;
And old and young, and rich and poor,
Must own 'tis vastly pretty,
To see the gilded coach and six,
And man in armour ride,
In pomp and splendor, from *Guildhall*,
Unto the water-side.
And when the barges closely pent,
Such plenty of good cheer,
What pity 'tis so fine a sight,
Should come but once a year!
Oh! Lord-Mayor's show, so brave, &c.

RECITATIVE.

The buffle o'er, the cavalcade gone by,
The mob dispers'd, "To dinner's" all the cry.
With hasten'd steps, as keenest hunger calls,
The starv'd mechanics seek their diff'rent halls;
At the full-groaning board each takes his seat,
With brandish'd knife and fork, prepar'd to eat.

A 1. 2. [*Gifts of every occupation.*]

Cits of ev'ry occupation,
Ev'ry age, and ev'ry station,
Parsons, justices of quorum,
All with napkins tuck'd before 'em,
Press to have their plates fill'd first.
With the victuals here such work is,
Snatching turtles, geese, and turkeys,

Hares, with puddings in their bellies,
Cheesecakes, custards, tarts and jellies ;
Bawling, swearing,
Cutting, tearing,
Sweating, puffing,
Licking, stuffing,
Just as if they all wou'd burst.

R E C I T A T I V E .

Their prowl now in eating having prov'd,
The dishes emptied, and the cloth remov'd ;
Again the table smiles with wine and ale,
And toasts and bumpers ev'ry where prevail ; [lie
Some talk, some laugh, some smock, some finding
And some with joy songs old care defy.
AIR. [Come bister, my country 'squire, &c.]
Come fill the glass to the brink ;
Brisk wine soon away sorrow drives ;
Like cowards ne'er shrink, but valiantly drink
Confusion to bailiffs and wives.

C O R O N A Y .

Such soaking, such smoaking and joking,
Such guzzling here you see ;
The buck and furr'd guwn together fit down,
And all are good company.
To enjoy life while we may,
I'll prove from the scripture, is right :
Old Lot us'd they say, to fuddle all day,
And lie with his doxy at night.
Such soaking, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E .

But soon the luscious grape too potent grows ;
Mirth and good humour turn to words and blows ;
Now Rogue and Cuckold through the hall resound,
And wigs, and canes, and cravats flew the ground ;
Till bright Aurora rear'd her rosy head,
And bids the noisy crew reel home to bed.

AIR. [There was a jovial beggar, &c.]

Let heroes, both by land and sea,
Their deeds in battle boast ;
They only fame acquire now,
Who eat and drink the most.
Then a guttling we will go; will go, will go ;
Then a guttling we will go.

In story An ox flew with his m³,
Then at a meal he eat him up,
Gods ! what a glorious twif !
Then a guttling, &c.

If then good erting's so renown'd,
Be this each Briton's pray'r,
" God blesse the Court of Aldermen,
" The Sheriffs and Lord Mayor,
When a guttling they, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E .
TWAS when the feas we
With hollow blasts of wi
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd :
Wide o'er the foaming bill
She cast a wishful look ;
Her head was crows'd wi
That trembled o'er the

A I R .

Twelve months are gone
And nine long tedious ;
Why didst thou, vent're
Why didst thou trust
Cease, cease, thou rolli
And let my lover re
Ah ! what's thy trout
To that within my
The merchant, robb'
Views tempests wi
But what's the losi
To the losing of i
Should you some ce
Where gold ar d
You'd find a riche
But none that h
How can they say
Has nothing n
Waythen, bene
Do hideous,

rocks discover,
beneath the deep,
wand'ring lover,
the maid to weep.

y lying,
d she for her dear,
laft with sighing,
v with a tear :
e white waves stooping,
; corpse she spy'd ;
ily drooping,
her head—and dy'd.

— 35 —

S H E.

'f thou leave thy *Nancy*,
thy native shore,
to my fancy,
all see the more.

ft leave my *Nancy*,
ole haughty *Spain*,
'er fill thy fancy,
hall meet again.

foaming billows,
und'rning cannons roar,
k on these green willows,
; yourself on shore.

and ner water;
sword or fire;
evenge and slaughter
hat I desire.

an gods protect thee
ter, fire, or steel,
no fears affect thee
'e which now I feel,

av'n's protection,
my only dear;
ny foul's affection,
uclude me here.

— 36 —

R E C I T A T I V E.
AS tink'ring Tom thro' streets his trade did cry,
He saw his lovely *Sylvia* passing by ;
In dust-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waist :
Tom with uplifted hands th' occasion blest,
And thus, in soothing strains, th' maid address'd.

A I R.

O *Sylvia*, while you drive your cart,
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts ;
You take up dust, and steal our hearts :
That mine is gone, alas ! is true,
And dwells among the dust with you ;
And dwells among the dust with you ;
Ah ! lovely *Sylvia*, ease my pain ;
Give me my heart, you stole, again ;
Give me my heart, out of your cart ;
Give me my heart, you stole, again.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about :
She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as fœo,
And look'd disdain on little folks below :
To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on,
Tnd then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, stop *John*.

A I R.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry croud opprest ?
Ambition now my soul does fire ;
The youths shall languish and admire,
And ev'y girl with anxious heart
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart ;
And ev'y girl with anxious heart
Shall long to ride in my dust cart.

— 37 —

H E.

CAST, my love, thine eyes around,
See the sportive lambkins play ;
Nature gaily decks the ground,
All in honour of the May.

E e

CANTATAS, &c.

Like the sparrow and dove,
Listen to the voice of love.

S H E. *Damæn,* thou hast found me long
Lusting to thy loathing tale,
And thy soft persuasive tongue
Often heard me in the dale;
Take, on! *Damæn,* while I live;
All which virtue ought to give.

H E R. Not the vercure of the grove,
Nor the garden's fairest flow'r,
Nor the meads where lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal hour,
Can o'eright thy *Damæn's* eye,
If *Flora* is not by.

S H E. Now the water's gentle fall,
By the bank with poplars crown'd,
Nor the feather'd songsters all,
Nor the flute's melodious sound,
Can delight *Flora's* ear,
If her *Damæn* is not near.

EOTH. Let us love, and let us live,
Like the cheerful season gay;
Banish care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant *Mys*;
Like the sparrow and the dove,
Listen to the voice of love.

— 38 —

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met, the social band
Round sumptuous *Ascan* took their silent stand;
My sons (be on the sage) be this the rule;
No bravo quite enough dare approach my school,
Where love and *Bacchus* jointly reign within;
Old care, begone! here sadness is a sin.

A I R.

Tell me not the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, or him that's great;
We both and wisdom I despise;
Care's surround the rich and wise;
The queen that gives first wishes birth,
And *Lucius*, god of wine and mirth;

Me their friend and favorite end,
And I was born for them alone:
Business, title, pomp and fame,
Give them to the tools I hate.
But let love, let life be mine;
Bring me women, bring me wine;
Speed the dancing hours away;
Mind not what the grave ones say;
Gaily let the minutes fly,
In wit and freedom, love and joy;
So shall love, shall life be mine;
Bring me woman, bring me wine.

— 39 —

RECITATIVE.

SEE! with rosy banners streaming,
Young-ey'd morn ascends the skies!
Why, dear *Chloe*, art thou dreaming?
Wake, my fair! my love, arise!

A I R.

Break the filken bards of *Morpheus*,
Hark aerial concents flow;
Sweet, methinks, a lyre of *Orpheus*,
When he fought the shades below.
See! the lark aloft is soaring;
Now, with undulating strains,
Phœbus, her fate deploring,
Charms the spacious happy plains.

— 40 —

RECITATIVE.

A Wretch 'ong tortur'd with disdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd, in vain,
At length a god of wine address'd,
Sure refuge of a wounded breast.

A I R.

Vouchsafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid;
Teach me to gain the cruel maid;
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks, and cheer his heart.

RECITATIVE.

To *Bacchus* thus the lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly red wench cry'd;

A I R.

g o'er, be brisk and gay,
is sneaking form away :
es mien approach the fair;
conquer is to dare.

R E C I T A T I V E.
su'd the god's advice ;
as now no longer nice :

A I R.

and spoke the sex's mind ;
row daring, we grow kind :
selves are most severe,
ts tyrants by their fear.

41

C O L I N. . . . [we hear !
k ! o'er the plains what glad tumults
e nymphs and the shepherds appear !
nd robes new deck'd are the bow'rs,
a bears a garland of flowers,
life, what it means understand :
ural festival surely at hand ;
r sheep-shearing, now can take place ;
I tell me the truth of the case.

P H I L L I S. . . .
nest lad !—why surely you know
prepard in the village below,
young Thyrsis, so fam'd and ador'd,
the sister of Corin our lord ;
whose beauty, good-nature, and ease,
strike, & all judgements can please ;
ut praise must the matter give o'er ;
at he i.—and I need say no more.

C O L I N. . . .
too claims all that honour can lend,
o's glory, their champion & friend,
t memorials scarce speak his deserts,
is name is engrav'd on their hearts,

P H I L L I S. . . .
he bridal, behold how they throng,
conducting his sweet-heart along ;
agon all nature inspir'd
tions and cheerful desires.

D U E T T O.

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preside,
All-gracious look down on the bridegroom & bride,
That beauty, and virtue, and valour may shine
In a race like themselves, with no end to the line ;
Let honour and glory, and riches and praise,
Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days ;
And, while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
O ! may they live easy as those in a cot !

42

D A M O N.

C Ontent'd all day will I sit by your side,
Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the cool tide ;
And, while the clear river runs purling along,
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

L A U R A :

While you are but by me, no danger I fear ;
Ye lambs rest in safety, my Damon is near ; [please,
Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may
For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease ;
For my shepherd, &c.

D A M O N.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
The wife of each heart, & the theme of each lay ;
Ne'er yield to the swain till he makes you a wife,
For he who loves truly will take you for life ;
Or he who, &c.

L A U R A :

[fair,
Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the
'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care ;
Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to defend ;
Nor betray, &c.

D U E T T O.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd ;
Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found :
Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
To preserve in their age, what they gain'd in their
To preserve in their age, &c.

A I.R.
WHILE others barter ease for state,
And fondly aim at growing great,
Let me (with rosy chaplet crown'd)
Stretch'd on the flow'r-enamell'd ground,
The grape's nectareous joices quaff,
Alternate sing and love and laugh.
Already see the purple juice
Resplendent o'er my cheek diffuse
A second youth! — gain the bowl
With warm desires inflames my soul.

RECITATIVE

Quickly, ah quickly! must I leave
The joys that wile and beauty give;
Soon must I quit my wonted mirth,
And mle with my parent earth,
Where kings, divested of their state,
With slaves sustain a common fate.

A.I.R.

Let then the present hour be mine,
Blest in the joys of love and wine:
Come, ye virgin-throng, advance,
And mingle in the sprightly dance!
To the lyre's enchanting sound
Nimbly tread the blithsome round;
While the genial bowl inspites
Soft delight and gay desires.

R E C I T A T I V E ..
WHEN Flora o'er the garden stray'd,
And ev'ry blooming swet survey'd,
As o'er the dew-dipt flow'r's she hung,
Thus wrapt in joy she fondly sung.

A.I.R.

The early snow-drop, primrose pale,
The tulip gay, the lily fair,
Each flow'r that loads the scented gale
Deserves their Flora's tender care,
Deserves their Flora's tender care.

But none of summer's gaudy pride
Such sweetness breathe, or charms tickle
As that dear flow'r that blooms beside,
None pleases like the blushing rose,
As that dear flow'r, &c.

The balmy Zephyrs round thee play,
And golden luns exert their pow'r
To bring thy beauties to the day,
And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r,
And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r.
A garland gay, the nymphs and swains
May make from ev'ry sweet that grows
And meaner things may please the plains
But thou art mine thou lovely rose,
And meander things, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E .
FROM Pepper Isle, so fam'd of old, I
To raise recruits, with merry sife and di
The queen of beauty here, by me invit
Each nymph and swain to taste of sweet i
Obev the call, and seek the happy land,
Where Captain Cupid bears the sole com

A.I.R.

Ye nymphs and ye swains who are youth
Attend to the call, and be blest while ye
Lads and ladies hither come
To the sound of the drum.
I have treasure in store which you never

Then haste, let us rove
To the island of love.

Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is que
E ch nymph of sixteen who would fain be
Shall soon have a partner to blest her fel

Then hasten hither come
To the sound of the drum.

I have sweethearts in store such as never
Haste, haste, let us rove
To the island of love;
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is que

I can bless him for life,
With a kind loving wife,
A beautiful fair than was nymph ever seen,
Then haste, let us rove
To the island of love,
Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen,
We know of nor discord nor strife,
Nymph and each swain may be happy for life,
In transport and joy,
We each moment employ,
Such delights as were never yet seen;
Then haste, let us rove
To the island of love,
Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen,

— 46 —

R E C I T A T I V E .
Had appointment Celia made,
Saw'd the myrtle bow' t;
Waiting, long poor Damon stay'd
At the promis'd hour;
Was able to contain
Anxious expectation,
As he sought t'allay his pain,
Thus his passion:

A I R .
All the sex deceitful,
A long and last adieu,
As women prove ungrateful,
As long as men prove true,
Pains they give are many,
And oh! too hard to bear;
Joys they give—if any,
Are short, and insincere.

R E C I T A T I V E .
Tom mama got loose,
At the calm retreat;
Laid the begg'd excuse,
Tardy feet.

The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
His joy could not restrain,
But as each tender thought increas'd,
Thus chang'd his railing strain.

A I R .

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymphs appearing,
After absence or despair;
Women wife increase desiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing or retiring,
All they mean—is more to please.

— 47 —

R E C I T A T I V E .
Amphytrion and his bride, a god-like pair,
He, brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair,
On thrones of gold, in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchless splendor held the nuptial feast,
Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung,

A I R .

Was mighty Jove descending,
With all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine;
His shafts of boited thunder
With boldnes, I deride,
Not heav'n itself can funder,
The hearts that love hasty'd.

R E C I T A T I V E accompanied.

The thund'rer heard, he look'd with vengeance down,
Till beauty's glance disarm'd his awful frown;
The magic impulse of Alcmena's eyes,
Compel'd the conq'ring god to quit the skies,
He feign'd the husband's form, posfe'st her charms,
And punish'd his presumption in her arms.

A I R .

He deserves sublimest pleasure,
Who reveals it not when won,
Beauty's like thy
Boast it, —

3
Learn by this, unguarded lover,
When your secret sighs prevail,
Not to let your tongue discover
Raptures that it should conceal.

R E C I T A T I V E.
48

To try her shepherd, once a fair one plac'd
A fav'rite Girdle round her slender waist ;
This Girdle now shall part me into two,
Gay Phyllis cries, and either half's for you ; [like,
Made then your choice, and take which share you
A passion or a sentiment shall fit like.
The artful Strephon soon his silence broke,
Look'd at the nymph, and thus his rapture spoke :

A 1 r.
Then give those looks that speak and tell
Where honour, truth, and heart fence ;
And what can life itself endear ;
That wit and wisdom still be mine,
The flowing tongue, still the temper free :
Below the Girdle I resign,
The upper half, dear girl, for me.

R E C I T A T I V E.
Our nymph the shepherd's arguments approv'd,
Strephon for this by Phyllis must be lov'd ;
Her thoughts she thus express'd in accents sweet,
And dropp'd the while the Girdle at her feet.

By the Girdle —
See a charm, I'm all you.
Greater is the shepherd's pleasure,
Who both mind and body gains ;
You who chose the soul's best treasure,
Take my person for your pains.

R E C I T A T I V E.
49

Y oung Damon long had lov'd, and long had
The nymph he lov'd, lov'd him, but was a
A length resolv'd, no longer to endure
Those cruel frowns, those frowns a kinder that were
He left the maid, and sought a kinder far
Now Daphne mourns her folly in despair,
Ye nymphs be warn'd, and make in despair.
The heart your smiles can wound, your k

A 1 r.

Nymphs be kind, and you shall find
Your graces will improve ;
Gentle smiles, soft pleasing wile
Are all the arms of love !
Scorn to tease the heart you've
Quick take the favor'd swain
Nor frown on those by love u
When smiles might sooth u

SOCIAL and CONVIVAL SO

SONG I.

As Bacchus and Marsyas together were sitting,
Surfing on subjects their godships behirring,
Friend Bacchus, I ne'er cou'd
An wine ! [divine

And when they have wanted,
Since I, my good friend, have
For tho' the rich clusters the
I always take care to supply
Their neighbours in France
To compensate this want, i
you know that when
he decreed

is aight waiting but this,
e'en heav'n in bl'se?
uteous we often behold,
r clay in your mistref's mould ;
such valour display in the field,
yourself ev'ry enemy yield [show
regret, tho' no grapes they can
it those in whose kingdoms they

— 2 ————— [grow.
rial companions forsake,
ecess to partake ;
friend, I'll retreat to the vine,
but its nectar be mine ;
arate pleasure produce,
, whilst I glow with its juice ;
with his rapture can vie,
ing, yet always is dry.
f his flames and his darts,
s, and his conquest of hearts,
wanton, and sport with the gay,
and desert where he may :
erente of love must deplore,
en tasted, are favours no more ;
joys with his extacy vie,
ing, yet always is dry ?
me, has charms for us all,
'd they're charms that must pall
odor may lure for a while,
k of its weight and its toil ;
e compar'd, my brave boy,
ighten the more we enjoy ;
pow'r's ! with this wish to com-
nking, yet always be dry ! [ply

— 3 —————
gently gliding stream,
e budding violets spring,
eauties beam,
Delia sing ;
combine,
entwine,
amorous kisses,
human blisse,

In extacy I sigh and say,
Thus let me love my life away.
Whene'er the jocund bowl we pass,
And merry song and tale go round ;
When wine is sparkling in the glass,
And joke and sprightly wit abound,
With catch and glee,
Good humour free ;
While thus we find our joys increasing,
Laughter roars with mirth unceasing,
In extacy I pant and say,
Thus let me laugh my life away :
O lovely woman ! gen'r'ous wine !
These potent pleasures let me quaff ;
Thy raptures, wit, O make them mine ;
Oh ! let me love, and drink, and laugh !
Each rising thought,
With music fraught,
Where all is pleasure, nothing wanting,
All harmonious, all enchanting,
In extacy I pant and say,
Thus let me sing my life away.

SONS of Ocean, fam'd in story,
Wont to wear the laurel'd brow ;
Liften to your rising glory,
Growing honoures wait you now ;
Think not servile adulation
Mealy marks my grateful song,
All the praises of the nation
Giv'n to you, to you belong ;
And rival kingdoms send from far
Their plaudits to the British Tar.
'Tis not now your valiant daring—
Courage you've for ages shewn ;
'Tis not now your mild forbearing,—
Pity ever was your own ;
'Tis your Prince, so lov'd, so pleasing,
Spreads your fame thro' distant lands,
And the Trident nobly seizing,
Grasps it in his youthful hands ;
Proud to boast in peace or war,
The virtues of the British Tar.

When the times were big with danger,
See your Royal shipmate go,
And to every fear a stranger,
Brave the fury of the foe : .
Now when smiling Peace rejoices,
Greet him with a sailor's arts ;
Chear his presence with your voices,
Pay his service with your hearts,
And be henceforth your leading star,
The gallant, Royal *British* Tar.

WHILE the lads in the village shall merrily, ah !
Sound the tabor, I'll hand thee along,
And I say unto thee, that verily, ah !
Thou and I will be first in the throng,
Just then, when his youth who last year won the
With his mate shall the sport have begun, [dow'r
When the gay voice of gladness is heard from each
And though long it in thine heart to make one. [bow'r
Those joys that are harmless what mortal can blame,
'Tis my maxim that youth should be free,
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the
Believe thou shalt perfectly see, [same
While the lads, &c.

OH ! the days when I was young !
When I laugh'd in fortune's spite,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.
Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drowns.
Oh ! the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
Why I vow I ne'er could see ;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me :
For when sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falsehood's mask ;
But still honest truth I found,
In the bottom of each flask !
'b ! the days, &c.

True at length my vigor
I have years to bring d
Few the locks that now
And the few I have a
Yet, old Jerome, thou m.
While thy spirits do n
Still beneath thy age's fr
Glow a spark of yout
Oh ! the days, &c.

COME now all ye so
Shed your influence
Crown with joy the pi
Enliven those before
Bring the flask, the m
Joy shall quickly fi
Drink and dance and I
And cast dull care b
Friendship, with thy I
Brighten all our fea
What but friendship, I
Can make us happy
Bring the flask, &
Love, thy Godhead I a
Source of gen'rous p
But will ne'er bow dov
Those idols, wealth
Bring the flask, &
Why the plague should
Whilst on earth we :
Whether we're merry,
We ev'ry day grow
Bring the flask, &
Then since Time will
Spite of all our sorri
Heighen ev'ry joy to
And never mind to:
Bring the flask, &

OH ! the little God of v
He makes us all as child

ft sixty-two,
sckles lot !
w he drew,
me he shot.

g went the firing,
izz flew the dart,
grey goose wing,
an old man's heart.

ll be merry,
down derry ;
or ow I'll drown,
ry down, down,
igh at them all,
de rol lol.

ook and fountain brim,
oh deck'd with daisies trim,
kes and pastimes keep ;
to do wi' sleep ?

s sweets to prove,
i wakens love ;
r rites begin,
ght that makes fin.

IO
a bowl, a mighty bowl,
y capacious soul ;
thirst is, let it have
igh to be my grave ;
grave of all my care,
a to bury't there.

lver fashion'd be,
wine, worthy of me ;
adorn 'e spheres,
ight cup 'mongst the stars,
a bowl, &c.

II
bebas sinketh in the west,
ong and welcome jest,
bouts and revelry,
e and jollity ;
locks with rosy twine,
own, dropping wine,

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice with scrup'lous head ;
Strict age, and four severity,
With their grave faws in flumber lie ;
With, &c.

STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak,
Let not a word on board be spoke,
Victory soon will crown the joke,
Be silent and be ready :
Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,
Let us be sure the balls will tell,
The cannon's roar shall sound their knell,
Be steady, boys, be steady.

Not yet, nor yet—reserve your fire,
I do desire,
Now the elements do rattle,
The god. am z'd b:bold the battle,
A broadside, my boys.

See the blood in purple tide,
Trickle down her batter'd side,
Wing'd with fate the bullets fly,
Conquer bows or bravely die ;
Hurl destruction on your foes.
She sinks, huzza, to the bottom down the goss.

WHILE I'm at the tavern quaffing,
Well disposed for t'other quart ;
Come my wife to spoil my laughing,
Telling me 'tis time to part ;
Words I knew were unavailing,
Yet I sternly answer'd, no !
'Till from motives more prevailing,
Sittin down she treads my toe.

Such kind tokens, to my thinking,
Most emphatically prove ;
That the joys, which flow from drinking,
Are averse to those of love ;
Farewell, friends, and t'other boutle,
Since I can no longer stay,
Love, more learn'd than Aristotle,
Has to move me found the way.

SOCIAL AND CONVIVIAL SONGS.

— 14 —

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
Likewise to her that has none, sir;
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to her that's but one sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.
Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.
Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young, or patient, I care not a feather;
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass..

— 15 —

I Crave not Gyge's boundless pow'r,
Nor wish I for the golden store!
I envy not the regal state
Of pompous kings, supremely great;
For mirth and joy alone I care.
And wreaths of roses for my hair.
To-day I banish ev'ry sorrow,
Nor think I of the coming morrow.
While chance permits, we'll drink and laugh,
And Bacchus' gifts in goblets quaff;
For sooner than we wish comes death,
And stops our drinking, and—our breath.

— 16 —

As I on purple tapstry lay,
And slept the tedious night away,

Well warm'd within
With sparkling wine,
I seem'd with virgins brisk as *May*,
To dance, and sing, and wanton play.
The shepherds all together flew,
And envious glanc'd, and look'd askew;
And ev'ry swain
Upon the plain
Both envy'd and reproach'd me too,
That I with virgins had to do.
An am'rous kiss I would have ta'en;
But, waking, found my hopes were vain;
Then curs'd the day,
Whose glaring ray
Bereav'd me of so sweet a pain;
And strove to sleep and dream again.

— 17 —

BID me, when forty winters more
Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow;
When from my head, a scanty store,
Lankly the wither'd tresses flow:
When the warm tide, that bold and free,
Now rolls impetuous on, and free,
Languid and slow scarce creeps along,
Then bid me court sobriety.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene,
Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean
That age should reason—youth desire,
Shall then that rebel, man, presume
(Inverting nature's law) to seize
The dues of age in youth's bright bloom,
And join impossibilities?

No!—let me waste the frolic *May*,
In wanton joys, and wild excess;
In revel sport, and laughter gay,
And mirth, and jovial cheerfulness.
Woman, the soul of all delights
And vice, the aid of love, be near;
All charm me that to me incite,
And ev'ry she, that chid, to me

...ful boy,
of wine and joy,
ites my foul
ptures of the bowl.
feather'd feet I bound,
f festive round;
in sparkling wine,
elicate, divine.
rightly music warms;
e, and beauty charms!
and light, and gay,
e the hours away.

— 19 —
AIN ! pipe up all hands hoy !
r man and boy !
ake fail, give chase,
ben splice main brace !
ip ! my boys, she's *French* !
lip here's to each wench.
of, boys, higher;
and by—fire !
she strikes ! our's is the day.
ize ! belay, belay !

— 20 —
oast, my good fellow, be jovial & gay,
risk moments pals jocund away ! [tousl,
g-take your bumpers, my brave *British*
our fair freedom shall crown your full
ng & happy, see *Louis* brought [bowls
: comforts, no cares, of a crown [down

— 21 —
r and blow the fire,
ton down to roast :
'tis my desire,
g pan a toast,
t may remove ;
eat I love,
t it lies ;
g white and red !
met my eyes,
gras it fed :

Swiftly make the jack go round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.
On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean ;
Pickles get of ev'ry sort,
And a salad crisp and green :
Then with small beer, and sparkling wine,
O, ye gods ! how I shall dine !

— 22 —
GOD save great *George*, our king !

Long live our noble king,

God save the king !

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us,

God save the king.

O Lord, our God, arise,

Scatter his enemies,

And make them fall ;

Confound their po-iticks,

Frustrate their knavish tricks ;

On him our hopes we fix ;

God save us all.

The choicest gifts in store,

On *George* be pleas'd to pour,

Long may he reign ;

May he defend our laws,

And ever give us cause,

To sing with heart and voice,

God save the king.

— 23 —
How stands the glass around ?
For shame, ye take no care, my boys ;
How stands the glass around ?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets sound,
The colours they are flying, boys,
To fight, kill, or wound ;
May we still be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose bus'ness 'tis to die?
What fighting, fie!
Drown fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,
'Tis he, you, or I?
Cold, hot, wet or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.
'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys;
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain;
Should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

24

HAIL! Burgundy, thou juice divine!
Inspire of my song!
The praises given to other wine,
To thee alone belong;
Of poignant wit and rosy charms
Thou canst the power impr'e;
Care of it's sting thy balm disarms,
Thou noblest gift of Jove.
Bright Phœbus on the parent vines,
From whence thy current streams,
Sweet shining thro' the tendil shames,
And lavish darts his beams;
The pregnant grape receives his fires,
And all his force retains;
With that tame wroth our brains inspires,
And animates ev'ry strain.
From thee my Chloe's radiant eye
New sparkling beams receives;
Her cheeks imbibe a rosier dye,
Her beauteous bosom heaves;
Summon'd to love by thy ala ms.,
With what nervous heat,

Worthy the fair, we fill their arms,
And oft our bliss repeat!
The Stoic, prone to thought intense,
Thy softness can unbind,
A cheerful gaiety dispense,
And make him taste a friend:
His brow grows clear, he feels content,
Forgets his penive strife;
And then concludes his time well spent,
In honest social life.
E'en beaux, thos'e soft amphibious things,
Wrapt up in self and drees,
Quite lost to the delight that springs
From sense, thy pow'r confess;
The fop, with chitty maudlin face,
That dares but deeply drink,
Forgets his queue and stiff grimace,
Grows free, and seems to think.

25

I Heed not, while life's on the wing,
What fate or what fortune may bring,
Nor think or of care or of sorrow;
Would you know why so happy and gay;
I've liv'd, my companions, to-day,
And will waste not a thought on to-morrow.
What pleasures a ready are flown,
The joys my fond heart might have known
I could not repeat without sorrow!
When eagerly brimm'd the brisk wine,
When Jove, half consenting, was mine,
A whisper came, stay till to-morrow.
I'll live, for I'm wiser at last,
The present shall pay for the past,
No moment of future I'll borrow;
The cheat now I slyly defry;
On to-day you must only rely,
Look not for a friend in to-morrow.
I'll catch ev'ry swift-flying hour,
I'll taste ev'ry joy in my pow'r,
And teach you to smile away sorrow:
If love now bids beauty be kind,
If you've nectar to gladden your mind,
Have nothing to do with me.

— 26 —

gling swains,

quit the plained;

ends to court,

all your sport,

reasts,

ndly guest !

e away,

ingine gay,

g mifion,

e blifes.

can bring,

autemque springs,

we show,

the bud, the blow.

harming,

y warming,

diea,

cord fligts,

r feast,

ndly guest !

— 27 —

ly Bacchanals,

ope good wine,

ghthead

t's shrine.

g. we will go, &c.

and never shrink,

reasom why ;

eave a house,

nk the cellar dry,

g, &c.

as a fool,

ater clear ;

ne from that rule,

was too severe,

g, &c.

the brim,

the a sup ;

But had it been a gallion pot,

By Jove I'd tot'd it up,

And a toping, &c.

And ever since that happy time,

Good wine has been my cheer ;

Now nothing puts me in a swoon,

But water or small-beer.

And a toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my boys,

And never flied, nor fly,

But fill our skinns brimful of wine,

And drayn the bottles dry.

And a toping we will go, &c.

DISTANT hie thee, carping care,
 From the spot where I do dwell,
 Rigid mortals come not there,
 Towns, begone to hermit's cell ;
 But let me live the life of souls,
 With laughter, love, and flowing bowls.

Mifer, with thy pastry pelf
 I give 'gainst thee my hate; it's scope ;

Wretch that liv'it but for thyself,

With heart of rust that cannot ope :

Fly, bird of night, from sun and souls

That love and laugh o'er flowing bowls.

Who can let the penfive go,

Or the eye that drops a tear,

And not weed their minds of woe,

May not, dare not peep in here :

Who can't be friends, can ne'er be souls,

Nor e'er shall quaff o'er flowing bowls.

Joys on joys, O let me tafie,

Health and mirth dwell in my gate,

While with eas my fand doth wafe,

Whilst I bleſſ the book of fate :

Then let me live the life of souls,

With laughter, love, and flowing bowls.

LET tucky old grey-beards of apathy bow,

And Vesta and Bacchus revile,

85

SOCIAL AND CONVIVIAL SONGS

In spite of their books, they are slaves to fond talk,
The dupes of a nod, a wink, or smile.
Some snug sober citizens here may repair,
Without an idea of guile;
But what with the muse, and what with the fair,
They follow the nod, a wink, and smile.
Let men boast of titles, of honour, renown;
The females of this happy life,
Can vanquish the victor, nay kill with a frown,
Or save, by a nod, a wink, or smile.
These gardens of pleasure the beauties approve,
Who the dulest of mortals beguile;
Here Cupid unfurled the white standard of love,
And commands with a nod, a wink, and smile.

LET 30

LET a set of sober ales
Rail against the joys of drinking,
While water, tea,
And milk agree,
To set cold brains a thinking;
Power and wealth,
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd;
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found
Only where the glass goes round,

The ancient sects on happiness
All differ'd in opinion;
But wiser rules
Of modern schools,
In wine fix their dominion,
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
Makes glow the cheeks of beauty,
Makes poets write,
And soldiers fight,
And friendship do it's duty.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine was the only Helicon,
Whence poets are long-liv'd.

'Twas no other-milk
Than brisk chamboge,
Whence Venus was deriv'd
Power and wealth, &c.
When heav'n in Pegasus' bow:
All kinds of ill had stink'd
In a merry mood,
A bottle of good
Was cork'd up, to prevent us,
Power and wealth, &c.
All virtues wine is nutrie to,
Of ev'ry vice destroyer,
Gives dullard's wit,
Makes just the cloy,
Truth forces from the knaves,
Power and wealth, &c.
Wine sets our joys a flowing,
Our care and sorrow drown'd,
Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in's soul,
And a Christian never should own
Power and wealth,
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found
Only where the glass goes round.

MASTER Jenkins smok'd his pipe,
And swore he'd never be married;
But 'gainst each husband threw some w.
Or dry jest drolly carried.

Master Jenkins thought a wife
The greatest mortal evil,
And swore to lead a husband's life
Must be the very devil.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe
At home, content, and married,
Regardless of each face or wife,
Or dry jest drolly carried.

re a wife
an ox ;
and a life
y devil,
g'd his pipe,
be month married ;
t each wife,
man carried ;
d his wife,
h an evil,
ld part with life,
ie dead.

—
a poultices to measure,
me, but pleasure ;
re, copyly ;
le, they dr ;
e they keep,
in they sleep,
lives to measure,
me, but pleasure ;
ll have a fall ;
ing all ;
ut none will give,
it nowhere.

— 93 —
clusters of grapes will entwine,
or a goblet of wine ;
ne longer I'd tarer
her at Bacchus's tun.

so extinuish the fair ?
lets like wine to despair ;
harm can be found in a glass,
e health of some favourite lady.

charms ev'ry captive heart,
ring to the gulf of the heart :
(to suppose is her fancy)
we, and resigns her by key.

re vises, sorrow lifts up her head ;
, well plac'd, from her shod ;
re, holding aloft,
crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's board,
The largest and deepest that stands on the board ;
I'll fill up a briar-mere, and drink to the fair ;
'Tis the toast of a lover, and pledge me who dare,

— 94 —
O H, the sultry mouth of June !

Sweating late and early ;
Able scarce to hum a tune,
Oh ! we sweater rarely !

All night long we're in a sweat,
Sweating till the mornings ;
Piping hot then up we go,
Breakfast bell gives warning.

After tea we take a walk,
In the grove or meadow ;
Oh ! how hot ! is all our talk ;
None e'er sweat as we do.

Then upon the grass we're laid ;
For while, how clever !
Soon the sun darts thro' the shade,
We're as hot as ever.

Panting with the noon-tide heat,
Homeward next you will stir,
All besmear'd with dust and sweat,
Dolly brings the board, Sir,
Cooling cream, our thirst t' quay,
Eager now we swallow ;
Cyder too, and cards and whey ;
Still we melt our tallow.

Chairs, stools, benches, tables grown,
Now we try to eat us ;
Chairs, stools, benches, beds of down,
Nothing now can please us.

Dinner waits, and down we sit,
Fish and flesh invite us ;
Not a morsel can we eat,
Nothing can delight us.

From our liquors, strong or weak,
We derive no pleasure ;
Cooling draughts to vain we seek,
Sweating beyond measure.

Ev'ning now comes on apace,
Now the sun is setting;
Shadows skim the meadow's face,
But we still are sweating.

Sweating thus from day to day,
Pitying pow'r befriend us!
And, instead of *June* so gay,
Winter once more send us.

ON Old England's bleak shore
We are landed once more,
Secure from the storms of the main;
For great *George*, and his cause,
For our country and laws,
We have conquer'd, and will do again.
Where the sun's orient ray
First opens the day,
On India's extended domain,
The swarthy-fac'd foes
Who dar'd to oppose,
We have conquer'd, and will do again.
Come, my brave hearts of oak,
Let us drink, sing, and joke,
While here on the shore we remain;
When our country demands,
With hearts, and with hands,
We are ready to conquer again.

OUR glasses, wassail, once again supply,
Bring t'other dozen, broach the cellar dry;
Let not vacuity the board disgrace,
But with rich claret fill the horrid space!
Portent juice, that rules the earth,
Inspire of wit and mirth,
Source of love that ne'er decays,
Ever bubbling,
Never troubling,
Always sparkling, brisk and gay!
Never out me goblet to the brim,
I'll sing thy praises while I drink.

35

OUR wives at home, year in and year out,
To them leave care and thinking;
While gaily we the hours pass on
In laughing and in thinking.
The real joys of love are short,
By those who are discontented;
And here's his health, who first desired
Stolen pleasures are the sweetest.

37

PH! how o' this mornin', I pr'ythee
And talk of your *Phillis* and *Clio* no more;
Their face, & their air, & their mien;
Here's to thee, my lad, prettish bairn!
Let fisticop play the fool and thine;
They dare not confide in the Jufts if I;
But we honest fellows—fieath! who
Of paling for love, whilst he's able to?
'Tis wine, only wine, that true plenish;
Our joys it recreates, and lightens up;
Remember what 'toppers of old us'd to;
The man that is drunk is as great as
If Cupid afflicts you, there's law for;
Ancrew's cafes fee, pagatmenty-fix;
The president's plenish, and just, by
Lay hold on and drown the young do;
What's life but a frolic, a song, and
My toast shall be thin, whilst I've life;
My youth and good fellowship alive;
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go!

38

RAKE no more, ye learned after,
"Cease the joys the bowl supplies;
Sound it depth, and fill your glasses
Wisdom at the bottom lies;
Fill them higher still, and higher,
Shallow drunks purloin the bri;
Sipping quencheth all our fire;
Bummers, light in my sight."

39

wit and pleasure;
joy;
ave no leisure,
our employ;
nothing certain,
hour engage;
all drop the curtain,
we'll quit the stage.

— 40 —
y should man be vain,
heaven hath made him great?
ith insolent disdain
d with wealth or state?
r beds of down,
that deck the fair;
of a crown
eafe the brow of care?

, the burden'd slave,
the haughty die;
the base, the brave,
distinction lie.
o where monarchs rest,
rearest titles bore;
Joy are bereft,
nour is no more.
through the skies,
g a gilded train;
ne, it's beauty dies,
mon ait again,
jovial souls,
ign while here we play;
y with flowing bowls,
calls we must obey.

— 41 —
ay circles move,
to scene ye rove,
look on me,
riety.
, how he thinks!
m candidate,
courtier too,

3 the wretch with gold possest;
Let the fool with wine be blest;
Laurell'd let ambition be,
Give me dear variety.

Would you lasting pleasures taste,
Such as ne'er can cloy nor waste;
From folly, care, and discord, free;
Seek them in variety.

All ye powers of joy and mirth,
Bring your choicest treasures forth;
Music, song, and dance, and glee,
Blended with variety.

But when love demands the theme,
Then I quite avert my scheme;
Nancy's heart's enough for me,
Tho' my name's variety.

— 42 —
SHOULD I die by the force of good wine,
'Tis my will, when I fall, that a tun be my shroud;
And for the age to come,
Engrave this story on my tomb:
Here lies a body once so brave,
Who with drinking made his grave.

Since thus to die will purchase fame,
And raise an everlasting name,
Drink, drink away, and dare to be nobly insane,
Let misery and slaves [terr'd]
Sneak into thy graves,
And rot in the dirty church-yard.

— 43 —
WHILE happy in my native land,
I boast my country's charter;
I'll never basely lend my hand,
Her liberties to buster.
The noble mind is not at all,
By poverty degraded;
Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am perplexed,
Each free-born Briton's song should be,
Or give me death of liberty.

SOCIAL AND CONSOLATORY SONGS.

Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,
And few the gifts she sends us;
The lordly hiring often wants
That freedom that defends us.

By law secured from lawless strife,
Our house is our castellum.
Thus blest'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre, shall we sell 'em?
No—nev'r Briton's song should be,
Or give me death or liberty.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done boys,
Put the glass then around with the fun, boys;
Let *Apollo's* example invite us,
For he's drunk ev'ry night,
That makes him so bright;
That he's able next morning to light us.
Drinking's a Christian diversion,
Unknown to the Turk and the Persian;
Let Mahometan tools
Lie by heathenish rules,
And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee;
While the brave *Briggs* sing,
And drink health to the king,
And a fig for their sultan and sophy.

YE mortals whom trouble and sorrow attends,
Whose life is a series of pain without end,
For ever depriv'd of hope's all-cheering ray,
Ne'er know what it is to be happy a day;
Obey the glad summons, the bar bell invites,
Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rights,
When poverty enters, an unwelcome guest,
By heart-hearted duns too continually pressed,
When brats begin crying and foulilling for bread,
And wife's never silent till fast in her bed;
Obey the glad summons, &c.

Did Neptune's salt element run with fresh wine,
Tho' all Europe's powers together combine,
Our brave *Briggs* sailors need ne'er care a bit
'rounded by plenty of such rare grape-juice
By the glad summons, &c.

Was each dull, pedantic, text-spinning w^t
To leave off dry preaching, and stick to his
O how would he wish for that power given
To change, when he would, simple waters
Obey the glad summons, &c.

If wine, then, can miracles work, such pⁱ
And give to the troubl'd mind comfort and
Despair not, that blessing in *Bacchus* you'll
Who showers his gifts for the good of man
Obey the glad summons, the bar bell invites
Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rig

THREE was once,—it is said,
When,—'tis out of my head;—
Aye, and where too—yet true is my tale;
That a round-belly'd Vicar
Bedimpled with liquor,
Could stick to no text like good ale.

Gold rye
He one night 'gan to dose,
For, under the rose,
The priest was that night *sofie ipse*;
Nom si ipse, you'll say,
What is that to the lay?—
In plain English then, parson was *tipsey*:
When the clerk coming in,
With his band-bobbing chin,
As solemn and inyiling as may be,
The vicar he gap'd,
His clerk hem'd and scrap'd,
Saying,—please, sir, to bury a baby.

Now our author supposes
The clerk's name was *Mofet*,
Who look'd at his master so roily;
He blink'd with one eye,
And with wig all awry,
He hiccup'd out,—how cheers it!

*A child, sir, is carry'd,
For you to be buried,
Burj me Mofet, and that will do.*

ie clerk,
ie dark,
ry'd, not you,
on't hurry, —
I bury ;—
se cannot say :—
—but why ?
ve'll try
in run away.
I'd,
chide,
in cold weather ;
quoth he,
om me,
i, th together,
re hand,
regard ;—
makes me fly !
young or old,
catch cold,
ou or I stay.
be gone,
rain's done ;
ll lend you my hand ;—
th the vicar,
my liquor,
a due I can't stand,
ugh fore troubled,
id the habbed
th of the way ;
oth he,
tly's fee,
s, preach, nor pray,
to the grave,
ome slave ;—
bacon-bankee ?
st walking
on talkin' ;
sane a good
his docks,
d'g to look,

Whilst o'er the page only he quainted ;
Crying, *Moses*, I'm ye'nd,
For I can't see the text,
The book is so damnable printed.
Woman of a man born —
No—that's wrong—the leaf's torn ;—
Upon woman the natural swell is ;
Were men got with child
The world would ran wild,
You and I, *Moses*, might have big bellies.
Our guts would be press'd hard
Were we get with baftard ;
How wonderful are our happiness ;—
What midwife could do it ?
He'd be hardly put to it,
Lord bless us, to lay me and *Moses*
Ss, *Moses*, come forth,
Put the child into earth,
And dust to dust, dust it away ;
For, *Moses*, I trust,
We should spon-tuce to dust
If we were not to moisten our clay.
Moses, mind what I say ;—
When tis night his not day ;—
Now in former times saints could work miracles,
And raise from the dead, —
There's no more to be said,
For, *Moses*, I've stopp'd down my spectacles.
Moses, hear what I say,—
Live's, alas ! bat a day, —
Nay, sometimes 'tis over at noon ;—
Man is but a flower,
Cut down in an hour,
It's thoug' sic, *Moses*, does it fo seem.
So one pot, and then ;—
Moses answered, amen !—
And thus far we've carry'd the farce on ;
"Tis the wise of the times
To relish those rhymes
Where the rhyme runs on a parson,

SOCIAL AND CONVIVIAL SONGS.

But Saty^r detects
Immorality's jets,
All profane or immodest expression;
So now we'll conclude,
And drink as we shou'd,
To the good folks of ev'ry profession.
Tal de rol, &c.

47
CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a girl that will sociably sit on your knee,
And a cellar that's plentiful stor'd,
My brave boys.

My vault-door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
Broach that cask; ay, that wine we will try,
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taite,
And as bright as her cheek to the eye.
In a piece of slit hoop I my canle have stuck,
Twill light us each bottle to hand;
And the foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
For I hate that a bumper should stand.
We are dry where we sit, tho' the cozy drops seem
The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,
From the arch mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taste stream,
Like stucco work cut of moss.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strod,
I sit my companions among,
Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's god,
And a sentiment give, or a song.
I charge spoil in hand, and my empire maintain,
No antient more patriot-like bled;
Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,
And myself for my bucks I'll drink dead.

Scound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and those bins are well
View that heap of old Hock in the rear; [fill'd,
Yon' bottles of Burgundy, see how they are pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my tanks,
All gloriously rang'd in review;
When I cast my eyes round I consider my tanks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like Macedon's madman my glass I'll enjoy,
Defying hyp, grave, or goot;
He cry'd when he had no more worlds to conquer,
I'll weep when my liquor is out.
On their stumps some have fought & as fast,
When reeling, I roll on the floor;
Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink no more,
And dare the best buck, to do more.
Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
No hic jacet be cut on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that his drinking is done.

My brave boys

48

WHEN Britain first at heav'n's command
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose from out, &c.
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule Britannia; Britannia, rule the wold,
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Must in, &c.
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shall flourish great;
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia. &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from such foreign frocks,
More dreadful, &c.
As the loud blast that tears, that tears the oak,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their, &c.
Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous sons,
And work their weal, and thy weal,
Rule, Britannia.

gs the rural reign,
half with commerce saine,
Etc.
be;—half be the subject main,
hore it circles, thine:
Britannia, &c.

ill with freedom found,
happy coast repair,
crown'd
in beauties, with matchless beauties
hearts to guard the fair.
Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
never will be slaves.

49

ril walk'd the dawn with lucky gales,
recorded the glorious eighty-two;
joyous spied the *Gallic* tails,
e wings of morn before him flew;
hands aloft—let *British* valour shine,
ern—the signal for the line,
he lightning of the guns!
ds, ardent minds,
est *Britain's* warlike sons!

Chorus.—Rising winds, &c.

ignant plows the foaming main,
muins in combat the dreaded foe to meet
of generous heroes crowd his train,
nt-numb'ring cannon arm his fleet;
aint mind to victory does aspire;
ght's beginn'd—he sea is all on fire!
rk brow portentous gleams!
od'all of blood,
azzeling *Ville de Paris* streams.”

Cbo.—While a flood, &c.

oke, and fire disturbing the air,
der hoarse resounding from ocean's wa;
shrinking genius hovers'ness try cave,
her faded libts off the wave.

Mary Hood's intrepid hosts right onward bears its
Tagive the second blow; a total overthrow, [course
While death and horror madly reign! ..

Now they cry, yield or die;
British colours ride the vanquish'd main!

Cbo.—Now they cry, &c.

See! they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sand! ..

What dangers they grasp to shun a greater fate?
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands.

The nymphs & sea gods mourn their hapless fate,
Proud *Ville de Paris*! now, thy lot superior known'd
In bright *Britannia's* line thy burnish'd sides shall
Enough thou mighty god of war!

Now we sing, blest the king,

Here's a health to every *British* Tar,

Cbo.—Now we sing, &c.

*W*hen mighty roast beef was the *Englishman's* food
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave and our countries were good;

O the roast beef of old *England*!

And O the old *English* roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all-conquering *France*,
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaisance;

O the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong;
And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this long

O the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name?
A sneaking poor race, half begotten, and tame;
Who fully those hopurors that once shone in fame?

O the roast beef, &c.

When good queen *Elizabeth* sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such flip-flops were known'd,
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown;

O the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume' on the main,
They seldom or never returned back again;
As witness, the vaunting Armada of Spain.

O the roast beef, &c.

SOCIAL AND CONVIVAL SONGS.

When they had Romachs to eat, & to fight, [right
And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do themselfe
But now we're a pack of—I could—but good night!

O the roast beef of old England!
And O the old English roast beef!

— 51 —

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Clown this night with pleasure;
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure:
Fill up the mighty, sparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal soul
May drink and sing, without controul,
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shall thou be
Guardian to our pleasure;
That, under thy protection, we
May enjoy new pleasures;
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
And sing thy praises, that we may
Live and die with pleasure.

— 52 —

THE silver moon that shines so bright,
I swear with reason is my teacher;
And if my minute glass runs right,
We're time to drink another pitcher.
'Tis not yet day, 'tis not yet day,
Then why should we forsake good liquor;
Until the sun beams round us play,
Let's jocund push about the pitcher.

They say that I must work all day,
And sleep at night, to grow much richer;
But what is all the world can say,
Compar'd to mirth, my friend, and pitcher:
'Tis not yet day, &c.

Tho' one may boast a handsome wife,
Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her;
Unvex'd I live a cheerful life,
And boldly call for 't other pitcher.
'Tis not yet day, &c.

I dearly love a hearty man,
No sneaking milk-sop, Jenny Twitche;
Who loves a lass, and loves a can,
And boldly calls for 't other pitcher.

'Tis not yet day, &c.

— 53 —

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we
To add something new to this wonderfull me;
To honour we call you, not press you like me;
For who are so free, as we sons of the wau?
Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are we;
We always are ready;
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again,
We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them gone;
They never see us, but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them down;
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do now;
Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible men;
They'll frighten our women, & children;
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them all;
Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
In spite of the devil, and Brussels gazette;
Then cheer up, my lads, with one snier let;
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, &c.
Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

— 54 —

WHEN all the Brit fire was fled,
And all the Roman virtue dead,
Poor freedom lost her seat;
The Gothic mantle spread a night,
That damp fair virtue's fading light.
The mules lost their mate.

Where should they wander, what new fire
Has yet a laurel left to stow?
To this bleak isle they flee,
Soon the Parnassian chair was heard,
Soon virtue's sacred fount was seen,
And freedom soon was born.

In her left his call,
her hallow'd bell,
is now by;
at twice all plaintive sounds,
as a thousand weans,
at thy thon.

53
royal purple streams,
solar beams,
sparkling rise,
and glint my eyes
and on fancy's wings
be, a jovial King.
I'll leave my slay,
and gone away,
subject say,
again, but that was May.

56
contrive me such a cup
I'd of old;
will to trim it up,
mad with gold;
ye, that, fill'd with sack
telling brim,
the delicious spike,
t sea, may swim.
tie on his cheek,
ve nought to do;
ode that took Magdalen,
t leaguer knew.
a of plumed tell,
r confessions;
ir Sildrops,
his relations.
son a spreading vine,
so lovely boys;
> am rour-sould entwine,
future joys;
thus my saints are,
and love still reign;
rash away my care,
love again.

57
BY Cbreff and St. Paschal going home last night,
About two in the morning, I was put in a fright;
Comes a dog in a doublet, tripp'd all to his shift;
And throws down poor Teague very clean in the dirt.
Then firing his pistol direct on thy faith,
Stand still you damn'd dog or you're dead on the plain;
I'll taake him for me, for his favour and gain,
For ne'er was deit joy in more sorrowful caift.
Confounded and speechleſs, bold as hero, I cry'd,
Your rogethip will goe day at Tyburn be try'd;
If Teague catch you again at such vile tricks as those,
He will I swear, joy, upon you his Majesty's peafe;
Thus threaten'd he shilly cry'd, my dear honey,
I'll not hurt thee at all but preſent me thy money,
My money, dear joy, 'tis Teague's foul—he's undone
Well e'en take it all—for by Cbreff I have none.

58
BY some I am told,
That I'm wrinkled and old,
But I will not believe what they say,
I feel my blood mounting,
Like streams in a fountain,
That merrily sparkle and play.
For love I have will,
And ability full;
Odbobs I can scarcely refraine,
My diamond, my pearl,
Well, be a good girl,
Until I come to you again.

59
E^LLY swiftly ye minutes till Cowen receive,
The nameleſs soft transports that beauty can give,
The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.
Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain,
The most ſplendid palace grows dark as the grave,
Love & wine give ye gods or take back what ye gave.

60
FROM tyrant laws and custom free,
We follow sweet variety;

By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
Ere's, for ever, on the wings."
Why should niggard rulers controul,
Transports of the jovial seek;
No dull-sounding hour we owe,
"Pleasure courts our time alone.

IF wine be a cordial, why does it torment?
If a poison, oh tell me, whence comes my serpent?
Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I com-
Or repente'ry morn, when I know 'tis id vain' to plain
Yet so charming the glass is, so deep is the quiet;
That at once it both drowns and enlivens the heart,
I take it off briskly, and when it is down,
By my jolly complexion I make my joys known.
But oh! how I'm blest, when so strong it does prove
By its sovereign heat to expel that of love,
When in quenching the old, I create a new flame,
And am wrapt in such pleasure as still wants a name.

61

JUPITER wenchens and drinks,
He rules the roost in the sky,
Yet he's a fool if he thinks
That he's as happy as I.
Juno rates him
And grates him,
And leads his highness a weary life,
I have my lass,
And my glass,
And stroll a bachelor's merry life.
Let him flutter
And bluster
Yet cringe to his haridan's furbello;
To my fair tulips,
I giew lips,
And clink the cannikin here below.

62

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul,
Who, like *Aristippus*, his passions controul;
Of wifest philosophers, wifest was he,
Who attentive to ease, let his mind still be free.
The Prince, Peer, or Peasant, to him was the same,
For pica'd, he was pleasing to all where he came;

But still turn'd his back on contention and strife
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind, we hold
And the peace of his nation, was his nation's end
He found fault with none, if none found fault
If his friend had a humour—he humoured his friend
If wine was the word—why, he bumper'd his glass
If love was the topic—he toasted his lady
But still turn'd his back on contention and strife
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,
He found fault with neither, for this was his way
That let them be guided by folly or fear
Twould be *semper eadem* a hundred years over
He thought twas unseemly to be malcontent
If the tide went with him — with the tide
But still turn'd his back on contention and strife
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Was the nation at war—no wish'd well to this
If a peace was concluded—no peace was his way
Disquiet to him, or of body or mind,
Was the latitude only he never could find
The philosopher's stone was but gravel to him
And all who had sought it, had sought it in vain
He still turn'd his back on contention and strife
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Then let us all follow *Aristippus'* rule,
And deem his opponents both asses and mad
Let those not contented to lead or to drive,
By the bees of their feet be drove out of their way
Expell'd from the mansions of quiet and ease
May they never find out the blest'd art to sit
And our friends & ourselves, not forgetting us
By these maxims may live all the days of our life.

IN *Jacky Bull*, when bound for *Franz*,
The golfing you discover;
But taught to ride, to fence, and prance
A knightly youth comes over.

64

tierce and carte, fa, fa,
cotillon so smart, ha, ha,
is each female heart, oh ! la !
ky returns from Dover.

and dogs see 'squire at home,
ince of country tonies,
from Paris, Spa, or Rome,
squire a nice Adonis.

tierce and carte, fa ! fa !
cotillon so smart, ha ! ha !
ns the female heart, oh la !
ink of macarónies.

— 65 —

Midas I've been told,
you touch turns all to gold,
ut a pow'r like thine,
ate'er I touch to wine.

ig stream should feel my force,
my fatal power mourn,
ring at the mighty change,
their native regions burn.
there any dare t'approach,
mantling sparkling wine,
ould pay their rites to me,
me only god of wine.

— 66 —

e conquering hero comes,
e trumpets, beat the drums ;
'pare, the laurel bring,
triumph to him sing.
odlike youth advance,
the flutes, and lead the dance ;
wreathes and roses twine
the hero's brow divine.

— 67 —

sure's in fashion, and life's but a jest,
fortune, I'll laugh with the best ;
who reput e a weaknes to smile,
opinion, my morals revile,
v that my bosom is free from a flaw,
ic chorus of ha-ha-ha-ha,

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,
No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul ;
If care, or ill nature shall come in my reach,
And, foaming with rage, like a methodist preach ;
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,
I'll trip up their heels, and cry ha-ha-ha-ha.

To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance,
Mirth ! play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll dance ;
But sweeter the music will float in the air,
If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy, be there ;
She, knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,
Will join the sweet tune of loves ha ha-ha-ha.

I'll laugh through the world, in defiance of strife,
For laughter's an oil to the salad of life ;
I'll make daddy Time, as he passes in haste,
Look over his shoulder, and long for a taste ;
Then, friends while your bosoms are free from a flaw,
Swell round the gay chorus of ha ha-ha-ha.

— 68 —

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex ;
Wh' se lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest :
Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.
Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young ones the rover they cannot regain ;
The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd ;
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care ;
And drink an oblivion, &c.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants ;
The troubled in mind shall go cheerful away,
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to day :
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care,
Drink deep of the stream, &c.

WHEN *Bibe* thought fit from the world to re-
As full of champaign as an egg's full of meat,[treat,
He wak'd in the boat, and to *Charon* he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
" Trim the boat, and sit quiet!" stern *Charon* reply'd.
You may have forgot, you was drunk when you'd."

HOW little do the landsmen know,
Of what we sailors feel,
When waves do mount and winds do blow!
But we have hearts of steel:
No danger can affright us,
No enemy shall flout:
We'll make the monsieurs right us,
So tots the can about.
Stick close to orders, messmates,
We'll plunder, burn, and sink,
Then, *France*, have at your first-rates,
For *Britons* never shrink:
We'll rommage all we fancy,
We'll bring them in by scores,
And *Moll*, and *Kate*, and *Nancy*,
Shall roll in louis-d'ors.
While here at *Deal* we're lying,
With our noble commodore,
We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
And then to sea for more:
In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
In war we'll never fly,
Here's a health to *George* our king, boys,
And the royal family.

YE-Warwickshire lads and ye lasses,
See what at our jubilee passes;
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad;
Warwickshire lad,
All be glad,
Lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where nature has lavish'd her bounty;
Where much has been given, and some to be spent,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard;

Warwickshire bard,
Never pair'd,

For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard
Our Shakespeare compar'd is to no man,
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman;
Their swans are all geese to the *Avon's* sweet flocks
For the man of all men was a Warwickshire man;

Warwickshire man,
Avon's swan,

For the man of all men was a Warwickshire man,
Old Ben, *Thomas Otway*, *John Dryden*,
And half a score more we take pride in;
Of famous *Will Congreve* we boast too the skill,
But the *Will* of all *Wills* was a Warwickshire *Will*;

Warwickshire *Will*,
Matchless still,

But the *Will* of all *Wills* was a Warwickshire *Will*
As ven'fon is very inviting,
To steal it our bard took delight in;
To make his friends merry he never was lag,
For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag;

Warwickshire wag,
Ever brag,

For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag.

There never was sure such a creature,
Of all she was worth he robb'd nature;
He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief;

Warwickshire thief,
He's the chief,

For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
Joy exhilarates my soul;
To the nine I raise my song,
Ever fair, and ever young,
When full cups my cheeks distil,
Sober counsel then I swell;

winds, that murmur, sweep
forrows to the deep.

I drink dull time away,
Bacchus, ever gay,
me to delightful bow'r's,
fragrance, full of flow'r's;
I quaff the sparkling wine,
by locks with roses twine,
I praise life's rural scene,
sequester'd, and serene.
I drink the bowl profound,
the grace flowing round,
one lovely nymph detain,
then inspires the strain;
from goblets deep and wide,
ust the gen'rous tide,
soul unbends—I pay
some with the young and gay.

73

E with care, complaint, and frowning,
one jollity and joy;
ief in pleasure drowning,
this happy night employ.
friendship do our duty,
and sing some good old strain;
health to love and beauty,
hey long in triumph reign !

74

Roger and Nell, come Simkins and Bell,
led with his lass hither come,
sing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
lebrate Harvest Home;
Ceres bids play, to keep holiday,
celebrate harvest-home, harvest-home, &c.

our is o'er, our barns in full store
swell with rich gifts of the land;
man then take, for his prong and rake,
in and his lass in his hand : For Ceres, &c.
tier can be so happy as we,
nocence, pastime, and mirth,
hus we carouse with our sweethearts or spouse,
oice o'er the fruits of the earth, When, &c.

THese mortals say right, in their jovial abodes,
That a glass of good punch is the drink of the gods;

Take only a smack of
The nectar we crack of,
You'll find it is punch, and no more;
The ingredients they mingle,

Are contraries, single;

So are ours, they're the elements four.

Then; *Bacchus*, for thou art the drunkard's pro-
Issue instant a fiat,
And let who dare deny it,

That nectar's good punch, and that good punch is

76

THE truths that I sing none deny me,
They're truths that must ever prevail;
Ye poor dogs of France, we defy ye,
By the force of our English good ale.

The tricks ye attempt, but in vain are,
They are what we expected, and stale;
Your troops, and your fleets, our disdain are,
By the force of our English good ale.

When *Bess*, that brave queen, rul'd the nation,
"Twas Spain's great *Armada* did fail;
She deak'd to the *Dane* tribulation,
By the force of our English good ale.

And thus we will serve them for ever,
Tho' their loads on our necks they'd entail;
There's none like our people, so clever,
By the force of our English good ale.

Free-born, we support our defender,
To our sons we hand down the detail;
Defeit the de'il, pope, and pretender,
By the force of our English good ale.

77

THE lark's shrill note awakes the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
The yellow-harvest, free from spoil,
Rewards the happy farmer's toil;
The flowing bowl succedit the fail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

G 2

WHAT think you, my masters ! 'tis wondrous to
That puffs are encourag'd to such a degree. [me,
But puffs I detect, so live quiet and hush ;
I sell you good wine, and good wine needs no bush.

Posts, pensions, and votes, are oft got by a puff,
Bar, pulpit, and theatre, thrive by the stuff,
Bu: puffs I detect, &c.

I laugh at the newspapers till I'm half blind,
To see how by puffing men tickle mankind ;
But puffs I detect, &c.

When great ones negotiate matters by puff,
To ape them mechanics are ready enough ;
But puffs I detect, so live quiet and hush ;
I sell you good wine, and good wine needs no bush.

WHEN peace here was reigning,
And love without waining,
Or care or complaining,
Bafe passions disdaining ;
This, this was my way,
With my pipe and my tabor
I laugh'd down the day,
Nor envy'd the joys of my neighbour.

Now sad transformation
Runs thro' the whole nation ;
Peace, love, recreation,
All chang'd to vexation ;
This, this is my way,
With my pipe and my tabor
I laugh down the day,
And pity the cares of my neighbour.

While all are designing,
Their friends undermining,
Reviliny, repining,
To mischie ipecking ;
This, this is my way,
With my pipe and my tabor
I laugh down the day,
And pity the cares of my neighbour.

78

79

FILL your glasses, banish grief,
Laugh, and worldly cares despise ;
Sorrow ne'er can bring relief.
Joy from drinking will arise.

Why should we with wrinkled care,
Change what nature made so fair ?
Druk, and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honour do aspire ;
Give me freedom, give me health,
There's the sum of my desire.
What the world can more present,
Will not add to my content ;
Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.

Busy brains, we know, alas !
With imaginations run,
Like sand within the hour-glass ;
Tur'd and tur'n'd, and still runs on,
Never knowing when to stay,
But uneasy every way ;
Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
Makes the heart alert and free ;
Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
Still the same thing 'tis with me.
There's no fence against our fate,
Changes daily on us wait ;
Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.

81

LAUGHING Cupid, bring me roses,
And my wreath, ye graces, twine ;
I'm this night dispos'd for rapture,
Having beauty, wit, and wine.

Let the sober stoikes wonder,
And their anathy define ;
I'll not follow such dull doctrine,
While I've beauty, wit, and wine.

SOCIAL AND CONVIVIAL SONGS.

Such old dotards well may censure,
Call me thoughtless libertine;
Sour's the grape when we can't reach it,
So is beauty, wit, and wine.

Come, ye brisk Arabian lasses,
For that heaven you seek is mine.
Upon beds of roses lolling,
Blest'd with beauty, wit, and wine.
And when this gay life is over,
Pour libations on my bier ;
I've a paradise hereafter,
Full of beauty, wit, and wine.

LE⁸²ET soldiers fight for prey or praise
And money be the miser's wife,
Poor scholars study all their days,
And gluttons glory in their dish.
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives the soul ;
Therefore give us the charming bowl.

Let minions marshal every hair,
Who in a lover's look delight,
And artificial colour wear,
Pure wine is native red and white,
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.
The backward spirit it makes brave ;
That lively, which before was dull ;
Opens the heart that loves to fave,
And kindness flows from cup brimful,
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and others health,
Some want a wife, and some a punk ;
Some men want wit, and others wealth ;
But they want nothing who are drunks ;
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives the soul ;
Therefore give us the charming bowl.

TH⁸³E wain with his flock by a brook loves to rest,
With soft ruel lays to drive grief from his breast ;
The top, light as air, loves himself to behold,
The Briton his foe, and the miser his gold ;
The pleasures I chuse yield more joy to my soul,
The delight of my heart is a full flowing bowl.

The huntsman, fatigued with the toils of the chase,
By the side of a fountain delight to solace ;
At his mistress's feet the fond lover to whine,
The beaux at the play or assembly to shins.

The pleasures, &c.

My *Chloe*'s in rapture to hear herself praised,
The courtier to find that his income is rais'd
Some nymphs love the town, and in jewels to
And some spiritless lovers in silence to pine.

The pleasures, &c.

Some cards love, some coffee, some dice, and
Some talking, some fiddling, some dancing,
Their choices are dull; there's a spirit in wine,
Which always enlivens with rapture divine.
The pleasures I chuse yield more joy to my soul
The delight of my heart is a full-flowing bowl

WHILST I am carousing to cheer up my fit,
Oh ! how I triumph to see a full bowl !
This is the treasure,
The only pleasure,
The blessing that makes me rejoice and sing,
Thus while I am drinking,
Free from dull thinking

Then I am greater than the greatest king.

WHILE I fig'd with idle care,
For a jilting, cruel fair,
Thracia's god forbade to pine,
And prescrib'd his rosy wine.
Quick tormenting *Cupid* flew,
And to love I bade adieu ;
Bacchus came with jolly face,
And supply'd his vacant place.

Ev'ry joy on earth was mine,
Social friends, and mirth and wine,
Then I swore by *Stygian* love,
Ne'er to taste the cares of love.
But how frail the vow that died
At a glance of beauty's eyes !
Chloe taught me wine was vain,
And I turn'd to love again.

G 4

WINE, wine in the morning
Makes us frolick and gay,
That, like eagles, we soar
In the pride of the day;
Gouty folks of the night
Only find a decay.

Tis the sun ripe the grape.
And to drinking gives light;
We imitate him
When by noon we're at height;
They steal wine, who take it
When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines;
The higher he rises,
The more he refines;
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

WELL met, jolly fellows, well met;
By this bowl you're all welcome, I swear;
See where on the table 'tis set,
And design'd for the grave of our care,
From this social convention,
'Twill drive all contention,
Save only who longest can drink;
Then fill up your glasses,
And drink to your likes,
The headache take him that shall shrink.

Do but look at this glass! here boys, hand it around;
Why it sparkles like *Pillie's* eye;
Not 'tis better by far, boys; for when her eyes wound
This balm to the wound will supply;
Then a fig for all thinking;
Fill, fill, and be drinking;
Let us drown all our cares and our sorrow;
Come, the toast, boys, the toast!
There's no time to be lost,
For our cares will return with to morrow.

IN history you may read—
Of *Charley* that great *Swede*,
And many more brave warriors
That have great conquests made;
But the *Prussian* most renown'd
The trump of fame does sound;
We'll all agree, in bravery,
His match could ne'er be found.

No dangers did him scare
Amidst the *Austrian* war,
Where troops of righted heroes
Stood glittering from afar;
At the rattling of their drums,
And thund'ring of their guns,
He scorns to yield, but braves the field
And from no danger runs.

His troops they are but few,
But *to their cause are true*.
Stout-hearted, bold and daring,
As ever weapon drew:
In the midst of smoke and fire,
He cries, boys, ne'er retire,
But fightwhile e'er a vein your blood can
To free the lost empire!

Then may the great *Februb*,
The God of peace and love
Protect our *Prussian* hero
And all his deeds approve;
And when heav'n does him displace,
May one of his great race,
Hold it good, to spare our blood,
And crown his days in peace.

THE town's a rare shew, some say;
A rare shew for projectors;
What pity 'tis, we spoil the play
For want of better actors.
But sometimes in, and sometimes out,
'Tis so upon all stages;
Folks will not mind what they see,
But only mind the wages.

SOCIAL and CONVIVIAL SONOS.

(the imitative arts,
f is an actor's science;
ive heads, and feeling hearts,
nature form alliance.
the scenes, tho' party rage,
ice, and adulation,
ander—but we know the stage
d represent the nation.

sentative indeed!
layers make believe, Sir,
world's drama, to succeed,
as you can deceive, Sir.
ly be caught, by face or dress,
re you come to know folks;
n the counterfeits confess,
're all—but merely shew-folks.

m great characters to hit,
spouts as public spirit,
lness is mistook for wit,
silence want of merit.
udy the informer's arts,
power their fide espouses;
lay the pimps, and flatterers parts,
pes to have full houses.

e this same droll we shew,
rumours of the nation—
ly high, extremely low,
mic dissipation.
rl ! — What by that word we mean,
f and self's disguises;
lazy, lottery scene,
e folly fills up prizes.

er we think, whate'er we say,
e'er we are pursuing,
nd o'er the self-same play
ing and undoing.
gitation ripes and rots,
ust to dust returning;
sprinkle well our spots
ake from night to morning.

90
OH ! what pleasures will abound,
When my wife is laid in ground,
Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,
When my wife is laid in ground.
Oh ! how happy shoud I be,
Would little Nyja pig with me,
How I'd mumble her,
Touze and tumble her,
Would little Nyja pig with me.

91
ONE day with my friends, all jollity rife,
They ask'd me to prove the true medium of life,
Thus closely put to't, I determin'd to try,
When I thought that I hit it, between you and I ;
'Twas Punch I averr'd, and I think you will own,
Not far from the mark I so much had not flown,
Good Punch is the liquor, as sure as a gun,
A bowl of that same and the medium are one.
When lemon and sugar together do meet,
The acid's corrected by mixing the sweet ;
While water and spirits most happily blend,
And each from extremes does the other defend.
All stirr'd up together, the sparkling full bowl
Brings smiles on the face from the joy of the soul ;
With me then you'll join, that, as sure as a gun,
A bowl of good punch and the medium are one.
Let us, my good friends, be all jolly and gay,
The roots, without wat'ring, will ever decay ;
So life without liquor must come to rebuff,
Then drink while you may and make sure of enough,
'Twill keep our trail stale in a temper that's meet,
Contented with taking the four with the sweet ;
Hang party and faction, spleen, sorrow, and strife,
A bumper fill up to the medium of life.

92
THE cards were sent, the muses came,
'Twa. Ceres gave the feast
To Juno Jove's majestic dame,
Fair Hebe bair'd each guest.

SOCIAL AND CONVIVIAL SONGS.

With *Phœbus*, *Bacchus*, wit and wine,
Like man and wife, should social shine.
With I fall, lall, la.

Th' *Olympic* dance, *Minerva* wise,
With grateful steps mov'd round;
Blue was the fillet—like her eyes,
Her sapient temples crown'd;
That girdle loosen'd, falling down,
Buck Bacchus caught the azure zone.

Upon his breast the ribbon plac'd,
By *Syzyx*, avow'd the truth,
What had the throne of wisdom grac'd,
Should grace the seat of truth?
His robe he instant open threw,
And on his bosom beam'd *True Blue*.
“ Kings, taught by me, shall Garters give,
“ In installation's show;
“ What subjects merits should receive,
“ Their monarchs shou'd bestow.
“ This symbol, lov'd, celestials view,
“ And stamp your sanctions on *True Blue*.”

The rosy God, *Urania* praise'd;
The taneful sisters join;
The Sov'reign of the Sky was please'd,
To constellate the sign,
Along the clouds loud Pæans flew,
Olympus join'd, and hail'd *True Blue*.
This order *Iris* bore to earth,
Minerva charg'd the fair,
Where first she found out sons of worth,
To leave the Ribbon there.
From clime to clime the searching flew,
And in Old England left *True Blue*.

————— 95 ————

SHE tells me with claret she cannot agree,
And she thinks of a hoghead whence'er she sees me
For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I
Resolve to forsake her, or claret deny : [friend,
Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always my
And I hope will continue so to my life's end ?
Must I leave it for her? 'tis a very hard task;
To the devil, bring t'other full flask.

Had she tax'd me with gaping and bid me sober,
'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear;
Had she found out my *Chloris* up three pair of his
I had baulk'd her, and gone to *St. James's* to pray;
Had she bad me read homilies three times a day
She perhaps had been honour'd, with little to say;
But at night to deny me a cup of dear red,
Let her go to the devil, there's no more to be said.

————— 94 ————

SINCE you mean to hire for service,
Come with me yon jolly dog;
You can help to bring home h'�er,
Tend the sheep and feed the hog.
With three crowns, your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Butter milk, and oaten bread.
Come, strike hands; you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home,
And when daily labour's over,
We'll all dance to yout hum, strum.

————— 95 ————

THROUGH all the professions in town,
Each toper his tavern has got,
The courtier repairs to the crown,
The rummer hangs out for the tot,
The soldier is found at the gun,
The mitre, reclaimer of evil;
The cit to the horn will sure run,
The lawyer he goes to the devil.

————— 96 ————

THERE was a jolly Miller once,
Liv'd on the river *Dee*,
He work'd and sung from morn till night,
No lark more blythe than he,
And this the burthen of his song
For ever w'd to be,
I care for nobody, no not I,
If no one care for me.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.
The greatness that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The cheerful man's a king.

THE man who in his breast contains,
A heart which no base art arraigns,
Enchanting pleasure's ground may tread,
Where love and youthful fancy lead;
May toy and laugh, may dance and sing,
While jocund life is in her spring.

When cynics rail, and pedants frown,
Their rigid maxims I disown;
I smile to see their angry brow,
And hate the gloomy selfish crew;
In their despite I'll laugh and sing,
While jocund life is in her spring.

Be mine the social joys of life,
And let good nature vanquish strife,
So innocence with me reside,
And honour reigns each action's guide;
I'll toy and laugh, and dance and sing,
While jocund life is in her spring.

Then Phyllis come, and share those joys
Which no intemp'rate use destroys;
While you remain as kind as fair,
My heart defies each anxious care;
With thee I'll toy, and laugh and sing,
While jocund life is in her spring.

YES, yes, I own I love to see,
Old' men facetious, blith and free;
I love the youth that light can bound,
Or graceful swim th' harmonious round;
But when old age, jocose tho' grey,
Can dance and frolic with the gay;

"Tis plain to all the jovial throng,
Tho' hoar the head, the heart is young.

ONE night having nothing to do—nor to drink,
I began a new practice, and that was to think;—
What my subject should be, kept me some time in
I conficer'd, at last—what we all were about. [doubt
Such frauds and such fractions, such follies, such sic-
Such out-of-door clamours & in contradictions!
What must this be owing to? why, or from whence?
What is it we want—why, we want Common Sense,
O yes! who can tell us where Common Sense dwells
Does it burnish gold roofs, or strew rushes in eells?
Does it beam in the mine? does it twim in the sea?
Does it wing the wide air? does it blossom the tree?
If folks would accept Common Sense as their guest,
With *meum* and *tuum* at home they'll be bles'd,
Not like lunatic lackeys run mad up and down,
Nor mind any busines but what was their own.
But which is the way to find Common Sense out?
She feasts not on turtle—cuts in at no rout; [penet
Get the tub cynic's lanthorn, we won't mind ex-
But look by its light, 'till we spy Common Sense,
If chance she is seen, tho' for fear we mistake her.
She's natively neat, like a lovely young quaker,
Pure beauty, despising false drapery's aid,
And Common Sense scorns all pedantic parade.
Let us first call at court, but, perhaps, we intrude,
'Twas told so by Miss Affectation, the prude;
There fashion forbids the free use of the mind,
What can Common Sense say in a place so refin'd?
Then at church, to be sure, Common Sense there suc-
Unless superstition should choak it with weeds [creeds
And tho' infidelity dares a pretence,
She's easily vanquish'd by plain Common Sense,
When I mention'd the church, you expected at least
In the common-place mode, some stale joke 'gainst a
That a laugh I must rafeat the clergy's exalted pries
But he who wou'd wish it, must want Common Sense.

As to trade, no accounts can be well kept without her.
The flock jobbers say they know nothing about her.
Bear witness Change-alley—the *Omniums* declare,
Common Sense shall for ever be *under par* there.

101

SINCE at last I am FREE,
Contented I'll be,
O'er briars barefooted to go,
Or lost in the rain,
Upon *Salisbury Plain*,
Or left without clothes in the snow.

Or if I shou'd perch
On top of *Paul's Church*,
The hottest day, just about noon,
Afride the crows sat,
Without hood or hat,
I'd whistle off pain with a tune.

For now I am FREE,
No low spirits for me,
I laugh at all crosses I find ;
I think as I please,
And refiect at my ease,
For liberty lies in the mind.

To my fancy I live,
And what fancy can give,
I enjoy, tho' it is but a dream ;
Observe the world through,
Do others pursue
Ought else than a fanciful scheme ?

Some fancy the court,
Some fancy field-sport,
The chance of a beauty some chuse ;
The topers with wine,
The misers with coin,
And poets are pleas'd with their muse.

La Mancha's mad knight,
With windmills would fight.
Like him our attempts are a jest ;
With envy insane,
And with projects so vain,
Each sneers at the schemes of the rest.

This extravagancy
On folly or fancy,
Appears to be rather too long ;
With something that's shrewd,
I will to conclude ;
And make this an epigram song.

In a Point it must end,
On a Point I depend,
And like a staunch pointer I'll stand,
I appoint you to sing,
I appoint you to ring,
And a Scotch Pint of Claret command.

102

BACCHUS, one day, gaily riding,
On his never failing tun,
Sneaking aquapies deriding,
Thus address'd each toping son :
Praise the joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid shrine,
All things noble, bright, and airy,
Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.

Priskine heroes crown'd with glory,
Owe their noble ris to me.
Homer wrote the flaming story,
Fit'd by my divinity :
If my influence is wanting,
Music's charms but slowly move ;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
Till I fill the swain with love.

If you crave eternal pleasure,
Mortals ! this way bend your eyes ;
From my ever flowing treasure,
Charming scenes of bliss arise ;
Here's that charming, soothing blessing,
Sole dispeller of all pain ;
Gloomy souls from care releasing,
He who drinks not, lives in vain,

103

IN good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty had no harm in't ;
A zealous high churchman I was,
And so I use yeagerment &

ck I never mis'd ;
God appointed ;
ain'd that do refis,
e Lord's anointed.
law I will maintain,
dying day, fir,
oever king shall reign,
vicar of *Brey*, fir.

nes obtain'd the throne,
me in fashion,
I hooted down,
Declaration,
Rome I found would fit,
confituation ;
e a Jesuit,
evolution.
his is law, &c;

was our king declar'd,
ation's grievance ;
wind about I steer'd,
him allegiance ;
did revoke,
e at a distance ;
e was a joke,
non-resistance.
his is law, &c.

Anne ascends the throne,
of *England's* glory,
f thing was seen,
e a fory ;
formits base,
it moderation ;
e church in danger was,
arication.
this is law, &c.

a pudding-time came o'er,
te men look'd big, fir,
-pan once more,
came a whig, fir.
ent I procur'd,
faith's defender ;

And always, ev'ry day, abjug'd
The pope and the pretender.
And this is law, &c.
Th' illustrious house of *Hanover*,
And protestant succession ;
To thefe I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep possession ;
For, by my faith and loyalty,
I never more can fauler,
And *George* my lawful king shall be,
Until the time shall after.
And this is law, &c.

W HAT a charming thing's a battle !
Trumpets sounding, drums a beating ;
Cack, crack, crack, the cannons rattle,
Ev'ry heart with joy elating.
With what pleasure are we spying,
From the front and from the rear,
Round us in the smoaky air,
Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying !
Then the groans of soldiers dying,
Just like sparrows, as it were.

At each pop,
Hundreds drop ;
While the muskets prattle prattle,
Kid'd and wounded,
Lie confounded.
What a charming thing's a battle !
But the pleasant joke of all,
Is when to close attack we fall ;
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting ;
Horse and foot,
All go to't,
Kill's the word, both men and cattle ;
Then to plunder,
Blood and thunder,
What a charming thing's a battle.

W ITH swords on their thighs the bold yeomen are
[seen.
For their country they arm, their religion & queen,

SOCIAL AND CONVIVIAL SONGS.

How glorious their ardour to lay down their lives,
In defence of their freedom, their children & wives !
Ye tyrants, ye know not what liberty yields, [fields;
How she guards all our shores, and protects all our
As Hebe she's fair, and as Hercules strong, [song.
She's the queen of our mirth, and the joy of our
To Liberty raise up the high cheerful strain,
Fill the goblets around to the lords of the main.
Eliza is queen, and her brave loyal band
Shall drive each invader far out of the land.

WHAT *Cato* advises most certainly wife is,
Not always to labour, but sometimes to play,
To mingle sweet pleasure with search after treasure,
Indulgent at night for the toils of the day ;
And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser,
His bags will decrease, while his health does decay
Our souls we enliven, our fancies we brighten,
And pass the long ev'ning in pleasures away.
All cheerful and hearty, we set aside party,
With some tender fair each full bumper is crown'd
Then *Bacchus* invites us, and *Venus* delights us,
While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd :
See here's our physician, we know no ambition,
But where there's good wine & good company found
Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,
'tis sunning and summer with us the year round.

BRISK wine and women are
The source of all our joys ;
A brimmer softens ev'ry care,
And beauty never cloyes :
Then let us drink and love,
While yet our hearts are gay ;
Women and wine, by all prov'd,
Are blessings night and day.

BY the gaily-circling glass
We can see how minutes pass ;
By the hollow cask are told
How the wan ing night grows old ;
How the wan ing right grows old ;

Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play ;
What have we with day to do ?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you ;
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

PUSH the bumpers about, drink my toast & ~~us~~
Round the brim let the liquor be flowing ;
We're robbing of life while we drinking ~~down~~,
So prithee, dear brother, keep doing : ~~us~~
Here's a health to the man who for strength ~~to~~
Who values no mortal for riches alone,
Who ne'er trod on the weak, or gave sorrow a kin
He he's a true son of the bottle.

The science of drinking is better by half,
Than the *Ethics* of old *Aristotle* ;
I look at all life, and at all life I laugh,
Except in the life of a bottle ;
Let scholars with scholars explain and conf^{use}
The motion of matter, the world's wheeling
For make them once drunk, and the secret is ~~out~~
Such wonders are work'd by the bottle.
Should sickness, despair, and captivity jois,
I'd equal the ancients in thinking ;
No cordial, no comfort I'd ask, for but wine,
No freedom demand but for drinking :
Stood death like a drawer to wait on me home,
Or bailiff-like durst he push into the room,
I'd try for a moment to tip him the hum,
'Till a bumper'd the last of my bottle.

WHILE *W*hitf^d & *W*ely with cant & ~~pe~~
Th' enjoyments of life and its pleasures degrad^e ;
And draw from pure nature, men gudeons by ~~the~~
By that orthodox humbug—the saving of soul :
Permit me a wonder most strange to declare,
Of a youth who but lately fell—out of the way
From whose early workings and manner so ~~good~~
The faithful, with pleasure, had mark'd for us.
'Twas past ten o'clock by that watchman old
When Satan wou'd have it who ~~persecuted~~

ng open, young *Pious* went in,
To the wicked and rail against sin :
choice spirits whose only design,
iten their mirth by the help of good wine
tickled and touch'd to the quick,
his fore conscience of h—ll & old nick.
g of hymns, he now alter'd his note,
of good humour, he soon got by rote :
g and groaning young *Pious* thus won,
in the glafs with good humour & fun :
your cant, the new convert now cries,
nd reason has open'd my eyes :
you can, boys, since die we all must,
we're sure of—the future—I'll trust

——— 111 ———
 F IS for landmen to prate,
ch trifling I hate,
and cajole is their plan :
or a licence let's hastie,
e have no time to waite ;
that best speak the man.
n a rough, honest tar,
ft landed from far ;
annot change like the weather ;
s the needle 'tis true,
nd points only to you ;
m, then, splice us together.

——— 112 ———
 man who for life
d' with a wife,
wretched condition s
ngs how they will,
ks by him still,
s his only physician,
an, &c.
le and toy,
ve a man joy,
n's promoted by beauty ?
ere is the bliss
vingal kiss...
n is prompted by duty,
, &c.

The dog when posseſſ'd
Of mutton the best,
A bone he may leave at his pleasure;
But if to his tail
'Tis ty'd, without fail
He is harraf'd and plagu'd beyond measure.
Poor cur, &c.

——— 113 ———
 T HO' envious old age seems in part to impair me,
And make me the sport of the wanton and gay ;
Brisk wine shall recruit, as life's winter shall wear
And I still have a heart to do what I may. [me,
Then, *Venus*, bestow me some damsel of beauty,
As *Bacchus* shall lend me a cherishing glass ;
To *Selena* the Great they shall both pay their duty,
We'll first clasp the bottle, and then clasp the lass ;
The bottle and lass,
The lass and the bottle ;
We'll first clasp the bo:tle, and then clasp the lass.

——— 114 ———
 T HE month of *September*
I well shall remember,
On account of the flames and the fire,
With which *Ju'iet* the nun,
Full of frolic and fun,
Sing'd the heart of the am'rous friar.

The force of her kisses,
And melting caresses,
I'll with pleasure and ecstasy own ;
For most certain it is,
That one balmy kiss
From her lips, would enliven a stone.

Then be silent, ye fools,
Who by musty dull rules,
Pretend your fierce passions to tame ;
For without the bleſt aid
Of a kind-hearted maid,
Life is nothing but sorrow and pain.

——— 115 ———
 T HE sages of old,
In prophecy told,
The cause of a nation's undoin;

But our new *English* breed
No prophecies need,
For each one here seeks his own ruin.

With grumbling and jars,
We promote civil wars,
And preach up false tenets to many ;
We snarl and we bite,
We rail and we fight
For religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,
That's true to his friend,
And the church and the state would settle ;
Who delights not in blood.
But draws when he shou'd,
And bravely stands brunt to the bottle.

Who rails not at kings,
Nor politick things,
Nor treason will speak when he's mellow ;
But takes a full glass
To his country's success ;
This, this is an honest brave fellow :

116
TO *Phillis* and *Chloe*, and all the gay throng,
Too long the soft lay has been rais'd ;
Too long to their beauty has flow'd the vain song,
Too long has their beauty been prais'd :
Great *Bacchus*, repentant, thy pardon I ask,
Forgiveness I humbly implore ;
If e'er for a female I quit a full cask,
May I never enjoy one drop more—great god ;
May I never enjoy one drop more,

Ye sops and ye fribbles, your title I own
To sing all the charms of the fair ;
Their beauties to praise is your province alone ;
Alone make their beauties your care :
For who in his sense, what mortal can blame
Who strives his own merit to raise ?
For women and sops are so nearly the same,
In theirs, that he sings his own praise—sweet Miss
t' theirs, &c.

Tho' wit, sparkling wit, some rare females pos
Tho' kindness may add to their store ;
Good-nature and similes have a bumper no less,
And sparkles an hundred times more :
With virtue uns fully'd adorn'd tho' she be,
Tho' modesty blooms in each feature,
A bottle is not more immodest than she,
It's virtue ten thousand times greater—dear bo
It's virtue, &c.

Their beauty attracting I freely confess ;
Their sex, I must own, has it's charms ;
I own for a moment they're able to bles,
And melt us away in their arms :
Yet lasting the pain is, and transient the joy ;
The raptures are instantly past ;
But wine, happy juice ! is sure never to cloy,
It's pleasures till doomsday shall last—brave in
It's pleasures, &c.

Then adieu to their charms, to their beauties ad
All thoughts of the sex I resign ;
I fight in thy cause, to thy int'rest am true,
And yield me eternally thine :
And if ever, great master, thy colours I fly,
If e'er like a rover I pine,
May (greatest of curses !) my hoghead run dry,
Nor more be replenish'd with wine—blest wi
Nor more, &c.

117
ONE day at her toilet as *Venus* began
To prepare for her face-making duty,
Bacchus stood at her elbow, and swore that her
Would not help it, but hinder her beauty.
A bottle young *Semele* held up to view,
And begg'd she'd observe his directions—
This Burgundy, dear *Cybarea*, will do,
'Tis a rouge that renews all complexions.
Too polite to refuse him, the bumper she sips,
On his knees, the buck begg'd she'd do
The joy-giving goddess, with wine-moisten'd
Declar'd she would do.

each wash, paste, & powder, she hurl'd
od of the grape vow'd to join;
sign'd & seal'd, then bid fame tell the
n'twixt BEAUTY and WINE. [world

118

and methought I through Aether was
ong spirits of air; [hurl'd,
clouds, we look'd down on the world
hibitions spy'd there.

us was there, bearing Monarchy's crown
n round Liberty Hall; [down,
her rich robe, Public Spirit pull'd
broad grinn'd at her fall.

use plac'd, to denote foul and fair,
keep veering about;
'e saw, and smil'd at their glare,
n'd, with the times, in and out.

s, mask'd with Hypocrisy's face,
thunder'd aloud;
ing's joke, with distorted grimace,
her judecons,—the crowd.

our were there, drove from Dignity's
lity's coach might have room; [door,
w open Temptation's bale store,
aint Simplicity's bloom.

against Prudence was waging a fight,
'e oppo'd Duty strong;
onfess'd Reason's dictates were right,
m selves still resolv'd to be wrong.

roop towards Westminster bore;
ers there are 'mong mankind?
'e Lawyers paraded before,
lice follow'd behind.

neats we saw—but respect shall with-
iat's pour'd forth on the cloth; I stand
nd Statesmen we saw hand in hand,
tood at par between both.

ad lain siege to Integrity's head,
was battering his heart;
'e struck Humility dead,
'e Vanity's part.

Crafty Care and pale Usury, two sleepless hags,
Wealth o'erwhelm'd, yet untired with toil;
Their heir Dissipation we saw at their bags,
With Flattery sharing the spoil.

The myst'ries of trade,—but no longer I'll dwell,
On either the mighty or mean;
From an emperor's court to a penitent's cell,
Life's all the same laughable scene.

'Tis a pitiful piece, like a farce in a fair,
Where shew, noise and nonsense misrule,
Where tinsel paradiags, make ignorance flare,
Where he who acts best is the fool.

119

LET us laugh at the common distinctions of state,
When merely from title, men hold themselves great;
If merit wins honours, the wearers we praise,
But only the mean, homage heraldy's blaze.

If you are a lineal descendant from Adam,
Or spouse can collateral claim from his madam;
O'er acres of parchment, tho' pedigrees spread, [bred
Boast not how you're born, Sir, but shew how you're
You laurels display, which your forefathers won;
We allow they did great things, but what have you?
The cover & stubble, your conquests proclaim, [done
And your country's preserv'd by the laws of the game
Ye lords of large manors, your flatt'ners disband,
What are ye but tenants for life to the land; [plate,
Your lakes, gardens, grotts, temples, busts, pictures,
Are things of the inn, where in life's a-stage you bait.
Awhile you the labours of luxury bear,

Till time tells you out, to make room for your heir,
The same round of riot, he runs for his day,
His successor's summons, sends him the same way.

But he who exists in infinity's state,
Whose hand holds the sun, and whose fiat is fate;
To some has sent power, to others give wealth,
And to us, who are humble, his best blessing, health.
To the graces, we nightly, a sacrifice make,
Wit & humour, the chairs, as our talk-masters take,
By such social converse, our time we improve,
While tenderness lends us the daughters of song.

SOCIAL AND CONVIVIAL SONGS.

Jolly welcome attends hospitality's call,
Common sense is our cat'er in liberty-hall ;
For one dish dress'd there, all court treats we resign
Keep your distance, ye Kings ! independent we dine.

120

A BUMPER of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar :
So fill a cheerful glass,
And let good-humour pass
But if mo'e deep the quarrel,
Why sooner drain the barrel,
Than be the hateful fellow
That's crabbed when he's mellow.
A bumper, &c.

121

A GAIN Britannia smile,
Smile at each threat'ning foe :
To save this d-ooping isle,
See Rodney strikes the blow ;
For Rodney quickly will regain
Thy lov'reign empire o'er the main.

Against thee treach'rous foes,
And false allies combine ;
But vainly they oppose,
If Rodney still is thine :
For gallant Rodney will maintain
The Britiſh empire o'er the main.

Long may he plough the main,
Long may he victor prove,
Rewards full sure to gain,
Of king and people's love :
For gallant Rodney will maintain
The Britiſh empire o'er the main,

122

NOw's the time for mirth and glee,
Sing, and love, and laugh with me :
Cupid is my theme of story :
*'Tis his Godship's fame and glory,
How all yiel'd unto his law !
Ha ! ha ! hal ha ! ha ! hal ha !*

O'er the grave, and o'er the gray,
Cupid takes his share of play :
He makes heroes quit their glory :
He's the God most fam'd in story ;
Bending them unto his law !

Ha ! ha ! &c.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
Without pity,—piercing hearts :
Cupid triumphs over passions,
Not regarding modes or fashions.
Firmly fix'd is *Cupid*'s law !

Ha ! ha ! &c.

Some may think these lines not true,
But they're facts—twixt me and you :
Then, ye maids, and men, be wary,
How you meet be'fore you marry !
Cupid's will is solely law !

Hal ha ! &c.

123

NOw the sun is gone to bed,
Let each lift his rosy head,
All our pain is o'er and care,
Let us hafte to better fare ;
Try with nectar to repay
All the mighty toils of day.

Who sit ill can meanly pine,
O'er the brimming joys of wine ;
Who can dare a coward prove,
In the field of war or love,
Fear and spleen, that shakes the soul,
All lie drown'd within the bowl.

Wine then, balm and friend of life,
Banish thought, and banish strife,
Arm the mind 'gainst ev'ry ill,
Make us happy, come what will ;
Taste the present, scorn the past,
Live as tho' to day's the last.

Here's the charm against despair,
See it laughs at sulky care ;
Come, my boys, and nobly join,
In the praise of sparkling wine,
Fill the glas and raise the song,
Keep the revels all night long.

124 [roam
rfts for more knowledge is welcome to,
t a new clime, who is wretched at home,
afire or folly has not had his fill,
nor Old England whenever he will ;
shall tempt me to cross the salt main,
I'm too steady, and rambling is pain.

I, brave boys, good enough is for me,
houghts I can speak, whereby birthright
wifh for now content my call, I'm free
n the field, or can roar in my hall ;
my own, I can do as I will,
then that prattle, a wife that is still.

I'm happy, tho' taxes run high,
exotics, so easy am I ;
my friends, and at peace with the dead,
and state I ne'er trouble my head ;
I hate, and a bumper love most, toast.
ge me, I'm sure, for Old England's my

125 LCOME friendly gleam of night,
for revels and delight,
sublimest joys to prove,
chose for wine and love,
er still, ye sons of care,
d the toils of life to share ;
of my social bowl,
to blis th'enchanted soul.
sparkling goblets higher,
Oh ! roun the dormant fire,
the fleeting minutes shine,
with love, and rich with wine.

126 WISH the candles, give Phœbus fair play
re unbolt, let us honour the day ;
using we've drove from her poff,
ines upon us, we'll give him a toast.
the neighbours are passing along,
k thro' the fashions & tell us we're wrong :
e avant—what is all they can say ?
night they slept, whilst we drank it away.
lisputers, ye dignified doctors,
e minors, with prebends and professors,

What fense is it, prithee, which tells us to think,
When all our seven fenses declare we shou'd drink ?

Our patron is Bacchus, and Jove was his fire,
He was born in a burst of celestial fire ; [charme,
Mamma begg'd the god would come worthy her
The lightning of love prov'd too much for her arms,

From her, in a moment, the baby was snatch'd,
And into a buck by Nurse Jupiter batch'd ;
Th'immortal to expiate Semele's rape,
Befow'd on his sounding the gift of the grape.

Ye love-sick who live on the shine of an eye,
The red of a cheek, or the tone of a figh ;
Impres'd by the smiles or the frowns of a faig,
As weather-glaas shews variations of air ;

In country or town, you have seen, without doubt
A dancing-bear led by a ring in his snout,
While Pug plays his tricks if ye shew him some fruit
These emblems, ye ladies, will most lovers suit,

If girls won't comply why we never run mad,
But away to the next, as enough may be had ;
If again we're repul'd, we ne'er hang, nor despise,
But in wine comfort seek, we are sur of it there.

Draw your bows ye Crobbetti in music's defence,
With sound I'm for having a portion of fense ;
Give me a bell's tinkle, a fat landlord's roar,
With a good fellow's bellow, Bring six bottles more.

Six bottles ! we'll have them, and bumper away,
We've drank up the night & we'll drink down the day.
Here's his health who to wine & his word will be just,
Here's the girl that we love & the friend we can trust.

127 AS Wit, Joke, and Humour, together were fat,
With liquor a plentiful stock,
Still varying the scene, with song and with chat,
The watchman bawl'd, Past twelve o'clock.

At that hour, I've read, oft spirits do come,
And poor timid mortals affright ;
Just then, in that instant, one enter'd the room,
An ancient, pale-face, meagre spirit.

SOCIAL AND CONVIVIAL SONGS.

The phantom appear'd, and the candles burnt blue,
Wit and humour began for to stare;
Cries out Joke—Look'e, friends, this is nothing
Behold!—see, 'tis only old Care. [new;

I know he would tell us, 'twas Time sent him here
And tell us 'tis time to be gone;
But we'll tell him this, let him think what he dare
We'll finish him ere it be one.

They quickly agreed, and about it they went,
R solving of Care to get free;
Wit mov'd it—and strait they all join'd in consent,
To lay the ghost in the Red sea.

Whole bumpers of claret they quickly drank off,
And fav'rite toasts they went round;
When Humour, well pleas'd, thus set up a laugh,
Quoth he, How Care looks now he's drown'd!

When loud shouting began, huzza they all cry'd,
We're rid of this troublesome guest;
Fill your bumpers aound, let this be our pride,
To sing, laugh and drink to the best.

Now their blood running high, at a conquest so
To singing and drinking they fix, [great,
With the fun they arose, with spirits elate,
And decently parted at six.

— 128 —

A TRIFLING song you shall bear,
Begun with a trifle, and ended:
All trifling people draw near,
And I sha'l be nobly attended.
Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately have come into play,
The men would want something to do,
And the women want something to say.
What makes men trifle in dressing;
Because the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often possessing,
That eminent trifle, a beau.
When the lover his moments has trifled,
The trifle of trifles to gain,
No sooner the virgin is rifled,
But a trifle shall part them ag'in.

What mortal man would be able
At White's half an hour to fit?
Or who could bear a tea-table,
Without taking trifles for wit.

The court is from trifles secure;
Gold keys are no trifles, we see,
White rods are no trifles, I'm sure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
Where trifles abundantly breed,
The lever will shew you his grace
Makes promises trifles indeed.

A coach with six footmen behind,
I count neither trifles nor sin;
But ye Gods! how oft do we find,
A scandalous trifle within?

A flask of Champaigne, people think i
A trifle, or something as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle, by gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea;
A widow's a trifle in sorrow;
A peace is a trifle to-day,
Who knows what may happen to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it a red may endeavour;
But if once the army is broke,
We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say,
The reason pray carry along,
Because that at every new play,
The house they with trifles do throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to set us all on a foot,
The author of this is a trifle,
And his song is a trifle to boot.

— 129 —

BACCHUS, god of joys divine,
Be thy pleasure ever mind.

on this thy votary^{thine} prayer,
ides not worth my care :
griefs brisk wine dispels,
ng ev'ry trouble quells,
ng ev'ry trouble quells.
ll our griefs, &c.

the goblet full is fill'd,
he clasp'ing vine distill'd ;
indeed I'm truly blest,
'ry anxious thought'st at rest :
its potent juice I quaff,
sing, and dance and laugh.

you be for ever gay,
s, learn of me the way ;
t beauty, 'tis not love,
lone sufficient prove ;
d raise and charm the soul,
drain the spicy bowl.

130

, he comes, the hero comes,
d the trumpet, beat, beat the drums,
o port, let cannons roar,
ne to the British shore.

spare, your songs prepare ;
y rend th'echoing air :
o pole your joys resound,
his, with glory crown'd.

131

the waiter bring clean glasses,
h a fresh supply of wine ;
see by all your faces,
ny wishes you will join.

at the charms of beauty
ch I purpose to proclaim ;
hile will leave that duty,
a more prevailing theme.

health I'm now proposing,
have one full glass at least ;
here can think't imposing,
be founder of our feast.

SEE Bacchus ascending afride on his tun,
Like *Perseus* of old, who *Andromeda* won,
To kill the fell monster call'd sobriety,
That bane to the pleasures of society.

As he lights upon the table,
Drink, he cries, while you are able;
And when you can no more contain,
Then let it out and fill again.

132
LIVE and love, enjoy the fair ;
Banish sorrow, banish care ;
Mind not what old dotards say,
Age has had his share of play,
But youth's sport begins to day.
From the fruits of sweet delight
Let no scare-crow virtue fright ;
Here, in pleasure's vineyards, we
Rove, like birds, from tree to tree
Careless, airy, gay and free.

133
ONCE the Gods of the Greeks at ambrosial feast,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
Merry *Momus* among them appeared as a guest,
Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing.
This happen'd fore Chaos was fix'd into form,
While Nature disorderly lay ;
While elements adverse engender'd the storm,
And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On ev'ry Olympic the humourist droll'd,
Hence none cou'd his jokes disapprove,
He sung, repartee'd, many sage stories told,
And at length thus address'd father *Jove*.

Sire,—Mark how yon matter is heaving below,
Were it settled 'twould please all your court,
'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless, you know,
Pray people it just for our sport.

Jove nodded assent, all *Olympus* bow'd down,
At his first creation took birth ;
The cloud-mantled deity smil'd on his throne,
And announce'd the production was Earth.

Social and Constitutional Songs.

Answer back for me; you gave a man;
Again answer it again;
The power of you set me from a man,
To lower the leader of men.

The power of him who rules over us all; his words
Lay us within the dust of war;
There is no way to change & to change a prince,
But the spiritless ones must lay the law.

From one man, all is sprung, the God of my longing;
In nothing else worth admiring;
The love of me loves me like a King,
As though I were their Queen.

From You a man can't find infallible hand,
For here is the guide but none.
The example of the gods is his name
And angelic than none can't mankind.

From the land of great Your love since it was said;
He was chosen to be the son of the sun,
But the engines of Satan take charge of the world
And the kingdom is his own.

His place will the present recover the gods reward
See your righteous hand, valiant and puissant;
The last judgment see in its accomplish'd sound,
Prophetic sun, stars, and stars.

With love, go to your son, the Lamb under the cross,
Jesus has dying the taught victory to me,
Whom he at each moment cast in the fire before me,
And I'll return the instant he will be born.

That now you're coming, knowe the wife,
Leave me, if on the spot;
My dear, my friend's Pale, your last gift I prize,
But, excuse me, we thing is forgot.

I incensed of freedom's destruction now being,
U-lin's presence prepares its deliver;

The Goddess of Justice bid the lion wing,
And on Earth's bosom below a Common Scene.

Your Cardinal Virtues she left in this life,
A good cause to cherish the root,
The Monitor of liberty gaily goes in life,
And Eng'ls' Admiration on the truth.

Time flies, and time goes, as a moment to me,
Or perceive it as pure as two pence,
We will while we are mortal, say we'll gratify
Our hearts to measure in Heaven.

THE 133rd Hymn. Like a Dove, white dove amidst
Your all, from these gardens the pale dove cometh;
For dove, dove, dove, the incommodious dove,
Are the different names the dove hath no name;
Each call her dove, to prove her dove,
Thought willing to all, with due care he comes,
But think of the dove, and you all know,
The dove of the dove may be happy to know,
But think, etc.

TO tell you the truth,
At the days of my vanity,
As much as I could have,
I like a pick,
And I am of a lark,
And I die in yesterday's day.

But now I am old,
With gr'ce he is told,
I must make friends further;
At forty-three,
I like you and me,
A man grows weak for wear.

MASTER Tom's married,
Pretty wife says Mr. Paul,
If I'm not mistaken,
Marie not at all.
Now, before you marry,
Mind the golden rule,
Look before you leap,
Or else you'll play the fool.
If I take a wife,
Work her the best,
The like prove an angel,
Set her wife to me,
Bapt. Qd.

me money,
forgot ;
me nothing,
till the pot ?
T.c.

eauty,
Spaniards say,
in gadding,
the may.
T.c.

beaux to ogle,
its to prate .
am's frisking,
de Tete.
T.c.

it,
mercy then ;
ongue is silent,
sloy her pen.
T.c.

c and filly,
I to blame,
folly,
e the shame.
T.c.

nefice,
no fool ;
t I'm lectur'd,
at school.
T.c.

Tommy married,
ill in vain ;
me freedom,
'll maintain.
T.c.

I've run over,
arringe state ;
e discover,
unicate.
T.c.

138

THIS world is a fair, where theeroud is bent wholly
On gew-gaws and rattles, noise, nonsense, and folly,
Where higgledy-piggledy, pell-mell, and confusion,
We're born, take a peep, die, and lose the illusion.
And these we see whirligigs, round-about,
Ups and downs, in and outs,
Fal-lais, drums, trumpets, globes, sceptres, and
Hot spiced gingerbread & merry-go rounds, [crowna
With wonders wonders & wonders enough to make a
O don't you think it a wondful fair [blind man stare
Here are all sorts of toys for all ranks & gradations,
Gilt ribbons for ladies, for Lords—installations ;
Wigs first worn at *Westminster*, after on *May day*,
On judges & chimney-sweeps high-days & play-days
And there you shall see mask'd faces, false noses,
caffenets, and salt boxes ; [doxies ;
Jack-puddings, with gridirons, dukes, devils, and
With a strange medley of tythe-pigs and bishops,
lawyers, bailiffs, and prisons ; [reafons ;
Fanatical preachers, who have many more words than
Wise dogs, learned horses, illiterate asses, and many
other strange beasts there.
O, don't you think it a wonderful fair ?

In this fair you will find, Sir, the worl' wares are
As knav'ry is getting what folly is spending [vending
Here titles and honours are trades most prolific,
And gold is the one universal specific. [speeches ;
And here you hear many fine promises in many fine
But if you lov' liberty and property beware of such
leeches ; [and be gone,
With their legerdemain tricks, hey, Presto, fly quick
They are here, there, and every where, on all sides,
and on none ; [rant, cant, stamp and stare
Then they squeeze their hats, beat their breasts, rave
Oh ! don't you think it a wonderful fair.

139

WHEN *Britain* on her sea-girt shore,
Her white rob'd Druids erst address'd,
What aid (she cry'd) shall I implore,
What best defence, by numbers pres'd !

" Tho' hostile nations round thee rise,
 (The mystic oracles reply'd)
 " And view thine isle with envious eyes,
 " Their threats defy, their rage deride ;
 " Nor fear invasion from your adverse Gauls,
 " Britain's best bulwarks are her *Wooden Walls*.

 " Thine oaks descending to the main,
 " With floating forts shall stem the tides,
 " Asserting Britain's liquid reign
 " Where'er her thund'ring navy rides ;
 " Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd,
 " Where commerce opens all her stores,
 " In social bands shall league mankind,
 " And join the sea-divided shores :
 " Spread then thy sails where naval glory calls,
 " Britain's best bulwarks are her *Wooden Walls*.

 " Hail happy isle ! what tho' the vales
 " No vine empurpled tribute yield,
 " Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
 " Nor crops spontaneous glad the field ;
 " Yet liberty rewards the toil
 " Of i' dustry, to labour prone,
 " Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
 " And reaps the harvest she has sown ;
 " While other realms tyrannic sway enthralle,
 " Britain's best bulwarks are her *Wooden Walls*. "

Thus spake the bearded peers of yore,
 In visions wrapt of Britain's fame,
 Ere ye. *Iberia* felt her pow'r,
 Or *Gallia* trembled at her name ;
 Ere ye. *Columbus* dar'd t'explore
 New regions rising from the main ;
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 Bear then, ye winds, the solemn strain !
 The sacred truth an awe-struck world appals,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her *Wooden Walls*.

140

 CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring rafter,
 Lift, ye landsmen all to me,
 Well-mates hear a brother sailor,
 Sing the dangers of the sea,

Form bounding billows, first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.
 Hark ! the boatswain hoarsly bawling,
 By top-sail-sheets, and halyard stand
 Down top-gallants quick be hawling,
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, ha !
 Now it freshens, set your braces,
 The top-sail-sheets, now let go,
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your top-sails nimbly clew.
 Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms ;
 Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms :
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our minds enthrall
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Now again the boatswain calls.
 The top-sail-yards point to the wind, bo
 See all clear to reef each course ;
 Let the fore sheet go, dod't mind, boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse ;
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail-yard get,
 Reef the mizzen, see all clear ;
 Hands up each preventer brace set,
 Man the fore yard, cheer, lads, cheer
 Now the dreadful thunder roaring.
 Peal on peal contending clash ;
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash ;
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky ;
 Different deaths at once surrounds us,
 Hark ! what means that dreadful cry,
 The fore-mast's gone ! cries every tongue
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck ;
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung o
 Call all hands to clear the green.

yards cut to peices,
hearts, be stout and bold !
tell, the leak increases,
water in the hold !

be ship wild waves are beating,
ives or children mourn ;
hence there's no retreating,
n hence there's no return :
t is gaining on us,
pumps are choak'd below ;
mercy here upon us,
hat can save us now.
beam is the land boys,
ns o'er board be thrown,
come ev'ry hand, boys,
izen-mast is gone,
ve found, it can't pour fast,
tn'd her a foot and more ;
jury fore-mast,
, the rights, boys, wear off shore.

ore on joys we're thinking,
l fortune fav'd our lives ;
an, boys, let's be drinking
eetharts and our wives :
out ship wheel it,
ur lips a brimster join ;
tempest now, who feels it,
danger's drown'd in wine.

— 141 —
fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
my sweet *Shakespeare*, was planted by
kiss it, and bow at thy shrine, [thee;
from thy hand must be ever divine ;
from thy hand must be ever divine.
ield to the mulberry tree,
ield to the mulberry tree ;
ee, blest mulberry,
ee, blest mulberry ;
was he who plant'd thee,
like him immortal shall be,
ike him immortal shall be.

Ye tree of the forest so rampant and high, [the sky ;
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep
Ye curious exoticis, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear.

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is *Britain's* great boast,
Preferv'd once our king, and will always our coast ;
Of her we make ships we have thousands can fight,
But one, only one, like our *Shakespeare* can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let *Venus* delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and *Flora* in flowers ;
The garden of *Shakespeare* all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers and the fairest of fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
Supplies law and physic, and graces the church ;
But law and the gospel in *Shakespeare* we find,
And he gives the best physic for body and mind,

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
For him and his merits this takes its dgree ;
Give *Phebus* and *Bacchus* their laurel and vine,
The tree of our *Shakespeare* is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As a genius of *Shakespeare* outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays and the vine all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relique of this hallow'd tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;
Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield, &c.

— 142 —
PUSH about the brisk bowl 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we sit round on the grass :
The lover, who tucks his suff'ring and smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an all, an all ;
Deserves to be reckon'd an all.

SOCIAL AND CONVIVIAL SONGS.

The wretch, who fits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wifhts to add to the mass,
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an aſs, an aſs;
Deserves, &c.

The beau, who fo smart with his well-powder'd hair
An angel beholds in his glaſs,
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
Deserves to be reckon'd an aſs, an aſs;
Deserves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of *Craſſus* the wealth to ſuppaſs;
And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
Claps the horns of an ox on the aſs, the aſs;
Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer fo grave, when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well fronted with braids,
Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;
There you, my good friend, are an aſs, an aſs;
There you, &c.

The formal phyſician, who knows ev'ry ill,
Shall laſt be produc'd in this clafs;
The ſick man a while may confide in his ſkill,
But death proves the doctor an aſs, an aſs;
But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
By turns take our bottle and laſs;
For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,
Deserves to be reckon'd an aſs, an aſs;
Deserves to be reckon'd an aſs.

— 143 —
WITH woman and wine I defy ev'ry care,
For life without theſe is a bubble of air;
For life without theſe, &c.
Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
And a new flow of ſpirits enlivens my foul;
Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never ſhall a ter my conduſt for them;
I care not how much they my meaſures decline,
Let 'em have their own humor, & I will have mine.

Wine prudently uſ'd will our ſenſes impoſe
'Tis the ſpring-tide of life, and the ſeaſon
And *Venus* ne'er look'd with a ſmile more
As when *Mars* bound his head with a ſprig
Then come, my dear charmer, thou girlie
First pledge me with kisses next pledges me;
Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn
But ſhouldn't thou my paſſion for wine diſlike
My bumper I'll quit, to be bleſſed with thy
For rather than forſet the joys of my life,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

— 144 —
A Master I have and I am his man,
Galloping dreary dun;
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With a haily, Gaily,
Gambo raily,
Giggling,
Niggleſing,
Galloping galloway, drabble tail dreary dun;
I saddled his ſeed, fo fine and fo gay,
Galloping dreary dun;
I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
With our haily, &c.
We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Galloping dreary dun;
The nightingale fung instead of the lark,
With her haily, &c.
We met with a friar, and aſk'd him our way;
Galloping dreary dun;
By the lord, ſays the friar, you are both
With your haily, &c.
Our Journey, I fear, will do us no good,
Galloping dreary dun;
We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,
With our haily, &c.
My master is fighting and I'll take a peep
Galloping dreary dun;
But now I think on to— & I'll bear you
With my haily, &c.

— 145 —
of the fun, see the mists disappear,
the beams brighten day;
the trees and the hill-tops are clear,
of the year, it is May.

away, puts disturb'd from her seat
and doubles the Wold,
he sheep their loud echoes repeat,
it free'd from the fold.

guage, the voice of the soul,
is, upon earth, in the sea;
here the most distant Worlds roll,
wou'd not be free?

we're free; but when liberty wanes
prisoning breath;

As slaves shall we sigh, or escape from our chains,
And follow our freedom to death.

We dare, even dying, our birthrights defend,
Our last shall be liberty's call;

Like Sampson, we'll nobly existency end,
And our tyrants o'erwhelm with our fall.

Good subjects will government ever obey,
Into air toss magninity's tale;

But honour forbid, fraud should e'er come in play,
And England be set up to sale.

While will without law, scourges Gallia's coast,
Let us, in our honesty bold,
First drink to the King's health, then add to the toast,
May Englis'men scorn to be sold.

S C E L L A N E O U S S O N G S .

O N G 1.
rocks sweet and yellow broom
nes the banks of Tweed,
ts a sweeter bloom,
l charms exceed,
erry fields of hay,
Jockey wi' a figh,
, fa young and gay,
ndsome lad deny,
the white and red,
lily join'd;
assy hung her head,
laddy pin'd.
erry fields of hay,
arest las he'd cry;
, fa young and gay,
ndsome lad deny,
elds and bony land,
a to chide,

Then Sandy presid'd her lily hand,
And ask'd her for his bride;
Then o'er the merry fields of hay,
Said she, my dearest lad we'll hies
For wha fa fast, fa young and gay,
Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny.

A H ! tell me why shoud silly man
Thus misapply h's short sojourn,
Thus waste h's life that's but a span,
And minutes that shall ne'er return!
If he, with thankful lip, would taste
The pleasures th'at around him play,
No gloom claud shoud overcast,
But sun-shine deck his happy day.

'Tis not the biting wint'r blast;
'Tis not the scorch ng summer day;
'Tis not the coast pn. which he's cast,
Or where he's born, or where shall die;

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

No, independent quite of these,
Life's pain or pleasure he must find,
No sun can scorch, no frost can freeze,
The joys of a contented mind.

3

VIRTUE bids us conquer passion,
Hard the victory we obtain ;
Hard to vanquish inclination,
But the pleasure pays the pain.
If a moment virtue waver,
She, refor'd to former peace,
Proud that vice could not enslave her,
Feels her energy increase.

4

WHEN swallows lay their eggs in snow,
And geese in wheat-ears build their nests ;
When roasted crabs a hunting go,
And cats can laugh at gossip's jests ;
When law and conscience are akin,
And pigs are learnt by note to squeak ;
Your worship then shall stroke your chin,
And teach an owl to whistle Greek.

-Till when let your wisdom be dumb ;
For say man of *Gotham*,
What is this world ?
A tetotum,
By the finger of folly twirl'd ;
With a hey go up, and about we come ;
While the sun a good poft-horse is found,
So merrily we'll run round.

5

WE three archers be,
Rangers that rove throughout the North country,
Lovers of ven' son and liberty,
That values not honours or money.

We three good fellows be,
That never yet ran from three times three,
Quarter staff, broad-sword, or bow-marry,
But give us fair play for our money.

We three merry men be,
At a late or a glass under green wood tree ;
Jocundly chaunting our ancient glee,
Though we have not a penny of money.

6

ON *Thebæs'* fair bank, a gentle youth
For *Lury* sigh'd with matchless truth,
Even he who sigh'd in rhyme ;
The lovely maid his flame return'd
And would with equal warmth have burn'd
But that she had not time.

Oft he repair'd, with eager feet,
In secret shades his fair to meet
Beneath the accustom'd lime ;
Oft times the maid wou'd meet him there,
But when he begg'd she'd ease his care,
She said she had not time.

It was not thus, inconstant maid,
You acted once, the shepherd said,
When love was in its prime.
She griev'd to hear him thus complain,
And with'd she could have eas'd his pain,
But still she had not time.

Then pointing to the church, he cry'd,
This day I'll make young *Jane* my bride,
Since you think love a crime ;
No, no, the f-i-id, my gentil youth,
I've try'd your faith and constant truth,
And now f-r love have time.

7

AT the peaceful midnight hours,
Every sense and ev'ry pow'r,
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep,
Then our careful watch we keep,
While the wolf in nightly proul
Bays the moon with hideous howl ;
Gates are barr'd, and vain resistance,
Females shriek, but no assistance.
Silence ! silence ! or you meet your fate !
Your keys, your jewels, cash and plate ;
Locks, bolts, and bars, soon lay aside
These to ride, rob, and plunder.

the spur of valour goaded,
im'd, and carbines loaded,
to strikes on hearts of steel;
oh spark thro' the dark gloom of night,
low and chearing light,
fear or doubt can feel?

ent now thro' thickets creeping,
our prey like lions leaping;
o the onset lead us,
veary traveller dread us;
ith terror and amaze,
t swords with lightning blaze,
to our carbines roaring,
clouds in torrents pouring;
: sanguine dagger's blade,
ee, and roving trade;
nset let's away,
ah, and we obey!

9. —————
here is a fountain of honour and fame,
t are the waters that flow;
f your throats, or this water's to blame,
drink, the more thirsty we grow?
e court to be sure is a fine place,
polite, a divine place:
the man can tell you how,
e you'd wish to rise,
h your ever step a bow!
ir tongue a thousand lies;
misive be your file!
it man's frown's a rod,
ension in h's smile,
on in his nod,
t care and clofe economy,
ake a mighty brag on,
set to guard the golden tree,
gobble like a dragon!

10. —————
R wife men all declare
t bring to strange and r e ,
tiful sublime in great nature's law,

A woman bears the belle;
And why they cannot tell;
"Tis the mystical charms of "Je ne scai quoi."
The lovely town-bred dame,
Dear caufe of many a flame,
Each smart swears he ne'er such a beauty saw,
Say what the lovers prize,
Coral lips or brilliant eyes?
No; the mystical charms of the " Je ne scai quoi."
Behold the vi laga maid,
By nature's hand array'd,
With her stockings green, and her hat of straw.
I love in dimple sleek,
Or the roses of her cheek?
No; the mystical charms of the " Je ne scai quoi."

11. —————
WHEN first an Arragonian maid
Is brought to Saragoſa.
Of all she sees, and hears afraid,
Her air is coarse and gross—a;
Stiff, formal, starch, reserv'd, and coy,
She seems a very prude—a;
And while the courtier tempts to joy,
Cries, " fie! you shan't be rude—a!"
But soon as cast in fashion's mould,
She's made a dame of honour;
Politely frank, genteely bold,
No shyness rests upon her;
She paints, coquettish, and flirts her fan;
For now (the cafe rever'd, Sir,)
She's grown a match for ev'y man,
And cries, " pray do your worst, Sir!"

12. —————
WHEN a lover's in the wind,
Tho' wife is coy, we always find
At last she turns out wood'rrous kind,
Nor thinks a man so shocking;
A woman's frowns are but a jest,
She's angry only to be prett,
And then she grants her friend's request,
To let them throw the bockling.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

While pudding-sleeves unites their hands,
And fetters both in marriage bands,
John grins at the *Molly* foolishness,
To see the neighbours flock in;
But after supper *John* is led,
With love and liquor in his head,
Tuck'd with his *Molly* into bed,
Then hey, to throw the stocking!
The night soon past, the morning come,
The couple looking queer and rum;
He says but little, she is dumb,
The chamber door unlocking.
But *Molly*, who was once so coy,
No longer now conceals her joy;
She vows all day—for her dear boy.—
She'd trudge without a stocking!

13
ERE round the huge oak, that o'erhangs my mill,
The for-d'ivy had da'd to entwine;
Ere the church was a ruin, that nods on the hill,
Or a rook, built her nest on the pine.
Could I trace back the time, a much earlier date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in yon field;
For the firm I now hold on your lordship's estate,
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.
He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unluckily'd descended to me;
For my child I've prefer'd it, uncrimson'd with
And it still from a spot shall be free. [shame,

14
I Travers'd *Judah's* barren land,
At beauty's altar to adores;
But here the *Turk* had spoil'd the land,
And *Sion's* daughters were no more.
In *Greece*, the bold imperious men,
The wanton look, the leering eye,
Bade love's devotion not be seen,
When constancy is never nigh,
From thence to *Italy's* fair shore,
I bent my never-ceasing way,
And to *Loretta's* temple bore
A mind devoted till to pray.

But there, too, superstition's band,
Had sicklied ev'ry feature o'er,
And made me soon regain the lands.
Where beauty fits the western shore
Where *Hymen* with celestial pow'r,
Connubial transport doth adorn;
Where purest virtue sports the hour
That ushers in, each happy morn.
Ye daughters of old Albion's isle,
Where'er I go, where'er I stray,
O charity's sweet children smile,
To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

15
THE great folks are noble, and proud
Of title, of honour, and wealth;
That I am a *Briton* is title to me,
And I'm rich in a stock of good he-

Lads, stop the mill,
Be the hopper full;
When low the sun,
Our work is done;

Then we'll sit to our homely board w
For sweet is the bread of industry.

Tho' in summe I copied the provider:
For winter some grains to provide;
Yet, what I could spare to a friend v
I ne'er was the friend who denied.

Lads, stop the mill,
Be the hopper full;
When low the sun,
Our work is done;

Then we'll sit to our homely board w
For sweet is the bread of industry.

16
IN greenwood shade, or winding dell
We merry maids and archers dwell;
In quiet, free from worldly strife,
We pass a chearful rural life,
And by the moon's pale quivering be
We frisk it near the chrystal streams.
Our station's near the King's highways
We rob the rich, the poor to pay;

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

The woe-worn wretch, we still protect,
The widow—orphan—ne'er neglect—
Fat churchmen, proud, we cause to stand
And whistle for our steady band.

AS burns the charger when he hears
The trumpet's martial sound;
Eager to scour the field he rears,
And spurns th' indented ground—
He snuffs the air, erects his flowing main,
Scents the big war, and sweeps along the plain.
Impatient thus, my ardent soul
Bounds forth on wings of wind,
And spurns the moments as they roll
With lagging pace behind. *Da Capo.*

TURN gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide our lonely way,
To where you taper chears the vale
With hospitable ray;

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds, unmeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as they go.

YE beauties, or such as would beauties be fam'd,
Lay patches and washes and painting aside,
Go burn all the glasses that ever were fram'd,
The gewgaws of fashion, & knicknacks of pride,
A nostrum to call from the toilet of reason
'Tis eas'y, 'tis cheap, and 'tis ev'ry season,
By all to be found, and with all to be pleasing.
When art has in vain her comedies applied,

Good nature, believe me, 'tis the smootherst of varnish,
Which ever bedimples the beautiful cheek;
No time nor no tint can its excellence tarnish,
It holds good so long, and it lies on so sleek.
'Tis more than the blush of the rose in the morn.
The white as the lily is not so adorning, [ing,
All accident proof, and all scrutiny-scouring;
'Tis eas'e to the witty, and wit to the weak,

Tis surely the girdle that *Venus* was bound w
The graces, her handmaids, all proud pat
Tis surely the radiance *Aurora* is crown'd w
Who, smiling, arises, and waits for the sun
Oh! wear it, ye lasses, on every occasion,
'Tis the noblest reproof, 'tis the strongest perf
'Twill keep, nay, 'twill almost retrieve reput
And last, and look lovely, when beauty is

SOFTLY found the martial trumpet,
Now the dia of war is o'er;
Peace, fair maid, prepares a banquet;
Laurell'd heroes pant no more.
A calm retreat, where myrtles twine,
With mossy rose, and sweet woodbine,
Shall recompence your toil and care,
You've shan'ch'd the sword, now guard the

WHAT is a poet, Sir? you, Sir? no, Sir
'Tis this, Sir, I'd have you to know—
Constantly writing, Sir,
And bin nail biting, Sir,
Oh, he's a wondrous fellow!
Now in the garret, Sir—high, Sir—high, Sir
Now in the cellar below;
Sunshine and vapour, Sir—
Pen, ink, and paper, Sir,
Oh, he's a wondrous fellow!
His pockets to fill, Sir—still, Sir—still, Sir—
His noddle he empties—O ho!
Scribbling and scrawling, Sir,
Starting and bawling,
Oh, he's a wondrous fellow!

HOW impur a soul art ye,
We sive with a patte;
No qualms of the conscience await us;
For an author well paid,
If he's true to the trade,
Will stand in *strangue* parties,

With deliberation we wait,
We mark reprobates, & we dash
Our spouse never squand' or scold us;
We can stand it again, & have had
With a dash of the penance, &c.
There is praise and abuse of all prices,
The rogue to applaud,
And make virtue of fraud,
For a trifles we always are willing
We never run a man down
For less than a crown,
But give a fly, e'en for a shilling.

TH E little bark by tempest toss'd,
With joy regains the shore,
But we by sorrows almost lost,
Enjoy this calm no more.
Misfortune hence, with all thy train,
Of cares and jealousies, and pain;
Henceforth the purest joys we'll prove,
Springing from virtue, truth and love.

LITTLE mules come and cry,
Put your finger in your eye;
Join the macaroni kind,
Denn the weather, denn the wind.
Winds that rumple powder'd hair,
Winds that fright the feather'd fair,
Winds that blow our hats away,
And rudely with our ruffles play.
Winds that drown the gentle note,
Fritter'd through a gentle throat,
Winds that clouds around us throw,
And spoil the glitter of our show.
Denn the winds that us have stirr'd,
On Friday June the twenty-third,
To please the macaroni kind:
Denn the rain, and denn the wind.

YOU gave me last week a young linnet,
Shut up in a fine golden cage;

Yet how sad the poor thing wi'
"Oh! how did it flutter and try?
Then he mop'd, and he pit,
That his wings were cont'd
Till I open'd the door of his cage;
Then so merry was he,
And because he was free,
He came to his cage back again!

WHY, *Job*, *Ralph*, *Sall*—why
Are all the servants deaf and dumb?
We won't obey—we have one out
We're masters all, as well as you,
But some must rule, while some are
And some must work, left all the

FIRE flies your eyes, and your
To beetles, as black as my hat, I
Softer than moss is your skin, and
Can your teeth, that are whiter'd?
My rattlesnake, my eel
My little bird of *Paradise*
My fossil of ten thousand
My pretty box of butter.

You are more precious than *Ophi*,
Your features may vie with a mer
Unique is your form, than an *Ophi*,
And a true *dilettante* must make you.
My rattlesnake, my eel
My little bird of *Paradise*
My fossil of ten thousand
My pretty box of butter.

TO a stage-coach we aptly may,
Where passengers seldom are please'd
But wrangling, & jangling, & jost
The infide-folks grin & the outsid
The inns they are in, and the out
Take in is the riddle, which mak
The out call the ministry infamo
And the inn, when they're round,
themselves.

credulity ever enslaves ;
 as hot-bed, to raise fools and knaves ;
 us & that way, sometimes pull together ;
 sense scorns to go partners with either.
 my freedom, and ob, my religion !
 the ear, faith, like *Makome's* pigeon :
 its cant, the farce, the finesse of all ages
 a bust actors of, the bust wagers.

— but hold. Sir, on which side the
 your swords, if ye dianes tak head. [Twas
 use to one side, the other abuse,
 born their place of nativity chuse ?

off, to oblivion's cave ;
 are Britons, as Britons behave r
 that side of a stream alter nature ?
 those reflextions away in the water,
 the cry now, and get all ye can ;
 it, get honestly ; get, though's the plan-
 g, and ev'ry thing else you'll obtain ;
 are how humble servants to gain.

a slave-dealers some may think base ;
 not they think—if at home 'tis the case?
 trade here keeps a market 'tis certain ;
 's bought & sold; more's the misfortune
 iuty's enjoy'd by a man of the town,
 ned last week on, this week he'll disown
 liers thus, become those people's scoff,
 in them profitities, then turn them off,
 turn'd off, who those dealings befriended
 after folks have been sometimes suspended
 ie as they liv'd by all good men abhor'd.
 beseech thee to bear us good Lord.

— 29 —

re, and reputation walk'd
 v'ning out of town,
 , they laugh'd, they toy'd, they talk'd
 right same darkling on.
 i needs woud be their guide,
 m'd, at lots of day,
 kindred pair reliev'd,
 & with her their way.

Damp sell the dew, the wind blew cold,
 All bleak the barren moor,
 Across they rodd, when love, grown bold,
 Knock'd loud at labour's door.
 Awhile within the reed-roof'd cot
 They stood, and star'd at care,
 But long cou'd not endure the spot,
 For poverty was there.

The twain propos'd next morn to part,
 And travel different ways ;
 Quoth love, I soon shall find a heart ;
 Wit went to look for praise,
 But reputation, fighting, spoke,
 " Tis better we agree,
 " Though love may laugh, and wit may joke,
 " Yet friends take care of me.
 " Without me beauty wins no heart,
 " Without me wit in vain ;
 " If, headstrong, here, with me you part,
 " We ne'er can meet again.
 " Of me you both shou'd take great care,
 " And shun the rambling plan,
 " No calling back, my friends, I'll bear,
 " So keep me while you can."

Love stopt among the village youth,
 Expecting to be crown'd,
 Enquiring for her brother *truth*,
 But *truth* was never found.
She fought in vain, for *love* was blind,
 And bate her guidance crost ;
 'Tis said, since *truth* she cou'd not find,
 That *love* herself is lost.

— 30 —

GOOD people all, both great and small,
 And eke, and eye, and also ;
 Pray lend an ear, and you shall hear,
 And then I need not bawl so.
 There was a time, when times were good,
 The antient bard in rhyme sing'd,
 So up time well, 'tis time we should,
 We should so, did we time things.

But out of time, and out of tune,
We helter skelter go forth;
Sometimes too late, sometimes too soon,
Good luck-a-day, and so forth,
We give grav'lt folks the greatest crimes,
They can afford to suffer 'em,
But so impartial are the times,
We're guilty, *omnibus gatherus.*

For fox-hunting boldly bucks embrace,
But sportsmen of discernment,
Abroad will shu se a nabob's chace,
Or hunt at home preferment,
To hunt the statesman who's in play,
When patriots cast about Sir,
A pension steps the hark-away,
And so the flics's flung out Sir.

In such place-tempting times as these,
Upright be our intentions;
I'll fare the loon who first took fees,
And him who first paid pensions.
Yet fine-tures we'll not abuse,
Nor their illustrious givers,
We quartel now, 'cause we can't chuse
Who shou'd be the receivers.

Dear *Englishmen* and country-folks,
Don't give yourselves uneas'ness,
Nor mind the flouts, the shouts, the jokes,
But only mind your bus'ness.
Wou'd one mind one, the kingdom thro',
And work within his station,
At home he'll find enough to do,
And not undo the nation.
So to conclude, and make an end,
Oi this nice diction'd ditty,
Indeed 'tis time, the times shou'd mens',
In country, court, and city.
For our good *Queen* our song we'll sing,—
May she ne'er wake nor sleep ill;
And next my lads,—God bless the King,
And all his faithful people.

To excel in bon ton both as genius and critic,
And be quite the thing, Sir, immense scientific;

The money you squander your judgment.
You need not know science, repeat but th
The labour of learning belongs to the po
Do but pay—that's enough for a tyne sw

As to *Shakespeare*, or *Purcell*, why you must
They were well-enough once—but they will
Admit *Newton* clever,—just clever,—th
And formerly, faith, we might fancy *Wb*

When lord of the feast, 'midst your para-
You're the slave of conceit, and low forg-
All artists (but *English* ones) praise and
By your band of bear-leaders you're redubb'd

For words when you're lost, fill the blank
And pantomime scorn by your power off
If merit dares speak, and he's known to
Knock him down with a bet & your trium
With high varnish'd masters, & strong'd by
Your house, like a toy-shop, is lumber'd All,
all are antiques, *Ciceron* procure,
For who dares deceive such compleat Cœ
The worth of a man, say the wise, is his
'Twas said so, and 'tis will centuries be
Then money's the thing; the grand p'm
Full work for the wits, when the forms

— 32 —

THAT the world is a stage, & the stage
Where some study knave's parts, and for
Was said, and again so we say
For as the world's round, and rolls round
Old fashions come in, and new fashions
As vanity dresses the play.

Do not seriously think of these whimsies
But sing or say something in whimsicalities
The world's but a whim, and
I mean not the world which revolves or
But the animal world, made up of oddities
The lions and the daughters of

tion their portraits we'll plan,
likenesses sketch if we can,
all may their semblances see ;
— breeding, immensely polite,
finish with rouge and flake white,
ave no employment for me.

ake off those masks, and their cure
sing such caricatures
Artistry's hall ;
finer shou'd wince at a line,
he fellow ! the picture's not mine, "I
ime-sejeant painter we'll call,

me, my project is new.—
grinning, his range of reads blew,
is was his symphony's song :—
f these times, or in prose or in verse
it not wicked ones I shou'd rehearse
edley betwixt right and wrong.

uch too insipid for me,
in practice I see,
worthy one stroke of my lath ;
folly, let folly go on,
subsidies, and true taste to *bon ton*,
genius is banish'd for trash."

his brow, redd'ning rage his eyes
countenance spread as he pass'd, [Ca
re dissipation he'll school ;
ie thing then, as life's but a toy,
ch we can only enjoy
esure of playing the fool.

33
but wi-h imm what have we to do ?
s, or *Trojans*, to me or to you ?
heroes no more I'll invoke,
st me, atread hearts of oak.

Derry down.

v'd handmaid of science and art,
our petitioner's "art ;
ig, 'tis the best I can do—
Please ye—my service to you.

Perhaps my addres you may premature think ;
Because I have mention'd no toast as I drink ;
There are many fine toasts, but the best of 'em all
Is the toast of the times ; that is *Liberty-Hall*.
That fine *British* building by *Alfred* was fram'd,
Its grand corner-stone *Magna Charta* is nam'd ;
Independency came at integrity's call,
And form'd the front pillars of *Liberty Hall*.
This manor our forefathers bought with their blood
And their sons & their sons sons have prov'd the deeds
By that title we live, with that title we'll fall, [good
For life is not life out of *Liberty-Hall*.

In mantle of honour, each star-spangled fold,
Playing bright in the sun-shine, the burnish of gold
Truth-beams on her breast : see, at loyalty's call,
The genius of *England* in *Liberty-Hall*.

Ye sweet smelling courtlings of ribband and lace,
The spaniels of power, and boun'y's disgrace,
So supple, so servile, so passive ye fall,
'Twas passive-obedience lost *Liberty-Hall*.

But when revolution had sett'd the crown'd,
And natural reason knock'd tyranny down,
No frowns cloath'd with terror appear'd to appall,
The doors were thrown open of *Liberty Hall*.

See *England* triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,
Her standard is justice, her watch-word be free ;
Our king is our countryman, *Englishmen* all,
God bleſſ him, and bieſ us, in *Liberty-Hall*.

On were ls de all—monsieur wants to know,
'Tis neither at *Marli*, *Verſailles*, *Fontainbleau* ;
'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art,
For *Liberty-Hall* is an *Englishman's* heart.

A Wonder! a wonder! a wonder I'll show,
You'll wonder indeed when this wonder you know
We are wonderful high, and as wonderful low,
Whicb nobdy can deſy.

We always are wond'ring at ev ry thing new,
The good things we wond'rt at rich people do,
'Tis a wunder indeed if such wonders are true.

Some

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS:

Some wonderful folks make a wonderful rout;
While some blunder in, other folks blunder out,
We wonder what blunders can be about.

One side says the times are so good they are glad;
The times, says the other side, ne'er were so bad;
No wonder if this side or that side is mad.

For the time I some patriot changes propose,
That our taxes be less, and we wear plainer cloaths
And that ev'ry wearer may pay what he owes.

Imprimis—reflect on the taxes on wheels,
On carts, and the claret we waste at our meals;
These grievances both parties equally feels.

To be sure we must own it is cursed provoking,
To see how some people their vices are cloaking,
While virtue—but neighbours don't think I am joking
For my grandfather said, and his name is rever'd,
That his father's father had oftentimes heard,
How virtue, when he was a school-boy, appen'd.

She fled without leaving behind her directions,
'Twas in vain she obser'd to oppose such connexions
As turtle-seas, cuckoldom, carts, and elections.
You may think me severe, but indeed you think
I promis'd a wonder at first in my song, [wrong,
And the wonder is—How cou'd you listen so long?

Whicb nobody can deny.

— 35 —

SOFT breathing, the sephrys awaken the grove,
Now, now, is the season for pleasure and love;
Yet let no delights on our moments intrude,
But such as are simple, and such as are good.

Far hence be the love that's by wantonness bred
Far hence be the pleasures by vanity led!
But joys, which both reason and virtue approve,
Such, such are the glory and pride of the grove.

— 36 —

THOUGH from place to place I'm ranging,
No relief my breast can find,
Though each day the scene I'm changing,
Reckless thoughts did ush my mind.

How cha I be peace enjoying,
Or in valley or on hill?
Love his power is yet employing,
Paffion is my master still.

— 37 —
BEhold on the brow the leaves play in the hill
While cattle calm feed in the vale;
The church-spires tapering, points thro' the sun
As lord of the hill and the dale.

The playful colts skip after lambs to the park,
The brook flow and silently glides;
The surface so smooth, and so clear, if you look
It reflects the gay green on its sides.

By his feather'd seraglio in farm-yard catch'd,
The King of the Wile dares to crow,
No Nabob, nor Nisred enslaving the east,
Such proweys with beauty can shew.

Beneath the still cow, *Nancy* presses the teat;
Her face like the ruddy fac'd morn;
Loud strokes in the barn the strong threshing,
Or winnow for market the corn.

Industrious, their wive, at the dobes of tuck,
Sit spinning, dress'd neatly, though coak,
To their babes, while unheeding the travell,
They shew the fine man and his horse.

At the heels of the fised bark the bats village,
Each puppy rude echo beslirs;
But the horse too high bred, bounds away from
Disregarding the clamours of curse.

Illiberal tailors thus envy betray,
When merit above them they view;
But Genius disdain to turn out of his way,
Or afford a reply to the crew.

To contempt and despair such infus we cast
But to generous rivals, a toast—
May rich men reward honest fellows of wit,
Here's a health to those dunces hate med.

— 38 —
HITHER turn thy wand'ring eyes,
Here the vale of pleasure lies;

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

378

ng flute, and warbling grove,
melting soul to love.
tafe the golden hours,
oustaine, mossy bow're,
roke, nor raking noise,
arb thy peaceful joys,
thought, nor fear you'll see,
g-eyed hope and liberty;
a wisdom, more than fame,
r pleasure is my name.

— 39 —

politeness, pow'r divine,
we bend beneath thy shrine,
is of the true bon,
of the Cotillon.
politeness, &c.

ing belles, and powder'd beauts,
wives dress in Sundays cloaths,
mechanics, old and young,
to dance, the cotillon.

s, doctores, leave your fees,
I but to dance with, ease,
how they trip along,
charming cotillon.

nd low, and rich and poor,
on humble joys no more,
in dancing madnes's fun,
pon the cotillon.

nd Tunbridge Wells, adieu !
e more we think on you ;
olitess is our own,
ve've learn'd the cotillon.

— 40 —

sir prospect, how lovely it seems,
on the river shines Sy's silver beams,
tert is here with the lark and the thrush
ts that warble and sing from each bush ?
ay they warble, and nature look gay,
was wedded to Phyllis to day.

ist a month, that as crossing the plain,
s first saw, and was seen by the swain,

Some glances they chang'd, the youth saw her home,
And soon, very soon, did they joyces become ;
He pref'd her to marry, she bid him to stay,
If she found him in earnest, she'd fix on a day.

She prov'd he was faithful, both tender and kind,
For shepherds are not like the great, false inclin'd ;
Not like a coquet, void of feeling and sense, [peace] ;
The nymph scorn'd to keep him too long in sulc.
The next time he ask'd her, she did not say nay,
So Damon and Phyllis were wedded to-day,

"Tis here in the village true peace reigns alone,
Here only the sweets of contentment are known ;
The swains are sincere, the nymphs all are kind,
True love only wins them, to int'rest they're blind ;
Whene'er that invites them, its call they obey,
Uniting like Damon and Phyllis to-day.

— 41 —

WHEN once love's subtle poison gains,
A passage to the female breast,
Rushing, like lightning, thro' the veins,
Each wish, and ev'ry thought's posseid.

To heal the pang our minds endure,
Reason in vain its skill applies ;
Nought can afford the heart a cure,
But what is pleasing to the eyes.

— 42 —

WHAT are outward forms and shows,
To an honest heart compar'd ;
Oft the rustic, wanting those,
Has the nobler portion shar'd.

Oft we see the homely flow'r,
Bearing, at the hedge's side,
Virtues of more for'reign pow'r,
Than the garden's gayest pride.

— 43 —

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd boy,
Fair Rosaline a rustic maid ;
They met, they lov'd ; each other's joy,
Together o'er the hills they stray'd.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

2
heir parents saw, and bles'd their love,
Nor would their happiness delay;
o-morrow's dawn their bliss should prove,
To-morrow be their wedding-day.

When at eve; beside the brook,
Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd,
One luckless lamb the current took,
Twas Rosalie's—the fated wild.

Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite save;
Too fatally the youth obey'd:
He ran, he plung'd into the wave,
To give the little wanderer aid.

But scarce he guided him to the shore,
When saint and sunk, poor Lubin dies;
Ah Rosalie! for ever more,
In his cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank—Oh! still be seen,
Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid;
And with sad wreaths of cypress green,
For ever sooth thy Lubin's shade.

44
OH! never be one of those sad silly fellows,
Who always are snappish, suspicious, and jealous,
Who live but to doubt,
To pine and to pout,
To take one to task,
Examine, and ask
A hundred cross questions, to pick something out.
Oh! never, &c.

If by chance he shou'd come,
And not find her at home,
Tis, "Madam, why so late,
"Where the devil could you wait?
"What's been done? what's been said?
"Zounds! I feel it on my head!"
Oh! never, &c.

45
At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
But the torrent is heard on the hill,
Lingale's long in the grave.

"I was thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious a Hermit's hymn,
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man,
Ah why! all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, alone Philemela, that languishing fair?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall,
But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay, [sounding]
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
O foote him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent display,
But lately I mark'd, when majestic display,
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze,
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue!
The path that conducts thee to splendor again!

But man's faded glory what change shall renew!
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!
'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more
I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for
For morn is approaching your charms to refor
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance and glittering
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save
But when shall spring visit the moulderling? O when shall it dawn on the night of the

46
HIS form by nature's hand was cast,
In beauty's manly mould,
His heart a costly jewel was,
Cas'd in a shrine of gold,
The gods in heav'nly nod met,
And each a blessing gave,
Wife, valiant, virtuous, he became,
But ah! he was a slave.

He serv'd as slave yet never serv'd,
A proud unworthy dame;
He lov'd as youth ne'er lov'd before,
But fed a hopeless flame;

For hard the heart of her he lov'd,
And stubborn was her pride,
One day she drove him from her sight,
He bow'd, obey'd, and died,
And never shall his mournful tale,
Soft pity fail to move ;
Nor was there one who saw the youth,
That ever fail'd to love.
And was it then that fortune's blind,
Or was it fortune's spite,
Oh ! take away her pow'r, ye gods !
Or give her back her sight.

47

WHAT a lover is he that has nothing to give,
But a look, and a vow, and a figh ! [live,
My maid, take my word, you should know how to
Before you're so ready to die.
'ow stupid a pair are the bridegroom and bride,
Who wed but for cooing and billing ;
h ! how dull will they be, as they sit side by side,
If it happens they're not worth a shilling.
t first, by good luck, every hour of the day,
"Tis my darling, my fool's dearest pleasure;
ut at last, says the wife, I want money to pay,
Come, give it, my heart's richest treasure !
But I have it not, swearing!"—This theme may
" Come let us be cooing and billing" [breed strife
io, barbarous husband—go, termagant wife—
So it happens when not worth a shilling.

48

YE fair, ye lovers, at my call,
Young, grave, and gay, come hither,
All take me, take me while ye may,
Fortune comes not ev'ry day.
Ye fair, &c.

I know you a child pursue,
Who from her tyrant father flew,
Go on to find her rack your brains,
And wear the fools-cap for your pains,

I know, &c.

You to his schemes assistance lend,
But little think how things may end ;
Regard but in this magic glass,
You see a goose, and you an ass.

An ass, &c.

NIIGHT and day the anxious-lover,
Is attentive to the fair,
'Till the doubtful courtship's over,
Is she then so much his care ?
Warm as summer, his addresses,
Hope and ardour's in his eyes ;
Cool as winter, his cares,
When she yields his captive prize.
Now the owner of her beauty,
Sees no more an angel's face ;
Half is love, the rest is duty :
Pleasure sure is in the chace.

50

LET court lovers pay adoration to crowns,
That man is a monarch for me,
Who cheerful improves the few acres he owns,
Unenvyng, industrious, and free.
At night, in high health, from his labour he rests,
His household si roued in a row,
Wife, children, and servants, domestical guests,
Such circles in town can ye shew,
He smiles on his babes, as some strive for his knee,
And some to their mother's neck cling,
While playful the prattlers for place disagree,
The roof with their shrill trebles ring.
Those cynics who brood o'er a fingle life's spleen,
The offspring they have dare not own,
But happy-wed pairs can enjoy the fond scene
To you wretched mortals unknown.
His dame the good man of the house thus address'd
" Twas so with us when we were young."
Her hand within his he with gentleness pres'd,
While sentiment prompted his tongue.

K k

48

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

" I remember the day of my falling in love,
 " How fearful I first came to woo ;
 " I hope that these boys will as true-hearted prove
 " And our lasses, my dear, look like you."

A tear of joy starting, he kiss'd from her cheek,
 Love gratefully glowing her face.
 Too full her fond heart, not a word cou'd she speak
 But, sighing, return'd his embrace.

"Tis by such endearments affection is shewn,
 In silence more nobly expres'd.
 Than all the cant phrase, the *Bon Ton* of the town,
 Where Love is a Monmouth street guest.

Go on, ye high births, and pretend to despise,
 Those scenes which to you are unknown ;
 But laugh not too long, rather aim to be wife,
 And compare such a life with your own.

Vain jesters be mute, I'll a sentiment give,
 A toast which esteem will not scorn ;
 May they who can taste them, Love's kisses receive,
 And tenderness meet a return.

FAIR *Sally* lov'd a bonny seaman,
 With tears she sent him out to roam ;
 Young *Thomas* lov'd no other woman,
 But left his heart with her at home.
 She view'd the sea from off the hill,
 And as she turn'd her spinning wheel,
 She sung of her bona, seaman.

The wind blew loud, and she grew paler
 To see the weather-cock turn round,
 When lo ! she spy'd her bonny sailor
 Come tripping o'er the fallow ground,
 With nimble haste he leapt the stile,
 And *Sally* met him with a smile,
 And hugg'd her bonny sailor.

This knife the gift of lovely *Sally*,
 I still have kept it for her sake ;
 A thousand times I am'rous folly,
 Thy name I've carv'd upon the deck :
 Again this happy pledge returns
 To show how truly *Thomas* burns.

How truly burns for Sally.

This thimble didst thou give to
 While this I fee I think on ;
 Then why does Tom stand shilly
 While yonder stepp'e is in vi
 Tom, never to occasion blind,
 Now took her in the willing m
 And went to church

— 52 —
YE virgins attend,
 Believe me your friend,
 And with prudence adhere to my pl
 Ne'er let it be said,
 There goes an old maid,
 But get married as fast as you can.
 At soon as you find
 Your hearts are inclin'd
 To beat quick at the sight of a man :
 Then choose out a youth
 With honour and truth,
 And get married as fast as you can.

For age, like a cloud,
 Your charms soon will shroud,
 And this whimsical life's but a span ;
 Then, maids, make your hay,
 While Sol darts his ray,
 And get married as fast as you can.
 The treacherous rake
 Will artfully take
 Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan ;
 But baffle their snare,
 Make virtue your care,
 And get married as fast as you can.

And when *Hymen*'s bands
 Have join'd both your hands,
 The bright flame still continue to far
 Ne'er harbour the stings
 That jealousy brings,
 But be constant, and blest while you

— 53 —
THE mind of a woman can never
 You never can guess it aright ;

: reason—she knows not her own;
 often 'ere night,
 puzzle Apollo,
 ties to follow;
 'd be a jest;
 when she's kind,
 ly you'll find,
 e. with the wind,
 abuses
 that she chuses,
 the refuses

— 54 —
 ave all creatures arms,
 from hostile harms;
 brood defend,
 at wide distend;
 resist less force;
 vig' our horse;
 e fearful hare;
 ie birds of air.
 wiles ordain,
 t the sylvan train;
 the grunting twine,
 ul porcupine;
 the wat'ry kind;
 is of the mind;
 ng her store,
 an had the more?
 n! to be fair
 woman's share;
 or wants or fears
 tes, or shieldes, or spears;
 aid affords;
 an shieldes or swords;
 an swords or shieldes;
 beauty yields,

— 55 —
 he maid whom we love, no entrea-
 a life of pining; [ties can move,
 will excuse the fond rashness you use,
 idle whining;

Never stand like a fool with looks sheepish and
 Such bashful love is teasing; [cool,
 But with spirit address, and you're sure of success
 For honest warmth is pleasing, &c.

And tho' wedlock's your view,
 Like a rake if you woo;
 Girls sooner quit their coyness,
 They know beauty inspires,
 Less respect than desires;
 Hence love is prov'd by boldness,
 So ne'er stand like a fool, &c.

56

COME come, bid adieu to fear,
 Love and harmony live here:
 No domestic jealous jars,
 Buzzing flanders, words and wars,
 In my presence will appear;
 Love and harmony reign here;
 Sighs to am'rous sighs returning,
 Pulses beating, bosoms burning;
 Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
 Words to speak those wishes wanting
 Are the only tumults here,
 All the woes you need to fear;
 Love and harmony reign here.

57

THIS is a petit maître's day—
 Awake at noon,
 Or scarce so soon,
 See him to his sofa creep,
 Sipping his tea—half asleep—
 Curse the vapours!
 Reach the papers—
 What's the opera?—damn the play.
 Air my boots, I think I'll ride—
 Tho' rot it, no!
 It shakes one so—
 Let them bring the vis-a-vis:
 Lounging there, his lordship see,
 With vacant air,
 And sullen stare,
 Born of dullness, rais'd by pride!

K k 2

Stop

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Stop at *Batty's*!—what's the news?—
A battie they say,—
Have you p'nes to day?—
Yes, my lord—we've beat the *Durcb*.
Ha—some ice—I thought as much;
What, and nothing more?
Th t's a monstrous bore!
Well, drove to *Iffacbar* the Jew's.
Last at *Brooke's*—deep at play;
Iffacbar's debt,
At Faro set.
Win or lose, serenely sad,
Calm he sits, nor vex'd, nor glad;
'Tis half alive,
He cuts at five—
This is a petit-maitre's day.

58

ZOUNDS Sir! then I'll tell you without any jest,
The thing of all things, which I hate and detest;
A coxcomb, a sop,
A dainty milk sop;
Who, flenc'd and dizend from bottom to top,
Looks just like a doll for a milliner's shop.
A thing full of prate,
And pride and conceit;
All fashion, no weight;
Who shugs, and takes snuff,
And carries a muff;
A minikin,
Finiking,
French powder puff;
And now, Sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.

59

YE mortals who search for content,
And yet the sweet path never finds,
Come learn how your cares to prevent
And give trouble and care to the wind.
Give, &c.

They tell me no man e'er was blest
With spirits so even before;
That grief has no place in the breasts
I am happy and can be no moe.

Why 'tis true, and I tell you the cause
That makes me thus j' you appear;
Tho' my p'an may not meet with applause,
I's useful and I am sincere.

My bliss is not founded on wealth,
For that would my pleasure d' fray;
The great are but happy by stealth,
And few are the sweets they enjoy.
It is not from love that I boast,
A life that's unclouded with woe;
Ah! that is a dangerous coast,
And love is felicity's foe.

Hygeia, sweet goddess! from thee
Our delights are made firm and secure;
Yet thousands are healthy as me,
Who lament what they all might endure.
Employment's the charm that will please;
Embrace it and ever be glad;
For surely that mind is at ease,
Which never has time to be sad.

60

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of
No peace shall you know tho' you've buried her;
At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her;
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter,
Sighing and whining, dying and pining,
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter.
When scarce in her teens, they have wit to p
With letters and lovers, for ever they vex us;
While each still rejects the fair suitor you've
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter,
Jangling and wrangling, flouting and pow
O! what a plague, &c.

61

WHEN a tender maid is first essay'd
By some admiring swain;
How her blushes rise if she meets him
While he unfolds his pain!
If he takes her hand she trembles quite;
Tough her lips and she swoons outright;
While a pit a pit a pit a pat a pat a pat
Her heart avows her fright.

it in time appear fewer signs of fear;
The youth she boldly views:
her hand he grasp, or her bosom clasp,
No mantling blush ensues!
o church well pleas'd the lovers move,
her smiles her contentment prove,
And a pit a pat, &c.
Her heart avows her love!

— 62 —

wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
etence in life to gain;
ted braves the stormy seas,
at last content and eas'd;
pes, when toil and danger's o'er,
anchor on his native shore.
inds blow hard, and mountains roll,
nders shake from pole to pole;
athful waves surrounding foam,
tring fancy wafts him home;
pes, when toil and danger's o'er,
anchor on his native shore.
ound the bowl the jovial crew
ly scenes of youth renew;
ch his fav'rite fair will boast,
the universal toast!
we, when toil and danger's o'er,
anchor on our native shore!

— 63 —

as the bus'y day is o'er,
evening comes with pleasant shade,
doliers from shore to shore,
ly ply our jovial trade.
ile the moon shines on the stream,
is soft music breathes around;
thering ear returns the gleam,
tips in concert to the sound.
ome convent's mould'ring walls
e hear the enamour'd youth;
e watchful fair he calls,
whispers vows of love and truth.

And while the moon, &c.

And oft where the rialto swells,
With happier pairs we circle round;
Whose secret sighs fond echo tells,
Whose murmur'd vows the bids resound.
And while the moon, &c.
Then joys the youth, that love conceal'd,
That fearful love must own its sighs;
Then smiles the maid, to hear reveal'd
How more than ever she complies.

And while the moon, &c.

— 64 —

YOUNG COLIN having much to say,

In secret to a maid,
Persuaded her to leave the bay,
And seek th' embow'ring shade;
And after roving with his mate
Where none could hear or see,
Upon the velvet ground they sat
Under the greenwood tree.

Your charms, says *Colin*, warm my break,
What must I for them give?
Nor night nor day can I have rest,
I can't without you live.
My flocks, my herds, my all is thine,
Could you and I agree,
O say, you to my wish incline
Under the greenwood tree.

Too late you tempt my heart, fond swain,
The wary lass replies,
A lad who must not sue in vain,
Now for my favour tries;
He bids me name the sacred day,
In all things we agree;
Then why should you and I now stay
Under the greenwood tree.

All this but serv'd to fire his mind,
He knew not what to do;
'Till to his suit she would be kind,
He would not let her go;
His love, his wealth, the youth display'd,
No longer coy was she;

K k 3

At church she seal'd the vow she made
Under the greenwood tree.

WHAT's a poor simple clown
To do in the town,
Of their freaks and vagaries I'll none;
The folks I saw there
Two faces did wear,
An honest man ne'er has but one.

Let others to London go roan,
I love my neighbour
To sing and to labour,
To me there's nothing like country and home.

Nay the ladies, I vow,
I cannot tell how,
Were now white as a curd, and now red;
La ! how would you fare,
At their huge crop of hair,
'Tis a hay-cock o'top of their head.

Let others, &c.

Then 'tis so dizen'd out,
And with trinkets about,
With ribbands and flippets between;
They so noddie and tos,
Just like a fo' horse,
With tassels, ard bells in a team

Let others, &c.

Then the fops are so fine,
With lank waulked chine,
And a little skimp bit of a hat;
Which from sun, wind and rain,
Will not shelter theif b'ain,
Tho' there's no need to take care of that.

Let others, &c.

Would you the creatures ape,
In looks ard their shape,
Teach a calf on his hind legs to go;
Let him waddle in gaits,
A skin dish on h's pate,
And he'll look all the world like a beau,

Let others, &c.

IN the city of *Pbaebu*:
Of her honour so n
It was clear as the sun
She'd no feeling for

For she flouted and poi
On her knees she v
Her blood was as cold
When other young
This widow a challen
On her pride she ha
Sly Cupid stood by wt
And smil'd at her i

In a moment an arrow
Then aim'd at her
Let no widow he crie
One and all from t

MY name's *Ted Bl*:
And man and boy upo
Full twenty years I've
Crying, *Vauxball*

And as that time's a l
With some small folks
To be sure I have no
Crying, *Vauxball*
Oh ! of pretty wench
And macaronies, wha
Of a moon-light men
Crying, *Vauxball*

YOUNG man
Be this your plan
Wisdom get wha

See, see, the hu
Draws weath from t
Then he hit's aw
With his precio
No passion his prude

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

372

passion and truth
or agree;
ge,
m old age,
umble bee.

Be prudent, &c.

— 69 —
once renoun'd in fame,
m and a laurel'd broun,
di, vici, came,
the world with his row dow dow.
And conquer'd, &c.

raunting enemies come,
waven their cours allow,
we'll beat our drum,
at the sound of our row, dow, dow.
Row, dow, &c.

ada our glory share,
hearts B itish valour avow,
o camp repair,
e beat of my row, dow, daw.
Row, dow, dow, &c.

— 70 —
urne and thro' the mead,
ks way'd o'er his brow,
nd his reed,
p'd her bonny mou',
the well known song,
y, blithe and bonny,
aise the whole day long,
Down the bourne, &c.

she had but few,
d jewels nae great store,
fair, her love was true,
y wifely wish'd no more;
arl. the shepherd's p-size,
tin, near the fountain,
ts the shepherd's eyes.
Down the bourne, &c.

es give not health,
y cou'd nae these impart;

Youthful *Mary's* greatest wealth
Was still her faithful *Jehnny's* heart;
Sweet the joys the lover find!
Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure
Where the heart is always kind.

Down the bourne, &c.

— 71 —
T HE miser thus a shilling sees,
Which he's oblig'd to pay;
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes;
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimbers, sob, and cries.

— 72 —
T HERE was a maid, and she went to the mill,
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo.
The mill turn'd round, but the maid stood still.
Oh oh ! did she so ? did she so ? did she so ?
The miller he kist'd her, away she went;
Sing trolly, &c.
The maid was well pleas'd, and the miller content
Oh ho ! was he so ? &c.

He danc'd and he sung, while the mill went clack;
Sing trolly, &c.
And he cherish'd his heart with a cup of old sack.
Oh ho ! did he so ? &c.

— 73 —
T HE sweets of peace shall be our own,
And smiling plenty crown the plains;
'Tis peace adorns the monarch's throne,
And cheers the cottage of the swains.
The rising sun shall blest the mead,
And fair the mountain olive spring;
The vine its richest clusters spread,
When glory crowns a patriot king.

— 74 —
W HEN the head of poor *Tummas* was broke
By *Roger*, who play'd at the wake,
And *Kate* was alarm'd at the stroke,
And wept for poor *Tummas's* sake;

When his worship gave noggins of ale,
And the liquor was charming and stout;
O these were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,
And we all were as happy as kings;
Each lad in his holiday clothes,
And the lasses in all their best things:
What merriment all the day long!
May the feast of our *Colin* prove such;
Odebooks! but I'll join in the song,
And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

75
A Fond father's bliss is to number his race,
And exult on the bloom that just buds on their face;
With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
And read in their smiles their lov'd mother again.
Men of pleasure be mute, this is life's lovely view;
When we look on our young ones our youth we renew.
Thus living we love, and thus loving enjoy;
No deceit here distract, no debauches destroy;
From the mdy-morn of youth unto winter's white age
Hand in hand, with contentment, we sing 'ho! life's
When death bids up stop we end our easy song, [stage;
And give the Gods thanks that we liv'd well so long.

76
THE poachers for fortune who damsels ensnare,
With drefs and address's deceive;
To lasses of wealth how those miscreants swear,
And, alas! how the lasses be icve.

Nay, some ladies seem to expect being lost,
They trust 'hom they know are forsworn;
They listen to him who has ruin'd the most,
And hope to be ruin'd in turn.

Can this be believ'd?—no!—the song-maker jokes;
'Tis the tale of a slanderous crew;
A figh!—then I fear that there may be some folks
Who are sorry to say it is true.

But when love for love is receiv'd on each side,
How tenderly smiles on the pair;
This, this is a triumph, and this is my pride,
I enjoy such a favourite fair.

No paint on her face,—no art in her mind,
Her thoughts are explain'd by her eyes;
From principle faithful from gratitude kind,
And scorns the deceit of disguise.

All along on the slope, by the side of a stream,
Our hours we happily pass;
My head on her lap, while my love is her theme,
And my looks I lift up to my lass.

Enjoying the breeze from the fields of new hay,
We gather the summer's sweet pride;
Or point to the brook where the small fishes play,
And count them beneath the clear tide.

In rooms rich embellish'd with luxury's store,
Let wealth-pamper'd indolence yawn;
Let wantonness act her deliriums o'er,
'Till dupes to her dungeon are drawn.

Let common-place fondness her blandishment
And tempt by the toilet's parade; [spur
The squeeze, the soft sigh, wanton glance, and [tred
Are pantomime tricks of her trade. [tred

I have try'd, and can tell,—I have frölick'd away,
And follow'd the fashion of fun;
The same farce have acted that's play'd at thid
And while the world wheels will be done.

77
HOW brim full of nothing's the life of a beau!
They've nothing to think of, they've nothing to do;
And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know;
Such, such, is the life of a beau,
Such, &c.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air;
Spend the morning in nothing, but curling their hair;
And do nothing all day, but sing, saunter and star;
Such, such, is the life of a beau,
Such, &c.

For nothing, at night, to the playhouse they crow;
To mind nothing done there, they always are prou;
But to bow, and to grin, and talk *warbling* aloud;
Such, such, is the life of a beau,
Such, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

othing they run to th' assembly and ball;
or nothing, at cards, a fair partner they call;
ey still must be bas'd, who've nothing at all
such, is the life of a beau,
&c.

othing, on sundays, at church they appear;
have nothing to hope for, and nothing to fear,
can be nothing no where, who nothing are
such, is the life of a beau, [here:
&c.

— 78 —
HEN daisies py'd, and violet blus,
cuckow buds of yellow hue,
lady smocks all silver white,
int' the meadows with delight;
cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
is marry'd men; for thus sings he:
ow! cuckow! oh! word of fear,
singing to a marry'd ear,
easing, *&c.*

shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
merry larks are ploughmen's clocks;
n turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
maidens bleach their summer smocks;
cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
is marry'd men; for thus sings he:
ow! cuckow! oh! word of fear,
easing, *&c.*

— 79 —
PE, thou source of every blessing,
rest of each joy divine,
y balmy sweet possesing,
ery promis'd bliss be thine.

st friend to hear:-felt anguish,
nd, O! bind thy powerful aid;
he never cease to languish,
icer the fond despairing ma'd.

— 80 —
ME live with me, and be my love,
we will all the pleasures prove
t valleys, groves, or hill, or field,
wood, or sleepy mountain yeld.

There will we sit upon the rock',
And see the shepherds feed their flocks;
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.
A gown, made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
W't a copal clasp, and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

— 81 —
I F all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty p'leasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks fr'm field to fold;
When rivers rage, and rock grow cold,
And Philonel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of care to come.

The flowers that bloom in wanton field,
To wayward winter reckoning yield;
A honey-ton'gued, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon brak, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

hy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
hy coral clasps, and amber fluids ;
ll these in me no mind can move,
'o come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then,
t better meat than's fit for men ?
These art v'n : that's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.
But could youth last, and love still breed ;
Had joy no date, and age no need ;
Then these delights my mind in ght move
To live with thee, and be thy love,

Ye fair, be advis'd by a friend,
Whose council proceeds from the heart,
On beauty no longer depend,
Or fly to the efforts of art ;
If a sphere you'd gain to your arms,
Let virtue each action approve,
Her charms the fond bosom alarms,
And softens the soul into love.

To day be not nice as a bride,
To-morrow unimely severe ;
Let prudence and truth be your guide,
Nor caprice nor folly appear ;
Unless you thus govern your mind,
And banish deceit from your breast,
Too soon by experience you'll find,
Inconstancy ne'er can be blest.

Neglect'd, you'll wither and fade,
Till beauty, by age, shall decay ;
Then lonely retreat to the shade,
And mourn the sad hours away ;
How des'rate will then be your fate,
How great your sad los' to deplore ;
Repentance, alas ! is too late,
When the power to charm is no more.

WH Y should we of humble state,
Vainly blame the pow'r's above,
Or accuse the will of fate,
Which allows us all to love ?

Love (impartial gentle boy)
Deals his gifts as free as air,
Love is all the shepherd's joy,
Love is all the damsel's care,

Hope, that charmer of the soul,
Hope, in love should ever live,
Culd our years for ever roll,
Love would blessings ever give ;
Youth, alas ! too swiftly flies,
Nor can Cupid bid him stay ;
Beauty like a shadow dies,
Love has wings and will away.

THE shepherd who roves the wood thro'
To hear the sweet warblers in May,
If by chance there's a songster that's new,
He listens a while to the lay.
Tho' the thrush and the nightingale's throat
Are sweeter by far than the rest,
He better is pleas'd with the note
That suits with the tune of his breast.

So I, tho' the least of the choir,
May win for a moment your ear,
Love and pleasure my voice would inspire,
And pleasure and love can endear,
Tho' slender my pipe and my song,
There are who may list to my strain ;
My fame is to please the gay throng,
Nur sing in the grove all in vain.

THE prospect clear'd a'round is heard
The music of the hive ;
The blossoms blow, the spirits flow,
And nature's all alive :
In ev'ry grove the work is love,
The word is, " Sing and play ;"
From eve to morn the fages warn,
" Ye maids, beware of May !"

Each lively scheme, each am'rous theme,
Our nymphs and poets chuse ;
The dance delights, the song invites,
A mirth provokes the muse :

no more, our chief's come o'er;
the grave ones say,
e'er we tread, temptations spread,
ware the ides of *May*!"

— 86 —

ize and bloom of beauty,
desire to be sincere;
rtue, 'tis your duty,
e nymph has nought to fear,
light whate'er you mention,
oeks your suit approve;
ows no base intention,
s love's reward is love.

c, &c.

— 87 —

the god of soft affection,
air-ones, touch your hearts,
tue your protection;
i'll repel his darts.
gen'rous be the passion,
keep the youth in pain;
his inclination,
love for love again.

&c.

— 88 —

cho! sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
hy airy cell,
ander's margin green,
n the violet embroider'd vale,
the love-lorn nigh'ingale
to thee her sad song mourneth well,
not tell me of a gentle pair,
thy *Narcissus* are.
if you have
lid them in some flow'r'y cave;
but where,
een of parley, daughter of the sphere;
ou be translated to the skies,
ounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

— 89 —
SHEPHERD, would you here obtain
Pleasure unalloy'd with pain,
Joy that suits the rural sphere,
Gentle shepherd lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delights,
Verdant vales and fountains bright,
Trees that nod on sloping hills,
Caves that echo murmur'ring rills.

Tranquill pleasures never cloy,
Banish each tumultuous joy,
A lute love, for love inspires
Fonder wishes, fiercer fires.

See, to sweeten thy repose,
Blossoms bud, the fountain flows;
Lo! to crown thee, at thy word
All that music can afford.

— 90 —
BUSY, curious thi-flv fly,

Drink with me and drink at I,
Freely welcome to my cup,
Coo d'it thou sip and sip it up;
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hast'ning quick to their decline,
Chine's a summer mine's no more,
Tho' repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

— 91 —
HOPE and fear alternate rising,
Strive for empire o'er my heart,
Ev'y peril now despising,
Now at ev'ry breath I start.

Teach, ye learned sages, teach me,
How to stem this beating tide;
If you've any rules to teach me,
Haile and be the weak one's guide.

Thy

84

'hus our triale, at a distance,
Wisdom's science primitiue aid;
Yet, in need of their assistance,
We attempt to grasp a shade.

COME list to me, ye gay and free,
And ye whom carts molest,
War, wine, and love but tend to prove,
That *Second Thoughts* are best.

 The queen of charms, the god of arms,
Giv Bacchus, and the rest,
When ask'd, ne'er flounce, yet all pronounce
That *Second Thoughts* are best.

 The jealous boy, is Daphne's coy,
'Gainst Cupid will protest,
His nymph c.ain, then think again;
For *Second Thoughts* are best.

 The fair one too, ne'er'd to woo,
Drive Strick'en from her breast,
Then seeks it, if, makes love herself,
For *Second Thoughts* are best.

 And Mars who dwes on scarlet coate,
I'm sure will stand the test,
Nor frown on her who dares aver,
That *Second Thoughts* are best.

 Ev'n Neptune too, our fleet in view,
Kept Gallia's fleet in Brest;
They meant to fight, he put them right;
Their *Second Thoughts* were best.

 Again! but mark the tipping spark,
When feare as a guest,
At first resoun in earling wine,
But *Second Thoughts* are best.

 And you, I see, will side with me,
Some louder than the rest,
Will cry, "no more" and then "encore!"
But *Second Thoughts* are best.

93

LONG time had L'fander told Dupline his pain,
 his passion again and again;

The obdurate fair one ...
That all her reply was, *Pardonnez-moy*.

 In vain he intreated, implor'd, and carest'd,
Of all his pretensions she made but a jest;
Tho' his life he declar'd her disdain would defay,
Yet regardless she answer'd him *Pardonnez-moy*.

 But finding his sighs no impression could make,
He determin'd another expedient to take;
And artifice now he resolves to employ,
To make her forget to say, *Pardonnez-moy*.

 He swore that her eyes like bright Phœbus did this
That her air was majestic, her form all divine:
With such fond delusions he purchas'd the toy
And flat'ry prevail'd over *Pardonnez-moy*.

94

AND did you not hear of a jolly young wai
Who at Black friars bridge us'd for to ply
He feather'd his oars with such skill and des
Winning each heart and delighting each
He look'd so neat and row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so read
And he eyed the young rogues with so cha
That this waterman ne'er was in want of

 What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in!
"Twas clean'd out so nice and so paint
He was always first oar, when the fine
In a party to Randalgb went, or Yax
And oftentimes woud they be giggling
But 'twas all one to Tom their jibing ar
For loving or liking he little did care,
As this waterman ne'er was in want o

 And yet, butto see how strangely this
As he row'd along, thinking of no
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely;
I hat she smil'd, & so straitway in
And woud this young damsel but t
He c wev her to nigh before it was
And how should this waterman evi
When he's marry'd and never in a

— 95 —
 ydeous bill there dwelt there pair,
 may be they dwell there still,
 yes indeed didn't fall to their share,
 ept a small farm and a mill ;
 contented with what they did get,
 new not of guile or of arts ;
 knew they had, and her name it was *Bess*,
 was the pride of their hearts.

There were her locks, her shape it was strait,
 as were as black as a sloe ; [gait
 were milk white, full smart was her
 skin as her skin as a doe ;
 were the clouds, and the rain it did pour
 of true blue could be spy'd,
 wet and cold, came and knock'd at the door
 in it had lost, and it cry'd.

It was as mild as the moonnings of *May*,
 be she hugg'd close to her breast ;
 'd him all over, his smil'd as he lay,
 st'd him and loll'd him to rest ;
 do you think she had got for her prize,
Love, the fly master of arts ;
 he wak'd, but he dropp'd his disguise,
 ew'd her wings, and his darts.
 , I am *Love*, but yet be not afraid,
 ill I make shake at my will,
 and so kind, have you been, my fair maid,
 I'll fling you from my skill ;
 her ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,
 ad you shall find in me still,
 , quiver and shoot, be greater than she,
Crus of Tottordown bill.

— 96 —

A silent evening hour,
 And lovers in a bower,
 ght their mutual bliss,
 gh her heart was just relenting,
 gh her eyes seem'd just consenting,
 she fear'd to kiss.
 this silent shade, he cried,
 hose rosy blushes hide,
 y will you resist ?

Since no tell-tale spy is near us,
 Eye nor sees, nor ear can hear us,
 Who would not be kis'd ?

Celia, heaving what he said,
 Gently lifted up her head,
 Her breast soft wishes fill :
 Since, she cried, no spy is near us,
 Eye nor sees, nor ear can hear us,
 Kiss—or what you will.

— 97 —
 A S 't other day young *Damon* came,
 Where *Chloe* sat demure,
 He sigh'd and gaz'd to own his flame,
 For love had struck him sore,
 His awkward mien amaz'd the fair,
 Which he no doubt seem'd shy at ;
 And when he prais'd her shape and air,
 She answer'd, Swain, be quiet.
 My dear, he cry'd, O ! be not coy,
 Nor deem my meaning rude ;
 Let love like mine thy mind employ,
 True love can ne'er intrude.
 Her hand he then essay'd to kis,
 Which, frowning, she cry'd fye at ;
 And when he struggled for the bliss,
 'Twas be a little quiet.
 The swain posseiv'd her alter'd tone,
 And boldly grasp'd her hand ;
 The nymph was forc'd to own the flame,
 And join'd in *Hymen's* band,
 Alas ! how chang'd each wedded pair !
 The power of words they try at ;
 Now *Damon* has not one t' spare,
 But, Pray, dear wife, be quiet.

— 98 —
 COME listen, and laugh at the times,
 Since folly was never so ripe,
 For ev'ry man laughs at those rhimes
 That give his own follies a wife :
 We live in a kind of disguise ;
 We flatter, we lie, and protest,
 While each of us artfully tries,
 On others to fallen jets.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

386

The virgin, when first she is woo'd,
Returns ev'r sign with disdain;
And while by her lover purſ'd,
Can laugh at her folly and pain;

But when from her innocence won,
And doom'd for her virtue to mourn,
When she finds herself lost and undone,
He laughs (though unjust) in his turn.

The fools who at law do contend,
Can laugh at each other's dif'rens,
And while the dire suit does depend,
Ne'er think how their substance grows leſs;

Till hamper'd by tedious expence,
Altho' to compound they are loth,

They'll find, when restor'd to their ſenſe,
The lawyers fit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the fashion,
For each foot to laugh at the other,

Let us strive, with a generous compassion,
To correct, not contemn, one another.

We all have ſome follies to hide,
Which, known, wo'd diſhonour the best;

And like, when 'tis thoroughly tried,
Like friendſhip, will ſeem but a jeſt.

99

THOU ſel. flowing *Aver*! by thy silver stream,
Or ſobjets immortal thy ſtup'pear wo'd dreamt;
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed
For hallow'd the tu' i' that pillows his head.

Here swains ſhall be fam'd for their love & their truth
And chearful old age feel the transports of youth;
For the impurſes of fancy hee poers shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the ſighing young swain,
Here roves without dinger and toy without pain;
The sweet bud of beauty no blight ſhall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.

Flow on, silver *Aver*, in ſong ever flow,
Be the swans on thy boſom ſtill whiter than ſnow,
Ever full-be thy ſtream like his fame may it spread
Ever hallow'd that pillows his head.

VIRGINS are like the fair flower in its bla,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees in play flit ter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-garden 'tis ſent, as yet ſweet;
There fades and shrivels, and grows pale all ead,
Rots, ſtinks, and cies, and is trod under feet.

WHEN lovely woman ſoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray;
What charms can ſoothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art, her guilt to cover,
To hide her ſhame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his boſom—is to die!

102

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind,

Thou art not ſo unkind,
As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Because thou art not ſeen,

Altho' thy breath be ruſe,
Altho' thy breath be rude,

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter icy,
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh,

Ihou doſt not bite ſo nigh,
As benefits forgot;

Iho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not ſo sharp,

Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not ſo sharp,

As fren's remember'd not,
As friends remember'd not.

WHEN bick'ring hot,
To high words got,
Break out at gamiorum;

103.

O cool, . . .
rule
about the jorum.
A jug,
can lug ?
me that glib speaker,
A rag,
wag,
mouth full of liquor.

104

writes, in clouds we fly,
vial routful cry ;
om cares and plagues all day,
midnight Hark-away !
r pain, 'nor griefs, 'nor care,
usbands enter there ;
bold, the young, the gay,
midnight Hark-away.
kes the morning clock,
achmen iuly knock ;
iceps, we sport and play,
e jolly Hark-away.
th sport to bed we creep,
eious day with sleep,
elcome call obey,
e midnight, Hark away.

105

ill nature was sweet Willy O,
ature was sweet Willy O,
of all swains,
nd the plain,
ke to the sweet Willy O.
ly, did sweet Willy O,
ly, &c.
each maid,
he play'd,
pip'd like the sweet Willy O,
him, the sweet Willy O,
him, &c.
he came,
had a name,
, follow'd the sweet Willy O.

He would be a soldier, the sweet Willy O,
He would be a soldier, &c.
When arm'd in the fie'd,
With sword and with thield,
The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.
He charm'd them while living, the sweet Willy O,
He charm'd them, &c.
And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas nature that sigh'd
To part with her all in the sweet Willy O.

106

THE lark proclaim'd return of morn,
When Dolly tript across the lawn,
Young Colin follow'd with his flail,
She went to fill her milking pail ;
He lov'd and begg'd she'd hea' him now,
She answ'rd she must milk her cow.
He sighing vow'd he lov'd her more
Than ever youth did nymph before,
With rapture prais'd her blooming charms,
And pres'rd the fair one in his arms ;
She bade him keep his distance now,
Nor hinder her to milk her cow.

Fair maid, he cry'd, cou'd you approve
An artless shepherd's honest love,
Yon little farm, - yon flocks are mine,
All, with their master's heart, is thine,
Then begg'd she wou'd his flame allow,
She answ'rd, she must milk her cow.

Not so repul'sd, the comely youth,
With kisses, prayers, and vows of truth,
So plead'st the nymph, she smil'd consent,
And to the church they instant went ;
His flame she did not disallow,
But quite forgot to milk her cow.

107

WATER, parted from the sea,
May increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may rise,
Or, through fertile valleys glide,

L 12

Those

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Though, in search of lost repose,
Through the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Till it reach its native home.

WHAT know the sweets of liberty?
"Tis to climb the mountain's brow;
Thence to discern rough industry
At the harrow or the plough;
"Tis where my sons their crops have sown,
Calling the harvest all their own.
"Tis where the heart to truth ally'd,
Never felt unmanly fear;
"Tis where the eye, with milder pride,
Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear,
Such as *Britannia* yet shall see,
These are the sweets of liberty.

OH! how vain is every blessing,
How insipid all our joys,
Life how little worth possessing,
But when love its time employs!
Love the purest, n^t blest pleasure,
That the gods on earth bestow,
Adding wealth to ev'ry treasure,
Taking pain from ev'y woe.

JN infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known;
And friendship in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one;
O! clear him then from this offence;
Thy love, thy duty, prove;
Restore him with that innocence
Which first inspir'd my love.

BEHOLD on *Labe*'s dismal strand
Thy father's troub'd im'ge stand!
In his face what grief profound!
See he rolls his haggard eyes!
"Mark!" "Revenge! Revenge!" he cries,
All bleeding wounds

OONS! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like!
What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss?
The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace)
Would do the same thing were they in the same place;
No age, no profession, no station is free;
To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee;
That power, relentless, no strength can oppose;
We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

FAREWELL, the smoaky town, adieu!
Each rude and sensual joy;
Gay, fleeting pleasures, all untrue,
That in possession cloy.
Far from the garnish'd scene I'll fly,
Where folly keeps her court,
To wholesome, sound philosophy,
And harmless rural sport.

How happy is the humble cell,
How blest the deep retreat,
Where sorrow, bilious never swells,
Nor passion's tempests beat!
But safely thro' the sea of life,
Calm reason wafts us o'er,
Free from ambition; noise, and strife,
To death's eternal shore.

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous passion!
Source of all sublime delight;
When with mutual inclination,
Two fond heart's in one unite.
What are titles, pomp, or riches,
If compar'd with true content?
That false joy which now bewitches,
When too late, we may repent.
Lawless passions bring vexation,
But a chaste and constant love,
Is a glorious emulsion
Of the billious state above.

115
Ye ! sweet poison, torment pleasing,
re delight in pain you give,
ling anguish, flattering, teasing,
from gries or rapture ceasing,
I'll love, or cease to live;

116
H me, ye nine, to sing of tea,
ful green, of black bohea ;
rk ! the kettle softly singing,
in it bubbles o'er ;
ckly Jabin, Black Susan, bring in,
the tea pot pour,
read and butter thinly slice,
spread it delicately nice ;
e toast be crisp, and crumpling,
olls as doughy as a dumpling ;
ating, sipping, snuffing up the steam,
and 'midst a motley chaos seem
and saucers, butter, bread, and cream.

117
Danaë, when fair and young,
ace has divinely sung)
t be kept from Jove's embrace
of steel, and walls of brats.
mysterious husband, tell us,
mysterious, why so jealous ?
h restraint, the bolt, the bar,
ee secure, thy wife less fair ?
abroad, and let her see
this world of pageantry,
he, forbidden, long to know,
s, pocket-glaſs, and beau.
r virtues ever kind,
r faults little blind,
er ways be unconfin'd,
your Padlock—on her mind.

118
he Down, the fleet was moor'd,
waves waving in the wind,
ey'd Susan came on board,
e shall I my true love find ?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew ?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the bil ows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below ;
The cords fly swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pris'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her nest ;
The nobleſt captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips thoſe kisses sweet :

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear !
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me wipe off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compas that will points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind ;
They'll tell thee the sailors when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art preſent wherefo'er I go,

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are 'een in di'monds bright ;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale ;
Thy skin is ivory so white :
Thus ev'ry beautous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sus.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Tho' canopys roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return :
Love turnt away the balls that round me fly,
Left precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sailors their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay on board;

They kiss'd, they sigh'd, he hung his head;
Her left'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu ! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

TO *Anacreon* in heav'n, where he sat in full glee,
A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and parron would be;
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old *Grecian*

" Voice, fiddle and flute,
" No longer be min'd,
" I'll lend you my name, and inspire you to boot,
" And besides I'll instruct you with mirth to ent're
" The myrtle of *Venus*, with *Bacchus's* vine."

This news through *Olympus* himmely flew,
When old Thirder pretended to give himself airs
" If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue
" The devil a goddes will stay above staurs,
" Hark ! already they cry,

" In transports of joy,
" Away to the sons of *Anacreon* we'll fly ;
" And there with good fellows we'll learn to entwine
" The myrtle of *Venus* with *Bacchus's* vine.

" The yellow hair'd god & his nine lusty maids,
" From *Hellen's* banks will inconvenient flee,
" *Idalia* will burst bus of tenantless shades,
" And the bisforked hill a mere desart will be.
" My thunder, no fear on't,
" Shall soon do its errand,"

" And dam'me, I'll swinge the ringleaders I war,
" I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
" The myrtle of *Venus* with *Bacchus's* vine."

Apollô rose up, and said, " Pr'ythee ne'l quartel,
" Good king of the gods, with your vouties below
" Your thunder is uselis." Then showin' his laurel
Cry'd, " Sic evitabile fulmen, you know ;

" Then over each head,
" My laurels I'll spread,

" So my ones from your crackers no mischief shall
" Wit' esting in their club-room they jovially twine
" The myrtle of *Venus* with *Bacchus's* vine."

Next *Morus* got up,
And swore with

" The full tide of h
" But the song am
" I hen Jove,
" Of theft hor

Cry'd Jove, " We re
" And swear by old

" The myrtle of *Vi*
Ye sons of *Anacreon*

Preferre unanimi
Tis yours to suppor

You've the sancti
While thus we

Our toast let it
May our club flouri

And long may the
The myrtle of *Vi*

IN the golden o
Down the silver
Eternally pick
Cold-ham and
Ladies smilng
Common-cour
Ladies Joking,
Smosking, jok
Puff ! puff

With flue'e, di
And serpent te
Hum ! hum !

With flats a
French hor
And sometime
Grees, canons

They sing and
Bebbianno tu
Bebbianno, i
And the city

Up the river
White Cheapsid
And Aldgate
Eat white

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

— 121 —

I languish,
passion val'g;
It anguish,
w' pain.
W'ng.
It like these;
its tormenting,
int's eas'e.

— 122 —

Tention on this little song,
it is not very long;
erson here grudges
you're monstrous good judges.
Still low's on the times,
ringing the chimes;
How old quidkunc despise,
ces—they're monstrous wife.
atures, mean all for the best,
ome they will find unwell drest;
diers, hair powder'd & frizzled,
which, hez'd be monstrous puz
rd deride their intention, [zied.
m could vanquish a Frenchman;
s invade, what with women and
glad to get safe back again. [men
who service have known,
spirit enough of their own;
ern, our fair ladies room,
e monstrous better at home;
ock, let pleasure invite,
and Bacchus delight;
y smiles of this throng.
mine is a monstrous good song.

— 123 —

ope the fancy warms,
om beauty's charms,
with a scene
nd serene.
is rosy red,
skies o'er spread,

So love, that seems at once so fail,
Its joys oft changes to despair.

— 124 —

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends & eye
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay
Forget all your sorrows, your care, and your I
And let ev'r heart beat with rapture to
Ye vot'ries all, attend to my call,
Come revel in pleasures that never can el
Come, see rural felicitv,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy,
Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,
Still crowd to, and beat at the breast of the
To such wretched passions we give no adm!
But leave them alone to the wife ones of
We boast of no wealth, but contentment and
In mirth and in friendship our moments
Come, see rural felicity, &c.
With reason we taste of each heart stirring;
With reason we drink of the full-flowin
Are jocund and gay, but all within measure
For fatal excess will enslave the free soul
Then come at our bidding to this happy w
No care shall intrude, here, our bliss to a
Come, see rural felicity, &c.

— 125 —

COME hither my country squire,
Take friendly instructions from me:
The lords shall admire
Thy taste in attire,
The ladies shall languish for thee.
Such flaunting, gallanting, and jaunting,
And frolicking thou shalt see,
Thou ne'er, like a clown,
Shall quit London's sweet town,
To live in thine own country.
A trimming dish hat provide,
With little more brim than lace;
Nine hairs on a side,
To a pigtail ty'd,
Will set off thy jolly broad face.
Such flaunting, &c.

(Go get thee a footman's frock,
A cudgel quite up to thy nose ;
Then frize like a shock,
And plaster thy block,
And buckle thy shoes at thy toes.
Such flaunting, &c.

A brace of ladies fair
To pleasure thee shall strive ;
In a chaise and pair
They shall take the air,
And thou on the box shall drive.
Such flaunting, &c.

Convert thy acres to cash,
And saw thy timber trees down ;
Who'd keep such trash,
And not cut a fash,
Or enjoy the delights of the town ?
Such flaunting, gallanting, and jaunting,
And frolicking thou shalt see,
Thou ne'er, like a clown,
Shall quit London's sweet town,
To live in thine own country.

— 126 —
WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know the
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave, [Greve,
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes pains by a halter and gibbet,

Derry down, down, hey derry down. [put on,
There death breaks the shackles which force had
And the hangman compleas what the judge but begun
There the squire of the pad, & the knight of the post
Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their hopes

Derry down, &c. [no more frost.
Great claims are there made, many secrets are known
And the king, & the law, & the thief has his own
But my hearers cry out, what a ducey dost thou ail ?
Cut off these reflections, and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,

A Norman of late was oblig'd to appear,
And who to assist, but a grave cordelier.
Derry down, &c.

The squire, whose good grace was to open the sum,
Seem'd not in great haste that the new should begin
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son, says the parr
You murder'd are sorry, and have been confest ?
O, father ! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon,
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken

Derry down, &c.

Poh ! pr'ythee, ne'er trouble thy head with such sum,
Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis ;
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die, let the church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid ?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade,
Courage, friend ; to day is your period of sense,
And things will go better, believe me, to morrow.

Derry down, &c.

To-morrow ! our hero reply'd, in a fright ; said
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of sum,
Tell your beads, quoth the priest, & be fairly bid,
For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup. [in

Derry down, &c.

Alas ! quoth the squire, howe'er sumptuous the sum,
Parbleu ! I shall have little stomach to eat :
I should therefore esteem it a favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.

Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the father, & thank you to be
But our actions, you know, with our duty mixt
The feast I propose to you I can't taste,
For this night by our order is mark'd for a fast.

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about, to the hangman he said,
Dispatch me, I w'nt thee, this troublesome blade.

rd, and my cord both equally tie,
e by the gold for which other men die.
own, &c.

127

one day, in angry mood,
yrtilla, whom he lov'd,
his flame, and mock'd his sighs,
ntly to *Jove* applies :
I thou sov'reign god above,
rft the pains of slighted love ;
e mortal's pray'r, and take
ole sex for pity's sake ;
we men might live at ease,
appiness and peace.
ly heard, (he pray'd not twice;)
the woman in a trice:
saw the coast was clear,
single girl was near)
with himself, 'twas kind,
o gratify my mind;
ly passion's o'er, O ! *Jove*,
Aytilia back, thy lov'd ;
th her on earth be blest,
in heaven all the rest.

128

I listen, ye fair,
reason declare,
int much your answer beboving)
e words of a scold,
sten're told..
y pathetic and moving ?
e reason's soon shewn ;
ere ever man known,
ses, wblid tarry to hear her ?
ere nerds little proving
rds must be moving,
who can move will stay near her.

129

ll ye shepherds of the plain,
y nymph, and ev'ry swain,
our work, and hast'e away,
e weds his *Pbilida*,
and pleasure then go round,
heart with joy abound ;

And we'll-be merry, brisk, and gay,
For *Damon* weds his *Pbilida*.

The swains shall pipe in pleasing strains,
The nymphs shall dance blithe o'er the plains,
In honour of this happy day,
That *Damon* weds his *Pbilida*.
No melancholy shall be seen,
All shall be happy on the green ;
For we'll cast all our care away,
When *Damon* weds his *Pbilida*.
The rose and lily we'll entwine,
And ev'ry pleasing flower we'll join,
And make a chaplet fair and gay,
To deck the lovely *Pbilida*.
Beneath their feet we flowers will strew,
And garlands hang on ev'ry bough ;
And all to grace the wedding-day
Of *Damon* and his *Pbilida*,

130

FAIKEST isle, all isles excelling,

Seat of pleasure and of love,
Venus here will chuse her dwelling,
And forfake her *Cyprian* grove ;
Cupid, from his favourite nation,
Care and envy will remove,
Jealousy that poisons passion,
And despair that dies for love.
Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love,
Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
Shall be all the pain you prove.
Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove,
And, as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for loves

131

FAIR *Kitty*'s charms young *Johnny* took,

So eager he for billing,
When lo ! the nymph the swain forbade,
To show her pow'r of killing !
The shepherd briskly chang'd his tune,
And cry'd, coquette, remember,

The lover you refuse in June,
You'll wish for in December.
Young Johnny soon met Philotel,
Good-natur'd, blithe, and bonny,
She fwo'bd the love-hick swain so well,
Proud Kate's forgot by Johnny.
Coquettes take warning, change your tune,
This woeful truth remember,
The lover you refuse in June,
You'll wish for in December.
Alas! poor Kate! with scythe so sharp,
Time o'er her forehead struck her,
And now her charms begin to warp,
She's in a piteous pucker.
Coquettes, take warning, change your tune,
This woeful truth remember;
The lover you refuse in June,
You'll wish for in December.

132

FROM silent shades and the Elysian groves,
Where sad departed spirits mourn their loves ;
From crystal streams, and from the country where
Love crowns the fields with flow'rets all the year :
Poor sensless Bess, in 'tters cloath'd and folly,
Is come to cure her love sick melancholy :
Bright Cynthias kept her revels late,
While Mob, the fairy queen did dance ;
And Oberon did sit in state,
When Mori at Venus ran his lance.
In yonder cowslip lies my dear,
Intomb'd in liquid gems of dew ;
Each day I'll water it with a tear,
Its fading blossom to renew.
For, since my love is dead,
And all my joys are gone,
Poor Bess, for his sake,
A garland will make.
My music shall be a groan :
I'll lay me down and die within some hollow tree,
The raven and cat, the owl and bat,
Shall warble forth my elegy ;
Did you not see my love as he pass'd by you,
two flaming eyes, if he come nigh you ?

They will scorched up your hearts.

Ladies, beware ye,

Left he should dart a glance that may ensnare ye.

Hark ! hark ! I hear old Charon bawl,

His boat he will no longer stay;

The furies lash their whips and call,

Come, come away, come, come away !

Poor Bess will return to the place whence she came.

Since 'e world is so mad she can hope for none.

For love's grown a bubble, a shadow, a name,

Which fools do admire and wise men despise.

Cold and hungry am I grown,

Ambrosia will I feed upon.

Drink nectar still, and sing

Who is content, does all sorrow prevent,

And Bess in her straw, whilst free from the law,

In her thoughts, is as great as a king.

133

HONEST lover, whosoever,

If in all thy love there ever

Was one wav'ring thought ; if thy flame

Were not still even, still the same :

Know this ;

Thou lov'st amiss ;

And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when she appears i' th' room,

Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb ;

And in driv'ng this to cover,

Dost no' speak thy words twice over :

Know this,

Thou lov'st amiss ;

And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,

And all defects for graces take ;

Perfid'ly thyself that jests are broken,

When he hath little or nothing spoken :

Know this,

Thou lov'st amiss ;

And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

395

appear'st to be within;
not men ask and ask again ;
ou answer'st, if it be
ask'd thee properly;
this,
v'ft amiss;
love true,
egin again, and love anew.
stomach calls to eat,
not fingers 'stead of meat,
uch gazing on her face
hungry from the place :
this,
v'ft amiss;
ove true,
egin again, and love anew.
u doft discover
no perfect lover,
to love true,
gin to love anew :
this,
v'ft amiss;
ove true,
gin again, and love anew.

134

the bosom is to sigh !
weep, the human eye !
painful life we flee,
the sigh and tear.
heart with sorrow griev'd,
effings are receiv'd,
mfort that can cheer ;
it virtue's grateful tear.
irting pang is o'er,
ng abien meet once more,
delight, and love sincere ;
t, friendship's joyful tear.
d lovers, doom'd to part,
ngs invade their heart ;
object each holds dear ;
aen ! the parting tear.

When wretched, on the earth reelin'd,
Their doom of condemnation sign'd,
(The end of earthly being near;)
'Tis then soft pity's gentle tear,

If on some lovely creature's face,
Rich in proportion, colour, grace,
A pearly drop shoud once appear ;
'Tis then the lovely, beauteous tear.

When mothers, (O ! the grateful sight)
Their ch ldren view with fond delight ;
Surrounded by a charge so dear,
'Tis then the fond, maternal tear.

When lovers see the beauteous maid,
To whom their fond attention's paid,
With conscious blushing sob draw near ;
'Tis then the lovely, pleading tear.

When two dear friends, of kindred mind,
By ev'ry gen'rous tie conjoin'd,
Behold their dreaded parting near,
'Tis then, O then ! the bitter tear.

But when the wretch, with sins opprest'd,
Strikes in an agony his breast ;
When torn with guilt, remorse, and fear ;
'Tis then the best, the faving tear.

135

Ah ! why shoud fate, purluing
A wretched thing like me,
Heap ruin thus on ruin,
And add to misery.
The griefs I languish'd under,
In fierce let me share,
But this new stroke of thunder,
Is more than I can bear.

136

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main !
No treasure he ever amass'd,
But chearfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
o honest and hucky true,

And would not commit a base action,
For power or profit in view.
Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A light beast, and a thin pair of breeches,
Goes thorough the world, my brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life.
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.

Then why, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the state,
Than we, that to politicks strangers,
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
In various nations we try ;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why, &c.

137
If you at an office solicit your dues,
And would not have matters neglected,
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
To do what his duty directed.

Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She, too, has this palpable failing,
The perquisite softens her into content ;
That reason with all is prevailing.

138
If she whispers the judge, be he ever so wise,
Tho' great and important his trust is ;
His hand is unfeudy, a pair of black eyes
Will kick up the balance of justice.

If his passions are strong, his judgment grows weak
For love through his veins will be creeping ;
And his worship, if near to a round dit, p'd check,
Though he ought to be blind, will be preying.

139
WHEN the rosy morn appears,
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
Bees on banks of thyme disputing,
Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming
Carol sweet the lively strain
They forsake their leafy dwellings,
To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,
Takes the scatter'd ears that fall
Nature, all her children viewing
Kindly bounteous cares for all.

140
HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less ;
On his mill and himself he depends for support
Which is better than servilely clinging at court.
What tho' he all whitewash'd and dusty does go,
The more he is powder'd, the more like a tom;
A clown in his dress may be honest far
Than a courtier who struts in his garb and air.
Tho' his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit n
The hands of his betters are not very clean ; [is
A palm more polite may as dirty deal ?
Gold, in handling, will stick to the finger like wax
Whist tho' if a padding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without scruple, from other men's bags,
In this, of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.
Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this too he mimicks the tools of the fire ;
Whose aim is along his own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring gifts to his milk.
He eat when he's hungry, & drink when he's full,
And down when he's weary contented does lie.
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing,
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king !

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS:

— 141 —
HEN Britain's queen on Albion's strand
st landed from the German main,
me, the guardian of our land,
ith Nai'ds join'd, and sung this strain :

Hail, happy isle ;
Whose sun has seldom seen,
So gracious, so
Belov'd a queen.

Freedom dreads no galling-chain,
George and Charlotte's love secure ;
while the laws his will restrain,
r mild commands our hearts allure.

Britons with glory,
With glory crown the day,
From whence sprung George
And Charlotte's sway.

r the power to chirm is seen,
ith unaffected wit and sense,
ly great, yet humble men,
ulgent truth and innocence.

when no more these virtues shine,
re in the bright historic page,
her own illustrious line,
long'd by heav'n from age to age.

Still Britannia
Her grateful voice shall raise,
In joyful strains,
To Charlotte's praise.

— 142 —
E breed came forth fras the barn,
she was diting her cheeks ;
ow can I be married to-day,
ha' neither blankets, ne sheets ?
ha' neither blankets, ne sheets,
nd wants a covering too ?
breed that has aw things to borrow,
as e'en right muckle to do,

Woo'd and marry'd and aw ;
Marry'd and woo'd and aw ;

And was she not very weel off,
To be woo'd and marry'd and aw ?
What is the matter? quoth Wolly,
Though we be scant o' clraiths,
We's creep the clairier together,
And drive away the ficas.
The summer is coming on,
And we's get pickles of woos;
We's see a lait of our ain,
And she'll spin blankets now,
Then up spake the breed's mother,
The deel stick aw this breed !
I had ne a plack in my pocket,
The day I was made a breed.
My gown was linsy winsey,
And ne'er a fark at aw ;
Ane you ea' gowns and buskins,
Mair than ane or twa,
Then up spake the breed's fether,
As he came frae the plough :
Hawd your tongue, my daughter,
And yeof get geer-enough ;
The skirk that gaes in the tether,
And our brawd baffen yade,
To lade your corn in harwest ;
What wad ye ha', ye jade ?
Then up spake the breed's brother,
As he came home frae the kye ;
Wolly wou'd ne'er ha' had you.
Had he known you as well as I,
For you're baith proud and saucy,
Ne fit for a poor mon's wife ;
Gin I ne'er ha' a better than you,
I'se ne'er ha' ane in my life.
Then up spake the breed's sister,
As she sat down by the fire ;
O, gin I married to neet,
Tis aw that I'd desire ;
But I, poor girl, must live single,
And do the best I can ;

I did not care what came o' me,
So I had but a gude man,
Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

143

WHEN Fanny to woman is growing space,
The rose-bud beginning to blow on her face ;
For mamma's wife precepts she cares not a jot,
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,
Than, among the gay youths, a tyrant she reigns ;
And finding her beauty such power has got,
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.
Tho' all day in splendour she flaunts it about,
At court, park, and play, the ridotto and rout ;
Tho' flatter'd, and envied, yet pines at her lot,
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye,
From him she liked best, makes her ready to die ;
Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

Ye fair, take advice, and be blest while you may ;
Each look, word, and action, your wilfies betray
Give ease to the heart by the conjugal knot, [what.
Tho' they pant e'er so much, you'll soon know for

144

THEY say there is an echo here,
I'll try, I'll try, I'll try ;
Ha ! 'tis not here—ha ! —nor is it there,
You'll find it by-and-by.

Pray try again—ha ! —try again,
Perhaps this place more likely is ;
We'll find it by-and-by.
Ha ! — — Ha !
Echo. — ha ! — ha !
That's it—that's it :
By Jove, you've hit it to a T,
Echo. — — — Tea ;
The echo calls for tea.
Echo. — — — tea.
It calls for tea—'tis very droll,
Echo. — — — roll.

The echo calls for tea and roll,
Echo. — — — roll.
It seems to be in a humour to cram,
Echo. — — — hum.
To cram — cram, cram, cram, cram,
Echo. — ham — — ham, ham, ham.
As I hope to live, it calls for ham.

145

THERE was an old man, & tho' it's not comm
Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman ;
And tho' its incredible, yet I've been told
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old
Whene'er he was hungry, he'd long for some meat
And, if he could get it, 'tis said he would eat ;
When thirsty he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
And his liquor, most commonly ran down his throat
He seldom or ever could see without light,
And yet, I've been told, he could hear in the night
He has often been awake in the day time, 'tis said
And has fallen asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd
And he stirr'd both his arms & his legs when he walk'd
And his gait was so odd, had you seen him you
For one leg or t'other would always be first. [b]
His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
For if 'twas not wash'd, it was seldom quite clean
He shew'd most his teeth when he happen'd to smile
And his mouth stood acrost 'twixt his nose & his chin.

[c]

Among other strange things that befel this good man
He was married poor soul, & his wife was a woman
And unles by that liar, *Mist' Fame*, we're beguiled
We may roundly affirm he was never with child

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks say, he was not very well ;
But what was more strange, in so weak a condition
As he could not give fees, he could get no physician
What pity ! he died ; yet, 'tis said that at his death
Was occasion'd at last by a stoppage of breath ;
But peace to his bones that in ashes now mould
Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS:

146

WITH a cheerful old friend, & a merry old song,
And a tankard of porter, I could sit the night long,
And laugh at the follies of those that repine, [wine
Tho' I must drink porter, while they can drink
I envy no mortal, be he ever so great;
Nor scorn I the wretch for his lowly estate;
But what I abhor, and deem as a curse,
Is meanness of spirit, not poorness in purse.
Then let us, companions, be cheerful and gay,
And cheerfully spend life's remainder away;
Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll despise,
For, the more we are envy'd the higher we rise.

147

THE farmer's dog leapt over the fyle,
His name was little *Bingo*.
The farmer's dog leapt over the fyle,
His name was little *Bingo*.
B with an *I*—*I* with an *N*,
N with a *G*—*G* with an *O*;
His name was little *Bingo*;
B—*I*—*N*—*G*—*O*!
His name was little *Bingo*.
The farmer lov'd a cup of good ale,
He call'd it rare good *jingo*.
The farmer lov'd, &c.

S—T with an *I*, &c.
And is not this a sweet little song?
I think it is—by *jingo*.
And is not this, &c.

J with an *I*, &c.

148

YOU know I'm your priest, and your conscience is
But if you grow wicked, it's not a good sign, [mine
So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,
And then, my dear *Darby*, you're settled for life.
Sing *Ballynamono, ore*,
A good merry wedding for me.

The bands being publish'd, to chapel we go,
The bride & the bridegroom in coats white as snow

So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my bo
Sing *Ballynamono, ore*,
A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
She blushes at love, and she whispers, obey.
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
Sing, &c.

That snug little guinea for me,

149

SINCE *Katbleen* has prov'd so untrue,
Poor *Darby*! ah, what can you do?
No longer I'll stay here a clown,
But sell off, and gallop to town:
I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air,
The barber shall frizzle my hair.
In town I shall cut a great dash;
But how far to compass the cash? !
At gaming, perhaps, I may win;
With cards I can take the lists in,
Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd;
If found out, I shall only be kick'd.
But first for to get a great name,
A duel establish my fame;
To my man then a challenge I'll write;
But first, I'll be sure he won't fight.
We'll swear not to part till we fall,
Then shoot without powder, and the devil a !

150

DEAR *Katbleen*, you, no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,
You never dream how late 'tis.
This morning gay,
I post away,
To have with you a bit of play.
On two legs rid
Along, to bid
Good morrow to your night-cap.

M m 2

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Last night a little bowsy
 With whiskey, ale, and cyder,
 I ask'd young *Betty Blowzy*,
 To let me sit beside her.
 Her anger rose,
 And four as floes,
 The little gypsy cock'd her nose :
 Yet here I've rid.
 Along, to bid
 Good-morrow to your night cap.
 " Beneath the honey-suckle,
 " The daisy and the violet
 " Compose so sweet a truckle,
 " They'll tempt you sure to spoil it,
 " Sweet *Sal* and *Bell*
 " I've pleas'd so well——
 " But hold, I mustn't kiss and tell,
 " So here I've rid,
 " Along, to bid
 Good-morrow to your night cap."

OUR reck'ning we've paid, here's to all *don repos*,
 The decks we have clear'd, & 'tis time we should go
 A coach did you say? no, I'm sober and strong,
 Waiter! call me a link boy, he'll light me along.
 Obsequious the dog with his dripping-torch bows,
 Your honor, poor *Jack*, sir, your honor, *Jack* knows,
 For the sake of the peace, bus he'll honour me on,
 Gold-dust strews the race-ground where all honor's

[won.

Hold your light up! what half-naked objects here lie,
 Thus huddled in heaps? good your honour, they cry;
 To poor creatures, your honour, some charity spare
 Honour's phrase is necessity's common-place prayer
 Young perishing out-casts thus nightly are found,
 No parishes care, they're too poor to be own'd.
 For he, in these times, wou'd be policy's scorn,
 Who distress'd wou'd assist, yet expect no return.
 With courtier-like bowing the shoe cleaners call,
 And offer their brush, stool, & shining black ball
 unning, your honour, these colourists' plan,
 really, some honours may want a japan.

To varnish the taste it,—as cafes from dust,
 Each picture now glares with a transparent crust
 Nay, some ladies faces are colour'd like blinds,
 While men use jspanning, which masquerades mis
 Of honour, of freedom, yet *England* can boast,
 And honour and freedom's an *Englishman's*; tost
 May infamy ever deserters attend,
 But honours crown those who our honours defra

— 152 —

Jockey said to *Jenny*, *Jenny* wilt thou do? !
 Ne'er a whit, quoth *Jenny*, for my fortune good,
 For my fortune good, I winna marry thee,
 E'en aye like, quoth *Jockey*, ye may let me be.
 I ha'e gold and gear, I ha'e land enough,
 I ha'e seven good oxen ganging in a plough,
 Ganging in a plough, and wand'ring o'er the lea
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.
 I've ain geud house and barn, and eke a bire,
 A peat stack 'fore the door, will make a ranting!
 I'se make a ranting fire, and merry we will be,
 And gin you will not ha've me, ye may let me
Jenny said to *Jockey*, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be.

— 153 —

AS you mean to set sail for the land of delight,
 And in wedlock's soft hammocks to swing ev'ry morn,
 If you hope that your voyage successful should prove,
 Fill your sails with affection, your cabin with love
 Let your heart, like the mainmast, be ever uprigg'd,
 And the union you boast like our tackle be tight
 Of the shoals of indiff'rence be sure to keep clear
 And the quicksands of jealousy never come near
 If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives, [vi
 They must reckon themselves, give the helm to us
 For the evener we go, boys, the better we sail,
 And on ship-board the helm is still rul'd by the tail

Then lift to your pilot, my boy, and be wise;
 If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise
 A brace of pious archers your broadsword may see
 And a hundred to one but you double-cross

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

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154

CE comes it, neighbour Dick,
u with youth uncommon,
d the girls this trick,
dded an old woman ?
Happy Dick !

: condemns the choice
uth so gay and sprightly ;
our friends, rejoice,
u have judg'd so rightly :
Happy Dick !

dd to some it sounds,
i three score you ventur'd,
i thousand pounds
usand charms are center'd :
Happy Dick !

re know, will fade,
i the short liv'd flower;
he fairest maid
her bloom an hour :
Happy Dick !

ely you resign,
ty, charms so transient;
rious value coin
ore for being ancient :
Happy Dick !

your spouse shall see
ding beauties round her;
herself still be
me that first you found her :
Happy Dick !

e married state
jealousies attended ;
ce, through foul debates,
optial joys suspended :
Happy Dick !

with such a wife,
ious fears are under ;
us alone, for life,
ch we all shall wonder :
Happy Dick !

Her death would grieve you sore,
But let not that torment you ;
My life ! she'll see fourscore,
If that will but content you :
Happy Dick !

On this you may rely,
For the pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in child-bed die,
Unless the devil's in her :
Happy Dick !

Some have the name of hell
To matrimony given ;
How falsely you can tell,
Who find it such a heaven :
Happy Dick !

With you, each day and night
Is crown'd with joy and gladness ;
While envious virgins bite
The hated sheets for madneſſ:
Happy Dick !

With spouse long share the blisſ
Y' had mis'd in any other ;
And when you've buried this,
May you have ſuch another :
Happy Dick !

Observing hence, by you
In marriage ſuch decorum,
Our wiser youth shall do
As you have done before 'em :
Happy Dick !

MY wife ſhe died laſt Saturday night,
I buried her on the Sunday ;
I courted another, in coming from church,
And I married again on Monday.

On Tuesday after, I stole a horse ;
On Wednesday apprehended ;
On Thursday, I was tried and caſt,
And To morrow the week will be ended.

M 10 3

NEW SONGS sung at Public Places in 1784.

SONG I.

WHEN I was of a tender age,
And in my youthful prime,
My mother oft wou'd in a rage,
Cry, girl take care in time;
For you are now so forward grown,
The men will you pursue,
And all the day this was her tone,
Mind, hussey, what you do!

Regardless of her fond advice,
I hasted o'er the plain,
Where I was courted in a trice,
By each young sylvan swain;
Yet by the bye, I must declare,
-I virtue had in view,
Altho' my mother cry'd beware,
Mind, hussey, what you do.

To Damon, gayest of the green,
I ga'e my youthful hand;
His blooming face and comely mien
I cou'd not well withstand;
But strait to church we tript away,
With hearts both firm and true,
Ah! then my mother ceas'd to say—
Mind, hussey, what you do!

Ye lasses all attend to me,
And hence this lesson learn,
When to your mind a man you see,
Ne'er look morose or stern;
But take him with a free good will,
Should he have love for you,
Altho' your mother's crying still,
Mind, hussey, what you do!

LET poets praise the flow'ry mead,
The moss-clad hill, the dale;
The shepherd piping on his reed,
The maid with milking pail;
The lark who soars on pinions high,
Or sweetly purling rill,
While I breath forth a tender sigh
For *Molly* of the Mill.

In vain to sing her charms I try,
And all her beauties trace;
Such brilliancy informs her Eye,
Such excellence her face,
Her easy shape, engaging air
My breast with transport fill;
No nymph so pleasing or so fair
As *Molly* of the Mill.

'Tis not her person charms alone,
The beauties of her mind;
Wit, sense, and sentiment, we own,
In her are all combin'd;
Such is the nymph who sways my heart,
And makes my bosom thrill,
Adorn'd by nature more than art,
Sweet *Molly* of the Mill.

FOR the brook and the willow forsaking the
Young *Celia* came mournfully speaking her pain,
Soft zephyrs and willow, kind brook lend ye
Regard the complaint of a wretched fond maid
To the willow, the willow complain.
While echo repeats the sad cause of my pain
If the man that I love should here change to
In murmuring sounds, let the brook softly

w'ry shepherd she us'd with disdain,
bon, alas, is a falfe-hearted swain.
willow, &c. [ensnare
ike of the nymph, whom your wit did
r to the brook, add a figh to the air;
ur hard heart doth relentless remain,
love as I love, and like me love in vain.
willow, &c.

— 4 —
I first my sage mother began to advise,
t Nancy (said she) to be virtuous and good,
erous man shu't your ears and your eyes,
d for certain I wou'd if I cou'd. [fair,
reen when I danc'd, and the lads call'd me
ighing and flatt'ring on tip-toe they stood,
g'd I'd believe them their Vows were fin-
em I certainly wou'd if I cou'd. [cere;
n my dear Jockey appear'd on the plain,
erly maiden and ill-natur'd prude,
e beware of the blooming young swain.
ith a figh I wou'd if I cou'd. [maid;
ach'd with delight, and call'd me sweet
hisper'd with all the respect that he shou'd
d my hand, you'd refuse, I'm afraid ;
bing, reply'd, I wou'd if I cou'd.
iles are propitious, the shepherd then cry'd
eaning, tho' humble, be soon understand,
et in the morn, & I'll make you my bride,
id, with blushes, I wou'd if I cou'd.
his blest morning, and hasten'd away,
shepherd is honest, and faithful, and good
mple I, said I'd love and obey ;
tainly meant, that I wou'd if I cou'd.

— 5 —
EN dewy morn on moon beams bright,
e our nymphs to sport and play ;
their songs give no delight,
tunes my sad and mournful lay ;
And all the day longs in
I sing this sad song, I run
ra to my arms, my dear swain.

O love bring him here,
To banish my care,
Or—give me my heart back again,
He promis'd he soon wou'd return,
While tender fighs bespeak his truth ;
Yet still my Jenny do I mourn,
I still lament the absent youth.
And all the day long, &c.
Thus Jenny sung among the broom,
Where list'ning stood her constant swain ;
The lad came forth, he ken'd him soon,
And carroll'd sweet her alter'd strain.
Now all the day long,
Love and joy claims my song ;
For Jenny once more cheers our plain ;
Fond love brought him here,
To banish my care,
Not to—give me my heart back again.
— 6 —

I Told a sweet damsel a tender soft tale,
Each eve as we sat in the shade,
In hopes that in time my fond suit might prevail,
For she was a delicate maid.
I said that my love was so ardent and true,
That nothing my passion cou'd cure,
But she only answer'd, ah ! what will you do ?
'Tis a pity indeed to be sure.
I play'd on my pipe, and sung a soft song,
The sentiments warm from my heart :
She listen'd attentive, but then ere 'twas long,
Declar'd it was time to depart.
I pref'd her white hand with a languishing smile,
And said, pity the pangs I endure,
But no other answer cou'd gain all the while,
Than, pity indeed to be sure.
At length little Cupid affisht my plan,
To soften the nymph to thy mind,
My wishes to crown, and my heart more trepan,
She soon became tender and kind ;
To church the next day she consented to go,
Suspense I no longer endur'd,
For wedlock's sake greatest delight we��d share,
'Tis charming indeed to be sure.

New Songs.

COME, and crown your *Billy's* wishes,
Vain's the task you now pursue;
Leave, O leave, those pewter dishes,
Think not they can shine like you.

What, tho' curling streams around thee,
Quick in circling eddies play,
Beauty's lustre might confound me,
Did not those obscure its ray.

While you scour that radiant pewter,
Which reflects our rosy hue;
Who'd not wish to be a suitor
To its bright reflexion too.

FORTUNE's like a tight—or slip shoe,
As I've heard that poets say;
If tight it galls—if loose it trips you—
So I'll keep the middling way.
Tight shoe nips you—
Loose shoe trips you.—
Nips you,
Trips you;
So I'll keep the middling way.

SINCE I feel I am growing old,
Let me not united prove
Fire and water—heat and cold—
The scythe of time and shaft of love.
But would you know the art
Of possesting the heart,
Unrival'd fix'd—constant and kind,
That loves you—not your self,
Fall in love—with yourself,
And the devil a rival you'll find.

BIILLY Bristle scorns to rank with those fops
Who with heelpiec'd constitution, and with never
Yawn out a life of pleasure: [paid for clothes,
They faintly squeeze the hand, while I boldly
squeeze the toe; [cry out oh!
But 'tis all in the way of business, tho' the ladies
Of the foot and the heart take measure.

Like a double channel pump, &
Skin shoe,
Tho' I don't much look the t
Who yawn out life a pleai
And faintly squeeze the han
squeeze the toe,
For 'tis thus I fit the ladies,
Of the foot and the heart.

THE flag through the forest,
Sore frightened, high-bounding, fl
Quick panting heart bursting, th
Speed doubles! speed doubles!
But 'scaping the hunters again
Forgetting past evils, with free
Not so in his soul who from ty
The shaft overtakes him, despi

BEAT on my heart, eyes pot
Corroding grief consumes my y
As thou, my girl, I once was i
But now a widow ever sad.

Love made me happy for a whi
And then, like thee, I'd clear
Now like the willow droops n
I mourn a lover husband dead.

WHEN cruel parents full
And loud complaints and chid
I cry, " alas! if I'm undon
" Tis love, dear love! that h
Oh how happy, happy e'en
What pleasures flow from my
My parents, friends, were a
When once my true love came

No terrors from the worl
No fear of babblers I
Talk on, gay world! the
Is my dear constant, c

Can ye, ye old, refuse co
On let not rigid rules

NEW SONGS.

405

rans prudence, but content?
content, but to be happy?
Oh how happy, happy! &c.

— 14 —
e red-breast took his stand,
g upon *Eliza's* hand;
en with a wishful eye,
ly misfref frove to fly;
ght him quickly to her breast,
lif flut'ring bird address'd :
when morning gilds the plain,
's songsters crowd the spray,
l your love-taught strain,
o the bright'ning day :
mte, thou ne'er shalt know
i a lover's breast invade,
ale of tender woe
k forest's dreary shade." "
non, who had seen him si-
nce from *Eliza's* lip,
st his plaintive notes prolong,
ith his soft enchanting song,
friend this lesson did impart,
ll'd and fix'd his wand'ring heart
ird, contented rest,
tive still remain,
nd endearment blast—
to wear her chain.
r her thy little throat,
ne thy sweetest lay ;
ill inspire each note,
thy labour well repay."

— 15 —
my *Damon*, ye songsters, ah where !
 occasion his stay ?
go with him once to the fair,
n it must be to day ;
ny consent, I agreed with a smile,
settled the plan,
wait for me here at the file,
in he'll come if he can.

But 'tis not the crowd of the village I feel,
Nor does *Damon* delight in such joys ;
For well I remember he told me last week,
Content fled from tumult and noise :
His heart is a stranger to falsehood and guile
No virgin he strives to trepan ;
He promis'd to wait for me here at the file,
And I'm certain he'll come if he can.
Though great folks, to make me a wife may be
Though *Damon* no riches can boast, [glad,
From his childhood he shar'd with me all that he
And his kindness shall never be lost. [had,
As a boy I partook of his sports and his toil,
So his fortunes I'll share as a man ;
He promis'd to wait for me here at the file,
And I'm certain he'll come if he can.

— 16 —
W HEN o'er the downs, at early days
My lowland *Willy* hi'd him
With joy I drove my cows that way,
In milking to abide him ;
My bonny bonny lowland *Willy*,
My bonny lowland *Willy* ;
My bonny bonny, &c.
O love, to shew thy pow'r divine,
Make the lowland laddie mine,
My bonny bonny, &c.

"Twas o'er the downs he first began
To tell how well he lov'd me ;
Coud I refuse the charming man
Ah ! no, his passion mov'd me.
My bonny bonny, &c.
My *Willy*'s love to me is joy,
I own'd it soon believe me ;
To Kirk I'll hie me wi' the boy,
For he will ne'er deceive me.
My bonny bonny, &c.

— 17 —
W HAT virgin or shepherd in valley or grove,
Will envy my innocent lays,
The song of the heart and the offspring of love,
When sung in my *Corydes*'s praise. O'er

O'er brook and o'er brake as he hies to the bœ'w'r,
How lightsome my shepherd can trip,
And sure when of love he describes the soft power,
The honey dew drops from his lip.

How sweet is the primrose the violet how sweet,
And sweet is the eglantine breeze,
But *Corydon's* kiss when by moonlight we meet,
To me is far sweeter than these.
I blush at his raptures, I hear all his vows,
I sigh when I offer to speak
And oh what delight my fond bosom o'erflows,
When I feel the soft touch of his cheek.

Responsive and shrill be the notes from the spray,
Let the pipe thro' the village resound,
Be smiles in each face O ye shepherds to day,
And ring the bells merrily round :
Your favours prepare my companions with speed,
Affix me my blushes to hide,
A twelvemonth ago on this day I agreed,
To be my lov'd *Corydon's* bride.

18

WHILE absent from the swain I love,
Tho' dull each season of the year,
I know his mind can never rove,
And still to him I'll prove sincere,
While absent, &c.

What are all the beaux of pleasure,
That around the city rove,
Or the misers wealth or treasure,
To the shepherd I approve,
He has ev'ry charm to please me,
He alone is my desire,
Cease ye coxcombs then to tease me,
Damon only I admire.
Damon, &c.

IN search of some lambs from my flocks that had
One morning I roam'd o'er the plain, [stray'd,
But alas, after all the enquiries I made,
I found it was labour in vain.

Then vex'd and fatigu'd I reclin'd in the shade,
And sung how young Colin the swain,

My love to obtain with endearments essay'd
But he sigh'd and he foot'd me in vain.

Ah me ! silly fool thus I chid my coy heart,
Who cou'd let him unpitied complain,
And suffer a bosom untainted with art
To despair and still labour in vain.

From the copse full of rapture my *Colin* flew light
Where he lurk'd and had heard my fond strain
Now, now, said he, *Pshaw* my passion requites
And no more let me labour in vain.

A blush gave my hand and my heart to the yond
While he thank'd me and thank'd me again,
And now to deny a return to his truth
Lack a day, it were labour in vain.

20

RECITATIVE.

A H *Celia* why affect disdain,
To vex the heart you most approve,
Why wou'd you give the shepherd pain,
Because he's true to thee and love,
Coquettish airs and pride give o'er,
In time sweet maid, in time releas'd,
The swain tir'd out may sue no more
And you too late, too late repent.

AIR.

Celia let not pride undo you,
Love and life fly swiftly on,
Love and life fly swiftly on,
Let not *Damon* still pursue you,
Still in vain till love is gone,
Let not, &c.
When your beauties are decay'd,
You'll repent and die a maid.
You'll repent, &c.
See how fair the blooming rose is,
Once by all so justly prais'd,
When the rose its fragrance loses,
See the wither'd thing despis'd.
When the rose, &c.

Da

WHAT soft pretty things both by night
Want not your fond customs to promise and

21

ou prest me,
rest me,
able to answer you nay.
&c.

u cou'd go, and to others be kind,
g other maidens as much to your mind,
rest them,
nd prest them,
ur falsehood, for love made me blind.

my fondness is turn'd into hate,
y revenge you shall feel 'tis from Kate,
ll haunt ye,
o daunt ye,
and suspicions thro' life be your fate.

— 22 ————— [elf,
at one time three young maids ye bold
nust you think of that creature yourself
of us might very well do,
me enough of all conscience for you.
d you have done if all three had complied
ys one Shepherd can have but one bride,
en rated the third of a wife,
I had made you be tried for life.
ge, &c.

cou'd do without love and the men,
not be cozen'd again and again,
our errand, and swains speak their mind
e more sheepish we might be too kind.

— 23 —————
N you knelt at my feet,
I'd me so sweet,
I to think or to do ?
y and with pain,
y deas swain,
I not been in love but for you,
I'd not, &c.

worth so much art,
a poor heart,
its young owner to grieve,
lupe to your charms,
'e from your arms,
ongue that was made to deceive.

Get you gone you false lout,
Your tricks are found out,
Be hooted for this off the plain :
May the nymph ne'er be true,
Who is courted by you,
May you love, and be lov'd not again.

— 24 —————
I'M not to be flinted in love,
Nor yet to be flinted in ladies,
I thought I cou'd bill like a dove,
And courting my pleasure and trade is s
I lik'd one for the charms of her face,
For wit and for wisdom another,
The third for a nameless soft grace,
Then why is so mighty a pothe? ?
Put all these perfections in one,
To one only one I'll be steady,
But surely the swain you won't shun,
Why for beauty at all times is ready,
Who for, &c.

— 25 —————
LET us fly to cooling bowers,
From the hot and sultry hours,
From the hot and sultry hours ;
Let us seek the heat'ring shade,
Where the sun beams can't invade,
Where the sun beams can't invade.
Let us, &c.

All our passions may be still,
Near the gently purling rills,
Ev'ry tumult of the breast,
Silent groves can lull to rest,
Farewel then to strife and noise,
Welcome sweet and tranquil joye,
Silent groves, &c.

Farewel sweet and tranquil joye,
Sounds of riot charm no more,
Rural scenes can peace restore,
Rural scenes can peace restore,
Kural, &c.

NEW SONGS.

WHEN the trumpets shrill notes call'd the sold-
Each youth left soft pleasure for warr rude alarms.
The trumpets shrill notes led to conquest & fame,
And each youth is return'd with a heroes great name.
And each, &c.

Fair beauty now invites the swain,
Where peace and pleasure ever reign,
To fragrant wood and shady grove,
Sacred to friendship and to love.
Sacred to, &c.

[arms,
When the trumpets shrill notes shall again call to
Again our protectors shall shield us from harms,
When the trumpets shrill notes shall again lead to fame
Bright conquest their valour and worth shall pro-
Bright conquest, &c. [claim.

A SOLDIER, 27
A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me,
His arms are so bright,
And he looks so upright,
So gallant and gay,
When he trips it away,
Who is so nice and well-powder'd as he.
Sing rub a dub rub a dub rub a dub a dub a dub dub
Thunder and plunder, [dub
A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me.

Each morn when we see him upon the parade,
He cuts such a flash,
With his gorget and fash,
And makes such ado,
With his garter and queue,
Sleeping or waking, who need be afraid,
Sing, rub a dub, &c.

Or else when he's mounted to arm:
With broad sword in hand,
The whole town to command,
Such capers, such prances,
Such ogling, such glances,
Our hearts gallop off, and are left at
Sing tantar tantaran tantaran tantaran
Trumpet and thump it,
A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me
A soldier, &c.

YOUNG Patie blames me ev'ry day
For having 'gin my hand away,
For, having, &c.
Unto a care that's dim and suld,
Because that he had store of gold,
Yet Patie must by me be taught,
It was not mine but Mither's fault.

I was too young to think of love,
Which made me then her choice a;
But had I then my Patie seen,
Auld Gilpin's wife I ne'er had been,
By charms of gold I then was caugt
Yet 'twas not mine but Mither's ta

Yet since I'm wedded I'll be true,
And keep my word and honour too,
Perhaps Auld Gilpin soon may die,
Then Patie may his place supply,
But if by age again I'm caught,
It sha'no be my Mither's fault.





